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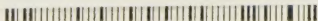
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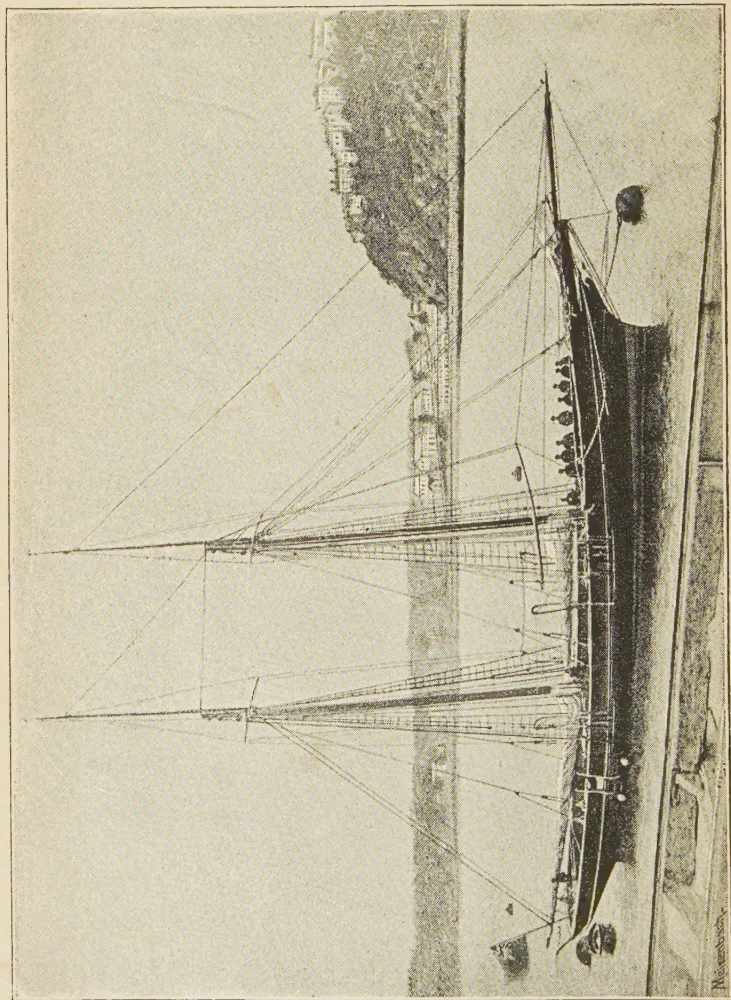




AN AUTUMN CRUISE IN THE ÆGEAN.

LONDON:  
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THE YACHT.



# AN AUTUMN CRUISE IN THE ÆGEAN

OR

*NOTES OF A VOYAGE IN A  
SAILING-YACHT*

BY

T. FITZ-PATRICK, M.A.

Quid tibi visa Chios, Bullati, notaque Lesbos,  
Quid concinna Samos, quid Croesi regia Sardis,  
Smyrna quid et Colophon? Maiora minorave fama?  
HOR. *Epist.* 1, xi.

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS

London

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON

✓ CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET

1886

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**Dedication.**

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TO

THE LADY HARRIET HARRISON,

THESE BRIEF REMINISCENCES

OF A

DELIGHTFUL CRUISE IN GREEK WATERS

ON BOARD THE

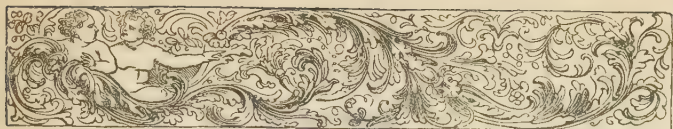
**“LINDA”**

ARE, WITH HER KIND PERMISSION, INSCRIBED

BY HER HUSBAND'S FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.





## PREFACE.

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THE following pages have had their origin in the natural and perhaps pardonable desire to commemorate the incidents of a voyage replete with novelty and pleasure to those who took part in it, and regarded with interest and curiosity by others at a distance.

Such circumstances, it must be admitted, do not furnish in themselves a valid reason for publication, but the step on which we have ventured may perhaps be excused on other grounds.

A sense of the importance of Hellas and Asia Minor in their influence on mankind is yearly, nay hourly, increasing; and even the most simple narrative which shows how access may be had to those venerable shores, and what rich rewards there await the intelligent visitor, cannot be without a certain use in sustaining and stimulating public interest in the subject.

What we have seen we have tried to see not in a

commonplace way, but linked with that immortal Past, as to which we are daily acquiring, thanks to scientific archæology, a clearer and surer insight. And we hope that some whom a work of larger proportions and higher pretensions might repel, may be induced to glance at this modest volume and learn how much can be seen and enjoyed in and around the Ægean during a couple of months' absence from England.

LONDON,

*October, 1886.*





## CONTENTS.

---

### CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY . . . . .	PAGE 1
------------------------	-----------

### CHAPTER II.

LONDON TO THE PEIRÆUS . . . . .	9
---------------------------------	---

### CHAPTER III.

A RETURN TICKET TO CONSTANTINOPLE . . . . .	26
---	----

### CHAPTER IV.

ATHENS TO HERMOUPOLIS . . . . .	49
---------------------------------	----

### CHAPTER V.

HERMOUPOLIS TO SMYRNA . . . . .	71
---------------------------------	----

### CHAPTER VI.

SMYRNA . . . . .	86
------------------	----

### CHAPTER VII.

SMYRNA TO EPHEBUS . . . . .	93
-----------------------------	----

### CHAPTER VIII.

NYMPHI . . . . .	111
------------------	-----

---

CHAPTER IX.		PAGE
NIOBE . . . . .		123
CHAPTER X.		
SARDIS . . . . .		137
CHAPTER XI.		
PERGAMON . . . . .		160
CHAPTER XII.		
PERGAMON TO DIKELI . . . . .		184
CHAPTER XIII.		
ASSOS . . . . .		192
CHAPTER XIV.		
ATHENS . . . . .		207
CHAPTER XV.		
ELEUSIS . . . . .		238
CHAPTER XVI.		
THE CERAMEICUS . . . . .		251
CHAPTER XVII.		
TIRYNS AND MYCENÆ . . . . .		268
ADDENDA . . . . .		315





## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
The Yacht . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Athens and its environs . . . . .	<i>to face</i> 50
Ephesus and Ayasalouk . . . . .	,, 98
Hieroglyphics from rock near the head of the colossal statue of Niobe . . . . .	130
Altar of Jupiter on the Acropolis of Pergamon . . . . .	<i>to face</i> 177
Varvakeion Athene . . . . .	,, 225
Sepulchral slabs from the Cerameicus :	
Dexileos . . . . .	,, 257
Hegeso Proxeno . . . . .	,, 262
Demetria Pamphile . . . . .	,, 264
Map of Route.	







# AN AUTUMN CRUISE IN THE ÆGEAN.

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

“ ‘ Who,’ I cried, as I poured out my last glass of Falernian (for Falernian it was said to be, and in my eyes it ran bright and clear as a topaz-stone), ‘ Who would remain at home could he do otherwise? Who would submit to tread that dull but daily round; his hours forgotten as soon as spent?’ and opening my journal-book and dipping my pen in my ink-horn, I determined as far as I could to justify myself and my companions in wandering over the face of the earth.”—*Samuel Rogers.*



THE object we had proposed to ourselves in the early summer of last year was to make a cruise in Greek waters, and to visit some places of historic interest in Greece and Asia Minor. Between the inception of this project and the time appointed for its execution, cholera had broken out at Marseilles and Toulon, spread to Spezzia and Genoa, and at last infected Naples and other Italian towns. Thus the usual points of departure from

Europe to the East—Marseilles, Brindisi, Naples—became practically non-existent, and the intending traveller was restricted to two routes—that from England by sea direct, or *viâ* Trieste and the Adriatic.

Our first difficulty was to reach the yacht, which lay in Malta Harbour eagerly awaiting telegraphic orders, and impatient for our approach. “Our bark was on the sea,” but “our boat was, emphatically, not upon the shore”—in other words, we found it impossible to obtain passages to Malta by P. and O. or British India line of steamers, all of whose berths were taken by more lucrative passengers on their way to India and Egypt.

So it was finally resolved that one of us should attempt the route *viâ* Trieste and the Adriatic, while the others proceeded by a Cunard steamship from Liverpool to Hermoupolis. The reason for this division of our small party was the varying uncertainty of quarantine regulations abroad. A notice had just appeared rendering it incumbent on all persons arriving at Malta to produce a statutory declaration, made before a Justice of the Peace, showing that they had not been in any country visited with cholera for a period of twenty-one days previously. In answer to special inquiries made through the Austrian Lloyds’ agents in Leadenhall Street, we were informed from Trieste that ten to fifteen days’ quarantine was imposed in Greek ports—a formidable penalty to incur

under circumstances and conditions of which one could form only the vaguest idea.

As I afterwards learned by actual experience, that period was enforced in all its rigour on vessels arriving from Italy and France, but was modified considerably in case of those which had sailed from the Austrian port of Trieste direct. The exact period in the latter case was eight days, dating from the time of departure, or five days dating from the hour when the steamer touched at Corfu. There, two sanitary officers, *φύλακες*, or guards—men of a common class—were put on board and took charge of the crew and passengers until they had passed the ordeal of quarantine at the appointed station.

Happily, the yacht was not compromised by contact with any suspected port, and, once on board of her, we should be free to pursue our voyage with the least possible molestation.

The yacht here referred to is the well-known schooner, *Linda*, 126 tons, belonging to Mr. Charles Harrison, who had kindly placed her at the disposal of one of the members of our party. Her name is literally the feminine form of the Spanish adjective “lindo,” which signifies “elegant, well-proportioned”—an epithet very appropriate to her graceful form, which instantly attracted attention into whatever port she sailed.

On her present voyage, she had left Southampton on the 19th July with two young gentlemen on board, and,

notwithstanding very boisterous weather, made a rapid run of 1100 miles in eleven days to Gibraltar, where she came to anchor on the morning of the 1st of August.

When off Cape St. Vincent, the captain was exposed to a terrible trial, of which it was difficult afterwards to induce him to speak—*infandum renovare dolorem*. His two young guests insisted on bathing in the sea, despite, as the captain assured them, the well-known presence of sharks; and, to add to the terrors of the situation, each of them in turn stood on deck, armed with a loaded rifle (in the use of which he was probably not a proficient), to protect his friend from any monster of the deep which might be inclined to “go” for him!

Later in the same voyage a curious episode occurred, only worth relating because it illustrates the rapid transitions that add a zest to life in a sailing yacht at sea. The *Linda* having deposited one of her party at Gib, sailed again, with his companion, on the 2nd of August from Europa Point for Malta, distant about 1300 miles. There she was to await Mr. Charles Harrison, who with two friends (Sir Horace Davey, the late Solicitor-General, and Mr. E. Bond) was coming out from England in the P. and O. steamer *Cathaya*, timed to arrive at Malta on the 21st of August. Now, as the *Linda* had taken eleven days out to Gibraltar, it was confidently anticipated that she would easily make in thirteen days the corre-



sponding distance to Malta, which port she ought therefore to reach about the middle of the month.

In the meantime, the splendid vessel commanded by that courteous and accomplished officer, Captain Fairclough, enjoyed perfect weather for her run across the Bay—had her awning up all the time; while, in the Mediterranean, the *Linda* was beset with light winds and frequent calms. One day, when the *Cathaya* was off the south-western coast of Sicily and near Pantelleria—the notorious penal settlement belonging to the Italian kingdom—the first officer, standing on the bridge, thought he descried a yacht in the distance, and communicated his opinion to Mr. Harrison. Yachts are such *raræ aves* in the Mediterranean at that season, that Mr. Harrison, expecting his own vessel had been at Malta at least a week, concluded that the object sighted could only be a felucca. However, as the steamer overhauled the doubtful craft, the former signalled, “What’s your name?” and, quick as lightning, the captain replied with the schooner’s letters and number “*The Linda*.” She was flopping about for want of wind, while the *Cathaya*, leisurely steaming twelve or thirteen knots an hour, with cruel irony ran up the commercial code signal to the yacht to “hurry up.” It was much as if Lazarus from his place of bliss had mocked Dives with a similar message. However, the words proved to be talismanic. The yacht had been twenty-one days doing her 1200 miles; and 150

yet remained to be accomplished before she could reach Malta. But the steamer had hardly left her in the far distance, when a favourable breeze sprang up, with which the *Linda* sailed nine knots an hour the whole way ; and actually the *next morning* the hotel at Malta was thrown into commotion by her solitary voyager rushing in to meet his friends at breakfast.

From personal experience I can gratefully testify to the remarkable sea-going qualities of the *Linda*, as she combines speed with extraordinary steadiness and buoyancy. Below decks she is exceedingly comfortable, possessing a spacious saloon and five excellent cabins—the after cabin being double, and capable, if need be, of accommodating four ladies. Generally, she appeared a model of compactness, embracing within her moderate area, a spacious cooking galley, good quarters for her crew, larder, hen-coops, store-rooms, medicine-chests, and endless bunkers and cupboards for the stowing away of wine, beer, Apollinaris water, and other luxuries. The well-chosen library on board I shall have occasion to refer to later.

The *Linda* carried the flag of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, which is the Blue Ensign of the Fleet—a privilege accorded to the Club by Admiralty Warrant ; and she also holds an A certificate for eleven years from 1884.

I hope I have herein enumerated the chief technical

points about which a yachtsman would naturally expect to be informed ; and I shall only add that we had on board a most excellent and handy steam launch, built by Messrs. Simpson and Denison, of Dartmouth, which proved to be a very useful appendage on various occasions.

The crew consisted of the following :—

Captain R. Diaper, who for one year had been skipper sailing-master to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Edward Skinner, steward.

Charles Michell, cook. He had been *chef* on board the Orient steamers.

John Sanger, A.B., "Old Jack."

George Pearce, "Peter."

Edward Diaper, "Ted."

William Cardell, "Bill."

John Diaper, "Young Jack."

Robert Mug, "Bob," who attended to the steam launch.

Henry Sergy, and a ship's boy.

Mr. Charles Harrison and his friends having brought their cruise in the Mediterranean to a finish at Malta on the 29th of September, the yacht, after a modified quarantine of two days, received *pratique*, and the party returned by steamer to England. On the 1st of October the yacht was towed out of Quarantine Harbour and moored in the French creek of the Grand Harbour, where she lay until the 6th, awaiting instructions from England.

As soon as *our* plans had been finally arranged, as above stated, she was ordered by telegraph to go to the Peiræus, and sailed from Malta for that port on the 7th of October.





## CHAPTER II.

LONDON TO THE PEIRÆUS.

“Κατέβην χθὲς εἰς Πειραιᾶ.”

“I went down yesterday to the Peiræus.”

*Plato's "Republic."*



AN admirable railway service has been established within the last three years between Calais and Vienna, so that it is now possible to leave London at 7.40 in the evening and reach the Austrian capital at ten on the morning of the second day. As I took my seat in a saloon carriage at Charing Cross I heard a famous question very promptly answered. An American lady called out at the top of her voice, “What is truth?” to which a newspaper-boy instantly replied, “Sixpence, ma’am.”

When I got to Dover the night was dark and raining, and the *Wave* was dancing so blithely on her native element as to make the process of embarkation far from agreeable. At Calais, about one a.m., I found a railway

porter, who transferred my rugs and handbag to a berth in the sleeping-car, where I was soon joined by a heavy American gentleman, the proprietor of the top shelf. He told me he was going to Hanover to visit his daughter, who was at school there; and as he clambered laboriously up to his perch, he observed that sleeping-cars "over here" are no such "institootions" as they are in the States.

About noon the train reached Cologne, where there is one of the best railway restaurants on the Continent, as at Brussels there is the worst. There was ample time given for a comfortable luncheon, and at one o'clock we started again in another sleeping-car. My fellow-traveller now was a young Belgian *en route* to Austria, where he was going for some shooting.

I was glad to find that the particular berth I had engaged in London still appertained to me, notwithstanding a change of sleeping-car; and during the day it gave me a priority of claim to the seat next the window. This my Belgian friend had actually the coolness to ask me to give up to him, on the singular ground that he was "going to read." I replied that I was about to do the same myself, and inwardly justified my refusal with the words of M. Renan: "La vieille politesse, en effet, n'est plus guère propre qu'à faire des dupes. Vous donnez, on ne vous rend pas."

After quitting Cologne we were quickly launched into that fairy-like region, the valley of the Rhine, now golden



with the tints of autumn sun and forest. As its various points of interest and beauty unfold themselves to the rapid glance of the railway traveller he cannot help recalling how, at successive stages of German civilization, this noble river has been the cradle of legend, the nurse of poetry, the high-road of commerce, the abode of art, the prize of victory, and the altar of patriotism. Here, in the chivalrous age, as Schiller sings,—

“Der Mönch und die Nonne zergeisselten sich,  
Und der eiserne Ritter turnierte.”

However, we are far from those days, and now the steam-engine carries us with a speed greater than that of Ariosto's fabled *Ippogrifo* from one country to another.

Having dined in the railway carriage on some excellent dishes procured by the conductor at Würzburg, we were awakened at Passow about four a.m. to have our luggage examined by the Austrian Custom House officers. The investigation of our bags and boxes was not conducted at all in a curious or disagreeable spirit; and the worst part of the ordeal was being turned out at that early hour, when man's bodily temperature is lowest, into a huge, cheerless barn, destitute of fire or refreshment. Before six more hours had elapsed, however, I was safe in Vienna, and driving down the long Maria Hilf Strasse to the Grand Hôtel in the Cärnther Ring.

I was not at all prepared to find Vienna so handsome a city, particularly as it is seen in the district called the

Ring Strasse, where the Houses of Parliament, the Town Hall, the University, and other new buildings present a most charming *coup-d'œil*.

I had time to examine the exteriors of most of these, as well as to see the new Opera House, to do homage to the statue of the great son of Maria Teresa, Joseph II., and to take a walk in the famous Prater. To me, at least, it was famous by association, just as, I daresay, Hyde Park is to many foreigners; but, to vary a saying of Lord Rochampton's in *Endymion*, "I believe *distance* is often a great element of charm."

*Apropos* of this remark, I had occasion once to give my card to a worthy German doctor at Gastein, and expressed a hope that he would call on me in London. "Oh, yes," was his enthusiastic reply, "and you shall take me to see your glorious Crystal Palace at Sydenham."

In the evening I left again by the seven o'clock express train to Trieste, which takes some thirteen or fourteen hours to perform the steep and tortuous journey over the Sömmering Pass. Early the following morning, as the train was descending the slopes towards Trieste, my eyes, which had not enjoyed much repose during the night, were rewarded by a lovely view of the Adriatic. The *improbis Hadrias* was still wrapped in peaceful slumber, though the sun had risen and was just then producing a brilliant reflection of the beautiful castle of Miramar, which stands on a small promontory close by the sea-

shore. This was the favourite residence of the late Emperor Maximilian, who was a great friend to Trieste, and very popular with the inhabitants, so that nowhere in the Austrian dominions was his premature death so much lamented as it was there. His splendid château, which involuntarily recalled by its form and position “Das hohe Schloss am Meer,” was also invested with something more than the tragedy of Uhland’s well-known poem.

My first touch of the actual Trieste, in the persons of its Austrian Lloyds’ officials, was, I regret to say, anything but agreeable. Long before leaving London, I had engaged a passage to the Peiræus by the steamer of Saturday, October 11th, and, after a bath and breakfast at the Hôtel de la Ville, I drove to the steam-packet office to ascertain that all was correct. This was the more necessary, as I had paid only half the amount of my fare, having arranged with the London agent—a worthy Scot—to pay the remainder at Trieste. When I entered the bureau, about eleven o’clock a.m., I found it occupied by groups of Italian *contadini* clamouring around the different *guichets* for tickets, change, information, &c.; and, in the noise and crowd, I found it difficult to learn where I should apply. There was no special department for the affairs of the steamer that was to start in a couple of hours, and the only indication I could see of its existence was a notice that it was full, all places taken. I made

my way to the nearest window, which consisted of a narrow, upright sheet of glass, with a small aperture about the size of the hand, made to shut and open, on a level with the counter. To this opening it was necessary to stoop and explain my business through it, to a somewhat inattentive clerk, in the Italian tongue. I produced my voucher for 5*l.* paid in London, assured him, on the faith of his own agent there, that a berth had been engaged for me at the same date, and furnished him with my card. It only made confusion worse confounded; he had no cognizance of the transaction; my name did not appear in the list of passengers, and he ruthlessly proceeded to shelter himself from further interrogatory by drawing down the little glass shutter of the pigeon-hole through which I had been speaking. A knowledge of the more ordinary foreign languages is very useful and convenient, so long as you can keep your head cool and have no occasion to employ more than one of them at a time; but when you become a little angry or excited through vainly chafing against the stupidity and stolidity of the "dog in office," the languages are apt to trip one another up, and to come forth in an order that was not intended. So, I suppose, my tongue unconsciously forsook *la lingua Toscana* and sought to give expression to my ideas in French or German, which brought another functionary on the scene. He began a fresh search of the list of names, with the result that mine was ultimately

discovered; but it seemed never to have occurred to either of those gentlemen to consult the correspondence of their London agent, whose share in the transaction, indeed, they affected more or less to ignore.

The deck of the steamer about one o'clock, when I went on board, was a scene of the usual noise, crowding, and confusion, turning chiefly on the distinction between articles destined for the hold and those that were to be taken to the respective cabins. For the first time I saw common boxes legibly directed in the tongue of Xenophon and Plato, and watched a second-class passenger mark his luggage in red chalk with the classic name of Kerkyra. My cabin was a fairly good one, opening off the middle of the saloon, and I had the good fortune to share it with a learned and agreeable Professor from Berlin, who added much to the pleasure of the voyage until I took leave of him at the Peiræus.

The weather was fine and clear like that of a March day in England, the sun bright and warm, and the breeze moderate as we steamed out of harbour at two o'clock. But about five o'clock, as we got lower down the Adriatic, and before people had time to acquire their sea-legs, the wind rose and produced the usual disagreeable consequences among the majority of the passengers. The following day, Sunday, was calm and witnessed no recurrence of the previous evening's disasters, except indeed among those who kept entirely to their cabins and were

assiduously waited on by their relatives. This was more particularly the case in some Greek families, amongst whose members I thought I observed very strong feelings of affection. A bilious uncle was delicately tended by a young and pretty niece ; and half the married ladies, to the surprise of many, only emerged like queen bees from seclusion at the end of the voyage.

On Monday we steered along the wild and rugged Dalmatian coast, and saw the range of Acroceraunian Mountains, whence "Arethusa arose from her couch of snows," and "Leapt o'er the rocks, with her diamond locks streaming amongst the streams," &c., &c. The said streams are probably the source of some excellent trout-fishing, which I know, on good authority, is to be found at the pretty little town of Avlona, or Valona. It was just four o'clock p.m. as we stood in between the two Coryphaioi of Corfu, but were not of course permitted to land on account of quarantine regulations. Our captain sailed again after a short delay ; and next morning at sunrise we beheld successively the peaks of Ithaca, Cephalonia, and Zante, bathed in saffron light, and making us long for a nearer approach to the islands themselves. The rest of our course for the day, so far as weather was concerned, was quite a royal progress. About ten a.m. we were chased in an amicable way by a handsome Austrian gunboat, which was practising manœuvres and discharging her guns close upon our quarters. She kept

in company with us for a couple of hours and ultimately shot ahead; animated, no doubt, with some of the pride natural to the victors of Lissa. It was just three p.m. when we were passing close by Pylos—it is no longer *comme il faut* to say Navarino—and through our glasses we could see distinctly the old fortress on shore, and the scene of Sir E. Codrington's naval engagement. The spot is additionally interesting from the fact that it is no doubt the “sandy Pylos” to which Telemachus was bidden by Athenè to betake himself, in order to inquire from Nestor of his father's fate. Every lover of the “Odyssey” must remember the charming scene in the second book, where the young man discloses his plan to his nurse Eurycleia, and charges her to keep it secret from his mother, “so that she may not mar her fair face with her tears.”

During the brief remainder of the afternoon I continued to feast my eyes on the range of Mount Taygetus, as it runs down through the heart of the peninsula to Cape Matapan, and tried to imagine the situation of Sparta. But, as Homer says, “The sun went down and all the ways were darkened.” And again, “So all night long, and through the dawn, the ship cleft her way.”

Indeed there can be no better illustration of the operations of the Goddess of Wisdom than the structure and guidance of a modern steamship, which cleaves her way despite the impediment of winds and currents, and, even in the



appalling darkness of night, pursues her course with unerring certainty.

When I came on deck next morning, Wednesday the 15th, we were passing Cape Skyli; the island of Ægina quickly followed, and I soon after obtained a distant view of the Acropolis. About eight o'clock we entered the harbour of the Peiræus.

When the *Aglaia*, the steamer in which I sailed from Trieste, first touched at the Peiræus, she was surrounded by a crowd of boats from the shore, most of them bringing friends and relatives of our fellow-passengers to bid the latter a cordial *Kalṵs ṵρίσατε* (welcome) on their arrival, to toss a note over the side, or to make such verbal communications as they did not mind proclaiming to the world at large. But they were not allowed to come into nearer contact with us; and the only member of our company permitted to disembark was the ship's second captain, who went ashore in charge of the mails.

Among the various craft that approached us at a respectful distance was a Greek man-of-war's boat, manned by eight sailors in white and gold uniform, which in the bright sunlight looked extremely imposing. It had brought off the commander of an ironclad to greet his brother, Mr. A., who, with his wife and a very nice family, was a passenger on board the *Aglaia*. To illustrate the passion of the Greeks for classical names



connected with their national history, I may mention that this gentleman's two little boys were named respectively Pericles and Thrasybulus, his daughters, Aglaia, Irene, and Euphrosyne.

To English eyes, it seemed a trifle ostentatious on the naval officer's part to have come *en grande tenue*, merely for the purpose of waving a distant "how do you do" to his relations, without the possibility of taking them on shore. But the Greeks are naturally and deservedly proud of their infant navy, and anything in the nature of youthful display is regarded with partiality and indulgence.

A certain portion of our passengers having elected to perform quarantine on land, were transported, in a vessel appointed for the service, to the little island of St. George, in the bay of Salamis. That course was dictated to many by considerations of economy, as the charge made by the Austrian Lloyds' Company for accommodation on board their steamers amounted to £1 (gold currency) a day, or more. A larger proportion, however, appeared to be of the sentiment of Hamlet,—

"Rather to bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of!"

and remained on board the *Aglaia*, which now moved off to her appointed station in the bay of Salamis. She took up a position not far from the island above named,

and, on coming to anchor, we could see, scattered at intervals along its shore, the neat huts destined for the reception of our friends, and it soon became apparent that we were at liberty to go and call upon them. One or two boats were in attendance, each of which carried a large white sail and dashed to and fro over the waves with the speed and grace of a sea-gull. By their help a regular round of visits took place between the steamer and the island.

At my first landing, I fell upon my knees, and with a sense of deeper reverence than shrine or altar had ever awakened, kissed the sacred soil of Attica, even at the risk of appearing a little *schwärmerisch* to the two German *savants* who accompanied me. It was a scene to stir enthusiasm to its depths. On all sides spread the waters of "unconquered Salamis"; the island of Psyttaleia, with its light-house, was in view; the throne of Xerxes stood before us on the opposite shore; and the same sun that had lighted the galley of Artemisia enveloped us in its glorious rays.

During the day we sat under the shade of a caroubatree, eating rahat-ul-koum and sipping what appeared to be nectar (though it was probably only mastica), listening to much of the past, and speculating on the future of Hellas. Mr. B., a descendant of one of the Sciote families that had suffered so fearfully in the War of Independence, seemed to think that, in case of an

attempted extension of the Greek frontier, Providence would again be found on the side of the heavy battalions. Mr. R., son of a distinguished ambassador of his Hellenic Majesty, told us that at Broussa, the ancient capital of the Ottoman Turks, the latter numbered, until lately, 40,000 against half that number of Greeks; while now, the proportions are exactly reversed, the Turkish population having fallen to 20,000, and the Greek increased to double that number. However, on referring to the latest edition of Murray's Handbook for Asia Minor (1878), I find that out of a population of 73,000 persons in Broussa, it puts the Greeks at only 6000! I do not pretend to say which authority is right, or what change in the respective numbers may have taken place in seven years, but there is evidently an irreconcilable discrepancy between the two statements.

That the sporadic Greek populations throughout the Levant *l'emportent sur les Turcs*, in a general sense, is unquestionable. The Greek is racially nearer akin to civilization and its ways; he has a marked aptitude for commerce; he is enterprising, clever, and even audacious; in fact, a true descendant of the Titans, ever ready to scale heaven for an advantage. Nor do the Greeks trust exclusively for success to individual initiative. There exists among them everywhere a strong feeling of fellowship, or of nationality; and, in Constantinople, as well as at Athens, they have founded splendid

institutions for the education of girls and boys. The number of new and handsome houses built of late years in Athens and the Peiræus by wealthy Greeks is prodigious; and at the present moment the nation entertains higher feelings of patriotism, such as that virtue was known to their ancestors and the Romans, than any other existing people. It is sweet, after all, to have a country.

The little island, though uninhabited, had, of course, its "sights," rendered all the more attractive because they stood outside the bounds prescribed by quarantine regulations. One of these was a tiny chapel to the Hagios Georgios, simple and even mean in its exterior, but possessing within it a beautiful image of the saint in embossed silver. There is no one with the faintest sense of religion or art whom this modest sanctuary, nestling like a violet in the shade, could fail to please, and I could not help regretting that the stern reaction of the sixteenth century has banished all such emblems from our English life. It was the general desire to visit it that melted, I think, the obdurate heart of our φύλαξ, who soon admitted his captives to the whole range of the island, and even to the privilege of bathing, at a retired spot, early in the morning.

Another delightful resort was to a long wooden jetty, with a belvedere, which ran for some 200 yards out into the bay. From it we could see the new arsenal

and dockyards constructed by the Greek Government, well protected by mountains in the rear, and approachable in front only through a very narrow strait. It was pleasant to sit in that delicious solitude, watching the fish disport themselves in the clear depths of the blue water, and listening to the gentle murmur of the waves.

The lazaretto (a name that conjures up such hateful associations) consisted of a number of nice cottages of one floor, built at convenient intervals round the island. They were furnished with doors, windows, and even fireplaces complete, and some contained three, others four, clean iron bedsteads with new bedding—of which the only complaint I heard was that the mattresses were a trifle hard. One central cottage, somewhat larger than the rest, served as a restaurant, and the food and wine provided were fairly good. The weather, which was splendid, more than made amends for any casual deficiencies in the arrangements. Among the island party were two young Englishwomen with a sufficient tincture of foreign manners to know how to make themselves agreeable without the smallest sacrifice of propriety. In a word, never was there a more delightful institution than quarantine in Greek waters—no wonder the king took to it so kindly!—and we were all, including an English gentleman whose years bordered upon eighty, and his niece, very sorry when it broke up.

We had carried with us from Trieste, as deck passengers, a large number of poor Italian peasants, who were going to Greece to work on the railways now in course of construction. They were a miserable, attenuated set of men, with, I should think, a very scanty provision of wholesome fare amongst them, and at night they slept *à la belle étoile*. So I felt greatly relieved that no case of severe illness had made its appearance in their midst, to raise a suspicion of cholera; but it is evident that for our efficient protection from such an accident, those Italian emigrants ought to have been subjected to a strict quarantine *before* they embarked. As it was, they were left to perform it with us on board the *Aglaia*; and, on the eve of its expiration, the poor fellows got up a characteristic demonstration in honour of the captain. The Primo Tenente seconded their efforts by illuminating the ship with Bengal lights, while they contributed a salvo of vivas, and sang several choruses with a happy effect. I was sorry to learn afterwards that the object of their 'ovation,' a very fine-looking man, died, while on the same voyage, at Odessa.

Having entered into the blissful state of quarantine on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 15th of October, we were liberated from its trammels at 4.30 p.m. the following Saturday, and immediately got up steam for the Peiræus. Arrived in the harbour, I saw a great storm of dust blowing over the quays and the town, and witnessed

a hurly-burly of boats and voices around the steamer, extremely bewildering to one who was obliged to go on shore for the transaction of important business and return within an hour. This was my case.





## CHAPTER III.

### A RETURN TICKET TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

“ Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,  
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.  
Not Jove himself upon the past has power,  
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.”  
*Dryden.*



WHEN leaving Trieste I entertained no intention of proceeding further than the Peiræus, and took a ticket only so far. But, during my enforced retreat at Salamis, it occurred to me that I could visit Constantinople and return thence in time to meet my friends on their arrival at Hermoupolis. To do this, however, it would be necessary to go on direct by the *Aglaia*; and the indispensable conditions were, to procure a ticket from the Austr. Lloyds' agents on shore, and also to have my passport *visé*. Happily, a friend had advised me before I quitted London to have that important document made good for Turkey; and, without its authority, I should now have been estopped *in limine*. There was no real difficulty, though some trouble, in obtaining the further *visé* required



at the Peiræus, but when our steamer was "visited" at the entrance to the Dardanelles, explanations were demanded and the ship's officers subjected to a strict interrogatory because I had not been deposited at my original destination. To the official Turkish intelligence it seemed inexplicable that a sane human being should deliberately book himself to the Peiræus, and then, almost in the same breath, as it were, go on to the Golden Horn. The Effendi regarded me, as the conductor of the Paris omnibus regarded the illustrious M. Renan, *comme un voyageur sans sérieux*. Indeed, had it not been for the moral support afforded me by the Primo Tenente, I ran a very good chance of being sent back again. But it is not only in the East that people are the slaves of *la bonne vieille routine*, and look upon every departure from it as an infringement of the natural order of things.

It is well nigh impossible in these days for even the most ordinary English traveller to approach the central seat of Turkish power without carrying about him certain prepossessions which are apt to colour and perhaps to distort his views of what he sees. We know that to a certain school of historians and politicians, whose teachings are somewhat widely disseminated, the Ottoman Turk is an object not only of antipathy, but of the most violent detestation, and his capital, with its palaces and harems, a second city of Dis, from whose battlements the Gorgon's Head glares terror and destruction.

During the voyage through the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora I endeavoured to settle my mental attitude on this subject, and my reflections took somewhat the following shape.

It is true the Turk is a foreign and heterogeneous element, thrust by the force of events into the fairest portion of Europe. If there be anywhere an alien in blood, language, and religion, it is he. His rule has been marked with cruelty, oppression, bloodshed, and other barbarous characteristics; and similar qualities are said to be inherent in it still. His supremacy is inconsistent with progress (in itself altogether a modern phase of human affairs), and he is notoriously faithless in his promises of reform. Shakespeare says,—

“ You cannot reason with the Dane  
And lose your voice ;”

but you may undoubtedly do so with the Turk, even when the voice proceeds from some of the most powerful throats in Europe.

On the other hand, if he forcibly supplanted the Greek Emperors at Constantinople, it must have been for causes as just, i.e., in the eternal order of things, as those which made Norman William victor at Senlac; and who knows if, according to the same order of Providence, he may not be keeping Constantinople warm for its rightful owners, the Greek people. There can at least be no question that

the Turks are safer guardians of the trust than some others who have the pretension to undertake it.

The charge of cruelty and bloodshed is, of course, not to be gainsayed ; but neither can it be urged with a very good grace by historians who are familiar with the career of Alva in the Low Countries, with the doings of the Spanish Inquisition, with the events of the Thirty Years' War, with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, with the campaigns of Cromwell in Ireland, and with the dragonnades of Louis XIV.

The Mahometans have never adopted, as an instrument of government or policy, the diabolical engine of religious persecution so unhappily characteristic of ALL Christian nations. Indeed, when Mahmoud II. captured Constantinople, on May 29th, 1453, his first act was to proclaim toleration for the subjugated Greeks. He granted the Christians their churches and liberty of public worship. He maintained the Greek Patriarch in his functions ; and seated on his throne he himself restored to Gennadius his pastoral staff and cross and presented him with a horse richly caparisoned. Let us try to imagine how Philip the Second, though living a century later and the first of Christian sovereigns, would have acted under parallel circumstances.

Furthermore, the Turk is the only public representative in Europe of a pure form of Monotheism such as we all profess so greatly to admire—the religion, too, of

millions of the Queen's subjects and of thousands of her bravest soldiers.

So, I made up my mind before reaching the Bosphorus to leave behind me all religious and political prejudices and to extend even to the "inexpressible" Turk the charitable and philosophic sentiment applied by V. Hugo to the poor, deformed Triboulet, "après tout, c'est un homme!"

It was certainly with immense interest and the liveliest curiosity that I drew near to the famous city, once the young and radiant Queen of the world, whose origin was so well known to me through the pages of Gibbon; and I felt certain that, whatever vicissitudes it may have undergone at the hands of its Mahomedan masters, its great natural features and the surpassing beauty of its situation could not have suffered change. Indeed I was soon obliged to admit that the Turks had even contributed something to the pleasure of one's first impressions, for about eight o'clock on Monday morning we began to have glimpses of the graceful minarets and tall tapering cypresses that rise above all surrounding buildings.

The first part actually seen is San Stefano, a village whose name is commemorated in the draft treaty replaced by the Treaty of Berlin. Further on, the old walls which protected the seat of Byzantine empire, but failed to withstand the last vigorous onset of the Turks, form a

conspicuous and picturesque feature of the long winding shore that leads to Seraglio Point. This point, the furthest extremity of Europe eastward, projects like a promontory, or flattened cape, between the three seas, and directly faces Asia. As an ancient writer describes it: *Est in Europa, habet in conspectu Asiam.*

On rounding the point we entered to the left the Golden Horn, or harbour of Constantinople; the Sea of Marmora was behind us, and the Bosphorus running northwards somewhat to our right. 'Golden Horn' is not an epithet of Turkish origin, or a product of mere Oriental ostentation, but dates from classical times. Strabo compares that arm of the Bosphorus to the horn of an ox, but originally the name meant the branching antlers of a deer, to signify the several creeks and recesses on its banks, which, in process of time, have become filled up and obliterated. 'Golden' denotes the wealthy freights of commerce which every breeze, in every age, has wafted to this favoured region. Like a deep ravine, or like the Rhine in parts of its course, it intersects the lofty hills on which Constantinople is built, and flows between them for a distance of six or seven miles through the very heart of the city. Stamboul surmounts it on the south, Pera and the adjoining suburbs on the north. In its deep waters, which run up to the warehouses on its banks, is moored the innumerable shipping of every nation in the world.

After the *Aglaia* had come to anchor and received *Pratique*, about one o'clock in the afternoon, I put myself under the care of George Capatos, a very respectable Corfiote and the dragoman attached to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where I had been recommended to take up my quarters. He unfortunately engaged a half-drunken sailor, who bore on the front of his red jersey the offensive badge of "Cook's Boatman," to take us on shore, and the fellow persisting, against all remonstrance, in passing between two barges towed by a slack hawser, very nearly bowstrung the dragoman and myself.

A lady who had travelled in the East counselled me before leaving England not to carry fire-arms on my journey, but the 'sneaking regard' for weapons of war, latent in the masculine breast, led me furtively to provide myself with a revolver and cartridges. These were now snugly stowed away at the bottom of a leather hat-box, which had no sooner been taken out of the boat and placed upon the quay than two Turkish custom-house officers seized upon it, shook it and ordered it through the dragoman to disgorge! The miserable, half-starved harpies then conducted me into the presence of a *chef de bureau* wearing a kind of undress uniform, who, after due investigation, declared the offending weapon confiscate to the State. The unlucky incident wasted my time, damped my spirits, and subsequently put me to expense and trouble; but I was none the less amused

when the following nursery rhyme reached me from my friend :—

There was a naughty little boy,  
Who bought himself a secret toy ;  
But he among the robbers fell  
Who took the toy and whipped him well.

On Tuesday morning, October 21st, I went down by the “Tonnelle,” a short underground railway worked by stationary engines, to Galata. At one end of the carriage in which I sat was a thick stuff curtain that ran upon an iron rod, and on inquiring the object of it I was answered in Greek, “*δία τὸ χαρέμι*”—for the Harem. It was a contrivance to shut off any Turkish ladies who might be travelling from the rest of the company, a ridiculous tribute to modesty, as the carriage was all in darkness.

After an excellent *déjeuner* at the Hôtel, in which the fish and the cuisine are remarkably good and varied, I resolved to take advantage of so fine a day to go to Buyukdéro. I think it must be impossible to find elsewhere in the world so fair and exquisite a scene as that presented by the shores of the Bosphorus when rowing down in a caïque from Galata to that place. As we passed the palace of Dolmabatchke, about half-past one o'clock, it seemed to me, standing where it does, and in the full light of the sun, the most beautiful structure I had ever seen, and one's eyes positively quailed before the blaze of



splendour it presented. Indeed, the whole shore up to Therapia and Buyukdéré is a line of palaces. In one village close by the water's edge I saw a muezzin appear upon the minaret of the mosque, and heard him utter his low chant summoning the faithful to prayer. It took about three hours' hard rowing to reach Buyukdéré, and and at some points, where the currents were particularly strong, the caïque had to be towed by men upon the bank. I found Buyukdéré a charming spot, reminding one a little of a village on the shore of some Swiss lake, and I got out and walked for some time.

We returned by the Asiatic side, and for about half the way it was quite dark ; but night was made more lovely by a brand new moon, which showed about as much of her face as a Turkish lady, and by the thousands of lights around on land and sea. It was about half-past seven o'clock when we got back to Galata, after the most delicious and least fatiguing excursion I had ever made. Of course it can be done by steamer in much less time, but I think the caïque essential to a full enjoyment of the pleasure, as it is not only an important element of the *genius loci*, but a delightful means of locomotion.

The boat which I engaged to take me to Buyukdéré, Scutari, and other points was owned by the two handsome youths who rowed it, and they told us they had just bought it second-hand for a sum equivalent to 30*l.* sterling.



The *caïque* may be described as a narrow canoe, measuring from twenty to thirty feet long, and from two to three broad. At either end it terminates in a long sharp prow which cuts the water like a knife, and it is decked over, fore and aft, for about a fourth of its length. It is built entirely of walnut, which in parts is tastefully carved and so highly polished that the surface shines like mahogany. Owing to want of beam and the absence of a keel, it is extremely dangerous—what they call in Ireland “cogglesome”—and liable to be upset by the least injudicious movement. In getting in, it is necessary to plant the foot fairly in the middle of the deck, and then, as soon as you have gained the cushions spread upon the floor, to lie down. Thus disposed, you are seated much below the surface of the water, and your eyes, on a level with the gunwale, look down into the cold transparent depths of the Bosphorus.

On Wednesday, October 22nd, it was proposed by the dragoman to visit the Mosque of *Agia Sophia*, or Holy Wisdom—in Christian times the *St. Peter's* of Constantinople and the East—along with some other objects of interest in *Stamboul*, such as the *Sublime Porte* and the *At-meïdan*, or ancient Hippodrome. The thought that I should actually see and stand within the great church of Justinian, the centre of so many familiar associations, was enough to deprive me of a portion of my legitimate slumber, and I longed for the day to dawn which should

bring me this gratification so unexpected only a week or two before.

Accustomed to a more or less fine exterior in most of the religious edifices I have visited, including the Mosque of Cordova, I was disappointed, if not shocked, to see before me in a desolate open space, a huge white-washed mound of building, evidently only the rough shell which enclosed the polished jewel within.

So, without much delay, we passed through a door that led into the narthex, a long court, in shape a parallelogram, and wholly destitute of ornament, in which the catechumens used to be kept waiting for admission to the church. An inner narthex adorned with several bronze gates, marbles, and mosaics, produced a more agreeable impression, and thence we ascended by a flight of steps to a gallery above, which commands a perfect view of almost the whole interior.

Here I felt the full force of a saying of Schopenhauer's, which happily recurred to me, that one ought to stand before a great work of art as in the presence of a great man, and wait patiently till it deigns to speak to you. Perhaps I may not have waited long enough, but I certainly failed to catch from the church itself any echo of the voice which proclaimed it to be the "earthly heaven, the second firmament, the vehicle of the cherubim, the throne of the glory of God." I could not realize even the more moderate and scientific criticism from Mr.

Fergusson, quoted by Murray, "whether any Christian church exists, of any age, whose interior is so beautiful as this marvellous creation of Byzantine art." I greatly admired the immense dome which seemed to float in the air without visible support; but what most pleased me were the wonderful marble columns, some from the Temple of the Sun, some from Ephesus, others from Egypt, united in a Christian temple and Mahomedan mosque, and symbolizing the unalterable union of the Present with the Past.

Denn das ird'sche Leben flieht,  
Und die Todten dauern immer.<sup>1</sup>

Fortunately for Mahometans, and in some degree also for Christendom, the Koran has not prescribed any special order of architecture, so that its followers have been free to appropriate to their religious uses any Christian church that came to hand. But even the slight modifications required have rather a disfiguring effect; and here the altar is not only superseded, but the congregation at prayer turn their backs upon it, when facing towards the Mihrab and Mecca. In the four corners of the roof are also inscribed some gigantic scrolls in Turkish writing, very ugly and incongruous, and serving by their glaring prominence to distract the attention from objects more worthy of regard.

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<sup>1</sup> Earthly life will pass away,  
But the Dead endure for aye.—*Schiller*.

Still, on the whole, I went away favourably impressed with the Christian aspect of this splendid fane, in which I should like once more to see the gorgeous ceremonial of a Greek religious service supersede the naked simplicity of Mahomedan worship.

The importation by Justinian in the sixth century of costly marble columns for the decoration of his church was according to the example of what had been done on a far more extensive scale at the building of the city two centuries previously. Constantine was then sole and undisputed master of the whole area of civilization, and wielded his enormous power *à volonté*. He might even have boasted, like Cleopatra—

“The Nilus would have risen before his time  
And flooded at our nod.”

But he was more eager and ambitious for the rise of the new Byzantium to which he had given his name, and despoiled, without compunction or reproach, the most sacred temples of Greece and Asia, in order to furnish materials for his enterprise.

Most interesting, though somewhat painful, evidence of this is to be found upon the spot which we next visited in Stamboul, the At-meïdan, or ancient Hippodrome. This was a kind of forum, in close proximity to the palace, and originally crowded with statues and other works of art. Of those, only two now remain—one in bronze, the other of marble. The former is a relic from the

wreck of many precious offerings once stored up in the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and removed hither by Constantine. After the Persian war, the victors at Plataeæ dedicated, as a thank-offering to the Delphic Apollo, a gold tripod mounted on a bronze pillar composed of three intertwined serpents. Needless to say, the gold tripod no longer exists, and even the heads of the serpents that supported it have vanished, broken off, one after another, by ignorant and irreverent Moslems, since the days of Mahomet II., who set the evil example by smashing the under jaw of one of the serpents with a stroke of his battle-axe. But on the coils of the triple snake may still be read the original dedicatory offering graven on the bronze about the 76th Olympiad (476—3 B.C.).

There are other inscriptions on the ruined *stelæ* around, and an obelisk of Egyptian granite from Heliopolis occupies the centre of the square; but the monument next in interest to the bronze serpents of Delphi is that absurdly, though universally, designated the *burnt pillar*. It is thus described by Gibbon:—  
“This column was erected on a pedestal of white marble twenty feet high, and was composed of ten pieces of porphyry, each of which measured about ten feet in height and thirty-three in circumference. On the summit of the pillar, above one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, stood the colossal statue of Apollo. It was of bronze, and had been transported either from

Athens, or from a town of Phrygia, and was supposed to be the work of Phidias. The artist had represented the god of day, or, as it was afterwards interpreted, the Emperor Constantine himself, with a sceptre in his right hand, the globe of the world in his left, and a crown of rays glittering on his head." Unfortunately, only a charred and mutilated fragment of this noble work now remains.

The hippodrome has been a name of fatal import under both Christian and Mahomedan sovereigns. At the games held there in the time of Justinian arose those terrible conflicts of Blues and Greens which threatened to overturn the empire and deluged the city in blood. Those events are admirably depicted in M. Sardou's splendid drama of "Theodora," and will be present to the minds of all who have had the good fortune to see Mme. S. Bernhardt play that character.

And it was here, too, that Sultan' Mahmoud II., in June, 1826, with a display of courage as great as any recorded in history, suppressed the revolt of the Janissaries. Those troops had helped Turkey to some of her proudest conquests, and were probably amongst the finest soldiers in the world; but by degrees they had grown insolent and insubordinate, and, like another Prætorian Guard, made and unmade Sultans and Viziers, and had the pretension to impose their will upon the State. In this narrow space 40,000 of them were

slaughtered, and threefold that number fell, in the capital alone, before the fury of the populace and the victorious Sultan!

I was not sorry to exchange these sinister and gloomy associations for a visit to the lively and curious bazars, where it is the pleasant habit of the merchants to begin business by offering their customer coffee and a cigarette. In the spirit of a notice which I once read in the shop window of a small German town—*Inlandisch und Outlandish money changed here*—nearly all languages were spoken, and I amused myself by trying how I could *marchander* in Greek. I think it a pity that process is so entirely superseded in our English mode of shopping, and to a great extent also in continental countries. It gave a zest to the business on the purchaser's side which it now entirely lacks, and afforded the seller, particularly when she happened to be a pretty French woman, opportunities of making herself agreeable, to which there is in the present system not the least incentive.

On my way back to the hotel, footsore and weary from the rough walking, I visited a shop, the most famous in Constantinople for its Rahat-ul-koum, and saw the actual preparation and manufacture of the popular sweetmeat, which I am bound to say was conducted with the most scrupulous cleanliness and nicety.

It was not yet seven o'clock on Thursday morning, the 23rd of October, when the dragoman and I, mounted



on two small and very pretty Turkish horses, were crossing the wooden bridge which connects Galata with Stamboul, *en route* to the Seven Towers. The spot so-called is a fortress situated at the south-west angle of the walls, where the line of fortification which crosses the promontory from the Golden Horn joins the southern portion which faces the Sea of Marmora. It is now only a picturesque ruin, but it formerly served the purpose of a State prison—a sort of Turkish Tower of London—and retains evidences proportionately more horrible and ghastly of its ancient use. Instead of a few victims of royal tyranny and caprice, seven Sultans have been put to death here, chiefly by the Janissaries; and it was the custom when the Porte declared war against a foreign state, to seize its ambassador and imprison him in the dungeon of the fortress. “The well of blood,” “the wall of human bones,” “the place of heads,” are among the familiar landmarks of the principal court, so that while standing in its gloomy enclosure, one may well forget that this is the soil of Europe and believe that he has been transported to some Indian city conquered by Mahmood of Ghizni.

From the battlements we obtain an enchanting view over the Sea of Marmora and its shores, which, like so many other eastern scenes, recalls the sad sentence pronounced by Byron on a former part of the Turkish dominions,—



“ Art, glory, freedom fail,  
But Nature still is fair.”

As we had been obliged, in the course of our ride, to traverse the heart of Stamboul and penetrate the intricate network of its narrow streets, fully two hours were consumed in reaching the Towers. Therefore, without much delay, we remounted our horses, in order to ride along the southern wall of the fortifications and to cross the city again, in a northward direction, to the Golden Horn.

Any one who wishes to obtain an adequate idea of the last siege of Constantinople by Mahomet II., and of the gallant resistance maintained by the Greek emperor, Constantine Palæologus, who died very much in the same way as Harold fell at Hastings, amidst a heap of slain, must consult the fascinating picture of it drawn by the master hand of Gibbon.

We rode in through the well-known gate of St. Romanus, now called Top Kapousi—cannon gate—the first carried by the Janissaries, where Constantine was killed. The way thither, outside the fortifications, was a pleasant country road bordered at one point by a large Turkish cemetery. Turkish cemeteries always are large, as the remains which have been once interred are not again disturbed to admit others ; and each burial requires a separate grave. But in no other country that I have seen do the resting-places of the dead present so pleasing

an appearance. This is in part due to the highly ornamental character of Turkish writing, which is generally beautifully carved and almost entirely covers the face of the pale, upright tombstone. But the effect is perhaps chiefly produced by the tall cypresses, that recall Pope's allusion to a Gothic cathedral,—

“Where awful arches make a noonday night,”

and shed the soft murmur and aroma of their leaves like low music and incense

“O'er the long-sounding aisles and intermingled graves.”

As soon as we had fairly re-entered the city, the dragoman conducted me to a mosque, formerly a Greek church, in which were some beautiful and well-preserved mosaics, superior, I thought, to those in the Agia Sophia. I met some Greek priests walking about there, but only visitors, like myself, to this ancient shrine of their religion, and when the dragoman told them I could speak their language, they accosted me very cordially. I understood the shock it must be to their piety, as well as to their feelings of patriotism, to see this sacred building in the hands of the Moslem; but though their talk to me was trivial, I have no doubt they inwardly consoled themselves with the reflection now common enough amongst their order, that the day of misappropriation would not be long.

About noon I was back again in Pera, after a delightful

ride, and merely waited to dismiss the horses and take breakfast before we went down again to Galata and embarked in our caïque for Scutari. My object in going there was to witness a performance of Howling Dervishes who have a college in the place and maintain themselves as comfortably as a Dean and Chapter. They are a nice-looking set of men and the costumes of some are highly becoming, but their ceremonial suffers from the fault of most religious services in being over long as well as monotonous. The earlier stages of the rite are pleasing, if not very impressive, but when the numerous worshippers attain the climax of pseudo-bacchic frenzy and excitement, their attitudes, noises and contortions resemble nothing so much as a superhuman seizure of sea-sickness. To give to such a grotesque cult the name and character of religion would be of course impossible, save in Asia.

Friday, the Mahomedan Sabbath, appears to be kept as a general holiday at Constantinople, when the streets are thronged with people eager to catch a sight of the Sultan going in state to the mosque. The particular mosque which he intends to honour is seldom known long beforehand, which allows room for the exercise of curiosity and speculation, and a wholly impenetrable secret is whether he will proceed in an open or closed carriage. The latter circumstance is determined not so much by the weather, as by the state of the political atmosphere; and it was rumoured that the present

Sultan is not inspired by unlimited confidence in his subjects. I was fortunate, however, in seeing him to great advantage, as he came down the long road that leads from Ildiz Palace to the mosque. The dragoman and I stood under some chestnut-trees, leaning against a rough wooden barrier which separated the crowd from the line of procession. It seemed just like waiting in Hyde Park for a meet of the Coaching Club, only that the uniforms of the numerous military lining the route gave a colour and brilliancy to the scene which one would have looked for in vain elsewhere than in the East.

The officers on duty and some of the cavalry were splendidly mounted on Turkish and Arab horses, and some lovely animals from the Imperial stables were *led* by grooms in the front part of the procession. The numerous carriages, one of which bore the Valideh, or Sultan's mother, seemed to be of a superior English or French style, and to the manifest joy of every one present the Sultan was seen to occupy the front seat of an open phaeton, as low as a Victoria, with two of his generals sitting opposite to him. He appeared to me to be a man of small stature and slight frame, with a face of a refined, rather melancholy expression, and a decidedly large nose. He was respectfully and cordially received, and I understood that this was the first occasion since his accession on which he had appeared in an open carriage in public.

A regiment of Nubians headed by their band presented

a very striking appearance, and if their courage was in proportion to their stalwart figures and ferocious expression, they would be formidable antagonists at close quarters.

Time just permitted of a visit to the Dancing Dervishes who go through their peculiar and graceful rite every Friday afternoon in their college at Pera, situated not far from the Hôtel d'Angleterre.

About three o'clock I departed for the Austr. Lloyd's steamer *Ettore*, after rather more difficulty with the custom house officials than I had experienced when landing, and at four p.m. we sailed for the Peiræus. The muster on deck, before the vessel weighed anchor, was extremely picturesque and amusing, most conspicuous being the stately cavasses from the various consulates, come on board as an escort to some of their country's subjects; swarthy Montenegrins in high black leather boots and shirt-fronts to match, and tall, turbaned Arabs solemnly concerned about their harems and little children. Quartered on the lower deck was the usual motley crowd of poor itinerant natives—Hodgis, Arnouts, Turkish soldiers and others—surrounded by their inevitable accompaniment of bird-cages, musical instruments, cooking utensils, beds and bedding.

When I came on deck the next morning we were just leaving the Dardanelles, and about seven o'clock a.m. we passed the island of Tenedos. In the distance I could see

Mount Ida with my glass as it overlooks the plain of Troy. The day continued lovely throughout, the sunset resplendent and beautiful, and the night was illumined by an exquisite little moon; while the movement of the steamer only served, like a punkah, to render the air on deck deliciously cool and pleasant.

Early next morning we reached the Peiræus, and thus ended, even more propitiously than it had begun, my impromptu visit to Constantinople.





## CHAPTER IV.

### ATHENS TO HERMOUPOLIS.

“Thou glorious sea ! more pleasing far  
When all thy waters are at rest,  
And noonday sun or midnight star  
Is shining on thy tranquil breast.”

*Mrs. Hemans.*



N the morning of Sunday, the 26th of October, I transferred my luggage, by a manœuvre, direct from the steamer to the yacht, and so avoided the necessity of passing it through the troublesome and exacting Greek custom

house. Having done so, I took a carriage and drove up to Athens just to make acquaintance with the place, preliminary to our future visit, and to call on some two or three of my late *compagnons de voyage*. It was a glorious morning, and the dew of the preceding night lay so heavily on the ground that neither the horses' hoofs nor the four wheels of the landau sufficed to raise a speck of dust on the long road from the Peiræus to Athens. As regards the rest, I seemed to be taking part in a procession in honour of Dionysus, for, at intervals along the



route, I came up with groups of men and boys driving donkeys whose panniers were brimful of the most splendid grapes, part of a second crop produced in the course of the autumn. These grapes are oval in shape and very large (about an inch in the shorter axis), and of a rich purple colour, each bunch weighing not less than an oke, nearly three pounds. Their flavour also was excellent and very refreshing to the palate. To the left of the road and parallel with it, but at some distance off, runs a thick grove of olive-trees, some of them, it is said, very ancient, and by descent, at least, belonging to the soil since the days when they were sacred to Minerva. They mark the course of the Cephissus as it flows down through the plain to the sea at Phalerum; and the carriage road itself traverses a portion of the foundations of the northern long wall built by Themistocles.

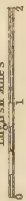
But no object of architectural or historic interest meets the eye until we are within the precincts of Athens, when, if we happen to look in its direction, the Theseion greets us, standing on the lower slopes of the Acropolis in startling completeness. Indeed, it bears very well even the scrutiny of a nearer approach, but, alas, we soon discover that we have not seen it—

“ Before decay’s effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.”

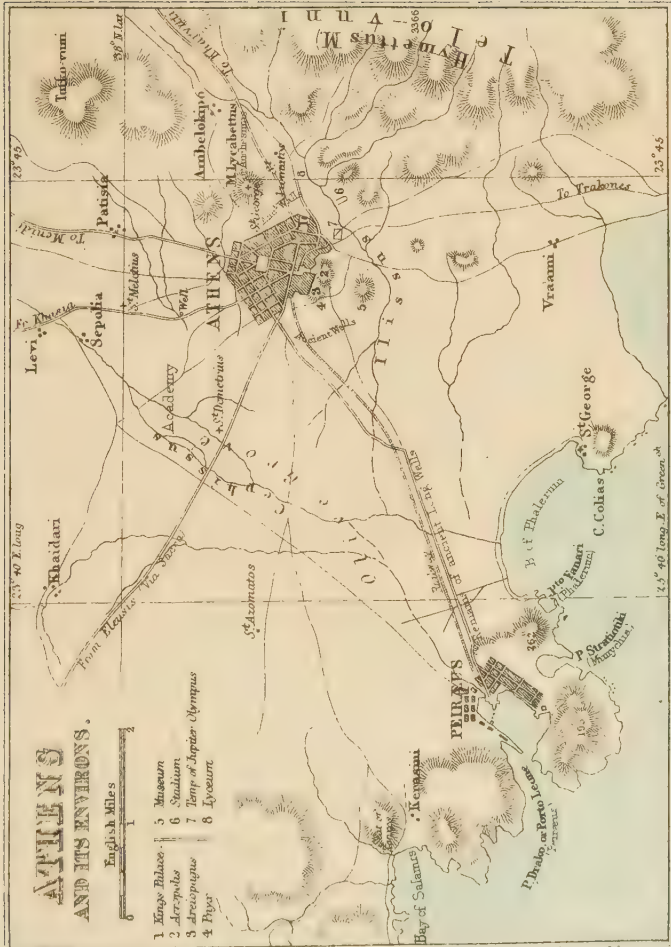
I passed the day—a magnificent one—chiefly on and about the Acropolis; slept, as well as some ravenous

# CITY AND ITS PRINCE. SORRENTO

English Miles



- |   |               |   |                         |
|---|---------------|---|-------------------------|
| 1 | Kings Palace. | 5 | Museum                  |
| 2 | Art-gal.      | 6 | Stadium                 |
| 3 | Archiæus      | 7 | Temp of Jupiter Olympus |
| 4 | Phys.         | 8 | Lyceum                  |





mosquitoes would permit, at the Hotel *Μεγάλης Βρετανίας*;<sup>1</sup> and early Monday morning visited the hill of Colonos, the gardens of Plato's Academy, and the most interesting Cerameicus. After luncheon, one of my German friends accompanied me in a carriage to the Peiræus and just came on board the *Linda* for a few minutes before saying "good-bye."

The remainder of our party from England did not expect to reach Hermoupolis till the 30th, but knowing well the uncertainties of wind and weather characteristic of these latitudes, the captain thought it prudent to weigh anchor and depart upon his voyage the same afternoon. Just then the breeze was exceedingly light, and the yacht had to be towed out of the harbour, which we had hardly cleared when a great black steamer laden with cattle nearly drove us on shore.

Our course was at first due south, down the Saronic gulf, and then south and by east, leaving Sunium a long distance off on our left hand, and passing between the islands of Zea and Thermia. The weather was quite summerlike, and the only sound that broke the silence on deck was the lively music of the reef points as they rattled against the swelling bosom of the mainsail.

It was just upon three weeks since I had left London, and my life in the interval had been one of constant unrest; so I felt considerably in the mood of the lotus-eaters:—

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<sup>1</sup> Grande Bretagne.

“We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard when the surge was seething  
free,”

and prepared to surrender myself to the spirit of *dolce far niente* that wooed me in every breath of the surrounding air. The captain and most of the crew were absorbed in a pile of English newspapers which I had found in the post-office at Athens; and I myself, seated in an easy chair, had drifted to a land of—

“Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass  
For ever flashing round a summer sky,”

when the steward recalled me from my reverie by presenting a real cup of tea and some dry biscuit.

This steward almost merits the encomiums that Hamlet passed upon the skull of Yorick. He was amusing, active, ready, obliging, and good-tempered, just as caoutchouc is elastic. If he were summoned in half a dozen different directions at once, and ordered to perform six different duties simultaneously, he never murmured, and was always equal to the occasion. In the worst weather he volunteered a confident and sanguine forecast; and on those occasions when we were hopelessly becalmed, he endeavoured to persuade himself and others, by a look through the saloon light, that “she had a nice list on.” But it was in his character of steward proper that he most shone. His turkeys, his mutton, his poultry, his red

mullet, his woodcock were always the best in the several markets of the East; and he loved to descant upon the purchases he made in terms of foreign weights and measures and foreign currency. Indeed I believe he thought in "okes" as poets are said "to lisp in numbers," and we were so accustomed to his favourite formula "so much a oke," that the expression rarely failed to provoke a smile. He had a moderately good voice, and acted as conductor of the musical entertainments that regularly took place amongst the crew.

At 7.30 p.m. I sat down, solitary as a truffle, to an elegant dinner, *à deux couverts*, laid in the saloon. The table was covered with the whitest damask and spread with the delicate thin glass which almost eludes the sense of touch, as it delivers its precious burden to the lips. In the centre of the board stood an *épergne* filled with fresh flowers from the gardens of Attica; and the various courses were written out not on one but two porcelain *menu* cards, to suggest, no doubt, that my host might look in before the repast had concluded.

How truly strange it seemed—to be dining here, the *vis-à-vis* of an invisible companion, in the middle of the *ÆGEAN SEA*!

And at the mention of this name, let me invite the reader to open any ordinary map and survey the course of the Mediterranean as it sweeps, in a broad, majestic stream, from the pillars of Hercules to the coasts of Syria

and the mouths of the Nile. He will observe that shortly before reaching its eastern extremity, the continuity of its northern shore is broken, and that a considerable mass of its waters recedes northwards, through five degrees of latitude, between the shores of Greece and Asia Minor. This considerable off-shoot from the basin of the Mediterranean, in shape nearly quadrilateral, is the Ægean Sea, so called from the tragic story of Ægeus who drowned himself in its depths.<sup>1</sup> Its eastern shores—now the coasts of Asia Minor—were occupied by several nations of Hellenic colonists, of whom the most important were the Ionians with their powerful cities of Samos, Miletus, Smyrna, Ephesus and several others. On the west, its boundary was continental Greece, marked by the famous sites of Olympus, Ossa, Pelion, the Pass of Thermopylæ, the Plain of Marathon, and the Acropolis of Athens. So that, to adopt a phrase from modern politics, the Ægean was an Attic lake, whose waters alone divided the mother country from her colonies, just as the Atlantic

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<sup>1</sup> I am afraid this time-honoured derivation must be dethroned from its prescriptive place in mythological dictionaries and other works. When Ægeus saw his son's sail, he was seated on the Acropolis, probably that face of the rock on which the Nike temple now stands, and he could not possibly have thrown himself thence into the sea, which is at least three miles off! The origin of the name Ægean thus remains uncertain, unless it be really derived from αἰγίς, a squall.



(to compare great things with small) separates Great Britain from her kinsmen and descendants in Canada and the United States.

It was in this region, then, and amongst these peoples, that the germs of civilization first attained maturity and burst into flower, with a suddenness, a tumult, and a splendour, in marked contrast to their previous period of prolonged and silent incubation on the soil of Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia.

The period that initiated this extraordinary change was the sixth century before Christ, an era which is seldom brought out in the high relief that it merits on the page of ordinary history. In this age man begins to emerge universally from the thralldom imposed upon his spirit by pre-historic paganism, and to assume the attributes of individuality and conscience. He refuses any longer to be the passive instrument of ancient system, and to bow down body and soul before the throne of the despot. In point of time, this change corresponds with the birth of Buddha in India; with the rise of Cyrus the Great in Persia; with the Babylonian captivity (588—536), and the so-called second Isaiah in Judea; and with the reign of Psammetichus, the last Pharaoh, in Egypt. In Greece, the simple objective poetry of Homer and Hesiod is replaced by the intensely subjective and passionate lyric muse of Sappho and Alkæus. It is the age of Thales, the Father of Philosophy, and of Pythagoras

and Xenophanes, the Fathers also of religious and ethical reforms.<sup>2</sup> Thence, and not from the birth of Jesus Christ, truly dates the modern era; for, without the manifold influences that Greece prepared and supplied—an universal language, demotic writing, philosophy, science, civil polity, art, and the drama—Christianity could not have walked alone, much less assimilated the world to itself.

It will be found very convenient, in the wilderness of dates, to fix certain *points de repère*, around which important occurrences have a tendency to group themselves. For Christian times, one of these is the year 800, when Charlemagne was crowned at Rome; or 1066, when William the Norman conquered England. But, for the epoch of which I am now speaking, a very interesting date is the last year of the sixth century, i.e., 500 before Christ.

About that year Phidias the sculptor was born, and his birth therefore coincides with the first contest between Greeks and Persians in the Ionian revolt, which brought crowds of refugees from the Ionian cities to Athens. He was a boy of ten when the news of the victory of Marathon thrilled the hearts of the Athenians; and he had attained the age of twenty when three of the most stirring events of history were crowded into the

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<sup>2</sup> See *Greek Folk-Songs*, by Lucy M. J. Garnet. London, 1885.

brief space of little more than a year—the battle of Thermopylæ, the victory of Salamis, and the final overthrow of the Persian supremacy at Plataæ and Mykale.

The central event in Greek history is undoubtedly the Persian invasion, and its tendency was to smash the small states of Greece into the homogeneous political omelette which mutual jealousy, repulsion, and distrust had previously prevented them from forming. But though its tremendous impact succeeded for a time in uniting the discordant elements in a common cause, whose object was defence against the enemy, yet their inherent centrifugal forces were too active to allow cohesion to be long maintained, and soon drove them again asunder. It was during the brief period of union and peace following the final defeat of the Persians, that so much of what still forms the monumental glory of Athens was accomplished. Diodorus Siculus says: “Fifty years after that event, the Greek cities attained their highest degree of prosperity; the arts, protected by riches, flourished; and the age produced the most celebrated artists, philosophers, rhetoricians, and commanders ever known.”<sup>3</sup>

On Tuesday morning, the 28th of October, when I came on deck, the yacht was all but becalmed off the island of Zea, about fourteen miles from Sunium. There

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<sup>3</sup> Never, during all the long period that has elapsed since those days, till the reign of the present King, have the States of Greece been united under a single government.

was no wind, and a strong current forced us to lose way, rather than to make it. As we had not mounted our awning, the sun on deck was disagreeably hot, and in my cabin the thermometer marked 75° Fahr. We were now within the group of some twenty or more islands, known as the Cyclades, so called from the circumstance that they were held to encircle, as a centre, Delos, one of the most sacred seats of ancient Greek pilgrimage and worship.

The high veneration in which Delos was held arose from its having been the reputed birthplace of Apollo and Artemis, the twin children of Leto. She was confined here when fleeing from the wrath of Hera, and is fabled to have had such a 'bad time' that her pains shook the whole island. The splendid Delian hymn to Apollo was, in the days of Thucydides, attributed to Homer, but though fully worthy of his muse, it is probably of not later date than 600 B.C. In historic times Delos was the seat of the great confederacy of Greek cities and states in which Athens took the lead; and the large joint treasure contributed by them was removed from there to the Parthenon by Pericles.

The western coast of Syra, now about twenty-two miles distant, soon became visible through our glasses, and I was impatient for a breeze to spring up and carry us to our destination, which lay on the eastern side of the island. Still it continued to be almost a calm

until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the air began to grow cooler. The sun had gone in, and I thought I discerned some ominous clouds showing faintly on the horizon. I invited the captain's attention to the change, but that excellent master of his craft wore a cuirass of imperturbability through which, I believe, no remark from a landsman has ever penetrated; and his answer seldom amounted to more than a "ye'es, sir," couched in a short cough. But I had not long resumed my place aft when there was a vivid lightning flash, succeeded by a sharp, imperious roll of thunder. Another and another followed, with the effect of releasing the winds which are said to live in certain caves to the north of Tenos. Orders were given to take in sail, at all times a difficult operation, but now demanding great expedition, owing to the suddenness and force of the gale. For my own amusement, I lent a hand at the ropes until we had secured and covered the mainsail; and then, about four o'clock, the heavens scowled fearfully, rain began to fall, and the sea to rage like the heathen. In fact, we were caught in one of those sudden squalls for which the *Ægean* has been celebrated since the days of Homer—perhaps at this season more than others—and were obliged to "lie to" during the night off Cape Kephala in the island of Thermia.

Next morning, about 8.30, I was seated on deck, as we entered the pretty and picturesque harbour of Her-

moupolis, alive with gaily coloured craft, and busy with all the various industries and occupations of a prosperous seaport. Happily, once more, in the cycles of history, the "arts of peace" have taken root and are growing vigorously, in their ancient home, the soil of the Cyclades; and, as a great centre of trade and traffic between East and West, Hermoupolis is now rivalled only by the Peiræus.

It soon came to our knowledge that the Cunard steamer, *Demerara*, with the other four members of the party, had not yet arrived, and was not expected till the next day. So I resolved to go ashore under the guidance of the steward, partly to make myself acquainted with the town, and with the more definite object of purchasing some Rahat-ul-koum to take to friends in England. In one of the principal streets I met a well-dressed, respectable-looking man, whom I diffidently addressed in Greek, and inquired of him the situation of the post-office and where the best confectionery was made. He replied by conducting us to his place of business not far off, and sending thence one of the shop attendants to show us what we required. I learned then, and subsequently at Athens, that services of this kind tendered by passers-by of modest or even humble station, are meant to be purely gratuitous. The offer of money is, as a rule, rather resented, and I have more than once had occasion to blush deeply at the thought of having given offence where

my intention had been merely to acknowledge very kind and useful service.

The Greeks have a peculiar gesture impossible to describe in writing, and probably a survival from classical times, by which they indicate a decided dissent, or refusal. It will be best understood as a nod reversed, a quick inclination of the head backwards, accompanied with the slow and emphatic utterance of the monosyllable *ὄχι*.<sup>4</sup> It is extremely characteristic, and quite unlike anything I have noticed elsewhere.

At the post-office, which is a considerable establishment, I found the officials remarkably painstaking and obliging; and I had a similar experience of the same department in Athens. The steward and I next set off for a walk on a splendid *chaussée* extending like a broad terrace above the north-east shore, which faces the island of Tenos. The wind was fresh and exhilarating, and the deep blue of the sea which confronted us everywhere made the outlook and the exercise delightful.

Considering what a healthful island Syra is, I feel sure that with better accommodation for strangers it would attract not a few of those visitors who in winter betake themselves to the Riviera. On the outskirts of the town we passed a handsome Greek church which had only just been finished; and we had also seen, near the harbour, the original Church of the Transfiguration, in Greek,

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<sup>4</sup> No. The ordinary Greek negative.



Metamorphosis. The latter, by a curious association of ideas, reminded me immediately of Lord Macaulay, for that very learned writer, in the *Life and Letters* published by his nephew, lays it down that the word ought to be pronounced metamorphōsis, i.e., with the accent on the penultimate syllable. The remark only proves, however, the absurdity inherent in the English method of reading Greek, which is in open defiance of all the rules followed by the Greeks themselves.<sup>5</sup>

Early in the afternoon we returned with our packages of Rahat-ul-koum to the yacht and to luncheon; and, while full of expectancy for the completion of our party the following morning, I occupied myself in making a mental survey of the shores and islands of this wonderful continent, which I had now followed from Kerkyra and the coasts of Albania, on the one side, to the Thracian, Bosphorus on the other.

The southern extremities of Greece are not unlike in distribution to the fingers of an outspread hand, the spaces which separate them forming its well known gulfs. On the east coast lies the long headland of Eubœa—technically an island—separated by a channel of corresponding

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<sup>5</sup> “He was enabled to reserve his spoken reproofs for the less heinous sins of false rhymes, misquotations, and solecisms, and above all for pronouncing the penultimate of ‘Metamorphosis’ short.”—*Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, by his nephew, G. O. Trevelyan, cap. xiv.

length from the parallel projection of Attica. Between Attica, again, and the eastern shores of the Peloponnesus, extends the broad Saronic gulf, holding in its centre, like a gem, the stately and famous island of Ægina. Deeply indenting the Peloponnesus, and reaching almost to the city of Argos, runs the beautiful gulf of Nauplia; while to the west of this, but extending much further south, is the well-known promontory that ends in Cape Malea.

Its shores, like the pillars and pediments of its once glorious temples, give one the idea of having been shattered by some tremendous force, which dispersed the fragments in the form of islands, over the sea.

Thus, in a direct line with Eubœa, is the long island of Andros whose southern extremity is barely divided by a very narrow channel from the lesser, but somewhat similar, island of Tenos. South of Tenos again, and in a direct line with it, lie the islands of Myconos and Naxos. South of the promontory of Attica, we find a long chain of islands—Makronisi, Zea, Thermia, Serpho, and Milo, the latter distant from Cape Sunium about twice the width of the English Channel between Calais and Dover.

Looking at the mountainous character of the mainland of Greece, some geographers regard these islands as simply prolongations of the great mountain chains that traverse Eubœa and Attica. Mr. Grote says, "We might even consider the great island of Crete as a prolongation of the system of mountains that breasts the

winds and waves at Cape Malea, the island of Kythera forming the intermediate link between them."

The latter is undoubtedly the scientific, the other the fanciful view, particularly as we now know that earthquakes do not give rise to *permanent* elevations of the earth's surface. But apart from this, we know that Greece had of old obtained the reputation of being the easily shaken (εὐσειστος) country. Diodorus relates that the ancient port of Helice was swallowed up by an earthquake along with its houses, inhabitants, and even ten ships in the harbour, in the dead of night, so that when morning dawned not a vestige was visible, but the sea flowed over the grove of Poseidon, the Earthshaker. The long-deserted shrine of Delphi and the sacred spring of Castalia have been desolated—the latter literally bunged-up under a heap of rubbish—as a result of the earthquake of 1870, one of the severest to which Greece has been subjected in modern times. This earthquake lasted with more or less severity for three years; and Doctor Julius Schmidt, of the Observatory, Athens, assigns the province of Phocis, lying north of Lake Copais, as the centre and origin of the convulsion.

On Thursday morning, the 30th of October, I had the pleasure of seeing the *Demerara* steam into harbour, and not too far from the yacht to allow of an interchange of friendly signals by means of caps and pocket-handkerchiefs. In a few minutes the gig was dispatched to bring the

party on board, and it was only just nine o'clock when we all sat down together to breakfast. A shore boat conveyed the heavy luggage from the steamer, and amongst it two cases of old Madeira, which were treated by every one with a solicitude almost maternal. In a short time we had all settled down comfortably, and were eagerly comparing notes of our respective voyages.

Mr. Theodore Bent, in his work on the Cyclades, has given an interesting and pathetic account of the foundation of Hermoupolis; which had its origin in the fearful massacres perpetrated by the Turks at Psara and Chios in 1821. But he doubts whether Syra can be the island referred to by Homer as—

“Of soil divine,

A good land teeming with fertility,

Rich with green pastures feeding flocks and kine,

A fair land with streams, a land of corn and wine.

*Worsley, Od. xv.*

I find it stated, however, in the *Pilot of the Mediterranean*, published by the Lords of the Admiralty, vol. iv., 1882, “that the island is well cultivated, and produces barley, cotton, figs, olives, wine, wheat, &c. A large quantity of vegetables are sent to Athens and Constantinople in the early season.” This sounds not only like a teeming, but an overflowing fertility.

Though Hermoupolis, the capital of Syra and of the Cyclades, is now the chief port of the Ægean, it does not

possess a good harbour, and the natural antipathy of the master of a British sailing-yacht to the dust and smoke of trading-steamers caused us to anchor at a distance from the shore that might have satisfied the susceptibilities of Mr. Ruskin. Here, unfortunately, we were exposed to the swell produced by a strong north wind blowing across the open roads, and mitigated in its force only by the distant headlands of Tenos. The effect on board was decidedly unpleasant, and to get in or out of the gig, as she came alongside, was a feat requiring no little promptitude and dexterity. It struck me that this was a point on which the waves, despite Britannia's boasted sovereignty, still retained their supremacy and asserted it most uncompromisingly. "Now's your time, sir!" "Don't put your foot on the gunwale!" "Oh, catch him, Bob!" "Keep her off, Peter!" were some of the exclamations from the yacht that mingled with the hurly-burly of winds and waves at each embarkation and debarcation.

And there sat the north-wind day after day girding at us and refusing to let us move upon our way. I began to have a sense of the origin of sacrifice, and would myself have gladly joined in any ceremonial rite whose end was to propitiate the hostile deities. Truly has the Spaniard said, "The man who has never been to sea does not know how to pray."<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> "Quien no entra en la mar, no sabe á Dios rogar."

However, we continued to go ashore each day, some of our party in pursuit of game (the country abounded in 'cocks and bulls'), others to explore the busy town and ascend the two summits around which it is built. Each of these is surmounted by a church, one of which belongs to the Greek, the other to the Roman Catholic communion. It is a stiff pull up to each, through steep narrow streets which succeed one another in almost undeviating straight lines to the top. In our ascents we had frequently to dispute the passage with huge unwieldy pigs which lay sprawling in our path and only faintly responded to the admonitions of their owners to get out of the way.

Notwithstanding the pigs and a natural absence of water, the houses and their inhabitants presented a clean, neat, tidy appearance, which was rendered more conspicuous by the narrow dimensions of the dwellings. Mr. Bent has very properly observed that if such houses are a survival from the habitations of earlier times, we cannot wonder that all traces of some well-known Greek cities have entirely disappeared. The streets were everywhere well paved, but I should think that the want of a good water-supply must be very much felt by the inhabitants.

In one of our walks we visited the principal *source* whither the κόραι—girls—of Hermoupolis hie with the heavy earthenware amphoræ, as of old, which they carry

full of water on the head or one shoulder—a formidable burden for their *sveltes*, youthful figures. Unhappily, we encountered amongst them no type of early Greek beauty; the superficies of most, unlike that of Heine's Juliette, being swarth and unprepossessing.

In one of our ascents, we were attracted by some newly-finished musical instruments exposed for sale in a parlour window, and, on entering the house, received a kindly welcome from the ruddy-visaged owner. The place was also a wine-shop on a small scale, and at our request the host produced a bottle of Red Santorin, which we found excellent. We never afterwards tasted any native wine in Greece to compare with it.

This was the first occasion on which I had attempted a real *conversation suivie* in modern Greek, in which I had made some progress under a Corfiote gentleman in London. As in most other countries, a knowledge of their language seems an “open sesame” to the hearts of the inhabitants; and if imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, here is an unmistakable proof of the desire to ingratiate ourselves. The old man took up as his theme the wanderings of Odysseus, a subject on which I feared he might become intolerably prolix; so I diverted his attention to a coarse and gaudily-coloured print of the ‘Young Hercules’ which was nailed upon the wall. This, I learned, was the modern representative of the great eponymous hero, and that he went about to country



fairs rending the jaws of lions, strangling pythons, and performing other prodigies of strength. But it was to be borne in mind that he came from the shores of the Euxine, a region to which Hercules had at one time fled, and where he had many illegitimate children; so, no doubt—thus my informant gravely argued—the hero of the print might be one of his lineal descendants.

“And there perhaps some seed was sown  
The Heracleidan blood might own.”

This credulity, or sturdy faith shall I call it, of the Greeks on all subjects connected with the history and mythology of their country is amazing to the stranger accustomed to view such events through the two distorting media of time and scepticism. They point to the throne of Pelops with an air and in a tone as if it had been vacated only about 1848; and the old φύλαξ, or guard, who is in charge of the remains on Mount Ceta, having been questioned as to the exact spot where Hercules met his death, naïvely replied, “I believe it is so and so, *but I wasn't here at the time.*”

One of the principal features of the new town is the large central Square, or πλατεία, as yet only half completed, in which the inhabitants take their daily promenade as soon as the band begins to play, about four o'clock. Standing around are the principal hotels, cafés, apothecaries', barbers', and other shops, the

Apollo Theatre, and a large municipal Hall, which apparently languishes for want of funds. Even in this lively throng, where the beauty of Hermoupolis was bound to show up, if anywhere, we saw little in the way of feminine attractions that called for admiration or remark. Indeed the epithet of *le beau sexe* rather appertained to the men.

Still, it was pleasant to take our seats outside the little café adjoining the theatre; to order our καφέ μέτριο (i.e. Turkish coffee *moderately sweet*); to view the successive groups as they emerged from the side streets and filed past; to cast eager glances upwards to the heavens and discuss the prospects of to-morrow's weather.

Our last evening, though we knew it not, was a Sunday, and naturally the Square was more crowded than usual. We had appointed six o'clock as the hour when the gig should return to take us on board, but long before that time the full moon had risen and cast her soft effulgence over the throng of promenaders that now swelled almost to a dense crowd. Yet we continued to walk up and down the long open space, fascinated by that mendacious light which gave to the scene around us almost any form with which fancy might choose to invest it—the ghost-frequented agora of some departed city, a bal-masqué, a carnival, a scene from an opera, or a dream.

Thus closed our visit to Hermoupolis.



## CHAPTER V.

### HERMOUPOLIS TO SMYRNA.

“Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o’er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.”

*Gray.*



ONDAY morning, the 3rd of November, to our inexpressible joy, announced an improvement in the weather; the wind which prevailed during the last four days had abated and somewhat changed its direction from north to west; the sun shone brightly, imparting warmth and gladness; and at an early hour the order was given to get under way.

Soon, however, we were doomed to realize the force of the French adage, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, for it was found impossible to raise the anchor! Of course, in the last extremity, we could have left it behind, with a good many fathoms of chain attached to it, in the soft mud of the harbour. But there are many evident objections to parting with a good English

anchor, besides the not inconsiderable one of expense ; and, rather than cut the Gordian knot in that way, another device was adopted. In our dilemma, a diver was quickly procured from shore ; and we had an opportunity of observing him for some minutes as he sat in his boat preparing for his important duty. Having said his prayers, he next inflated his lungs by successive deep inspirations, and using the cable as an unerring guide, he promptly dived. A moment had hardly elapsed when he re-appeared and told us that the anchor had become entangled in the chain of another vessel. He then re-descended, and without much apparent difficulty set it free, for which he received the sum of a sovereign.

The enchanted portals of the East now lay open before us in the Doro and Mykoni channels, the former of which separates Eubœa from Andros, and the latter runs between Tenos and Mykonos. Our captain selected the Mykoni channel, which is about four-and-a-half miles wide, and where the adverse current is not so powerful as in the Doro ; but great caution must be exercised on account of the terrific squalls that sometimes blow down from the high land of Tenos. We had happily, a very pleasant passage across, and gave no occasion for the Death Wails which are a specialty of Mykonos, celebrated throughout the Cyclades and Greece.

When the Laureate wrote :—

“ Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea,”

he has aptly translated in the latter epithet the Homeric *οἶνοπι πόντω*; but for the rest, we know he had in his mind the islands of the southern Pacific, where Nature puts on a voluptuous aspect very remote, indeed, from that which she wears amidst the stern and verdureless rocks of the Cyclades. The latter are really what I have already described—fragments of the great mountain chains of Eubœa, Attica and the Peloponnesus, that have dropped off and apparently floated seawards, according to the old tradition that made Delos a floating island, before the birth of Artemis and Apollo.

Though Tenos, as seen from the sea, does not present a prepossessing aspect, it is in reality one of the most interesting of the whole group of Cyclades. It is rich and productive, contains more than one flourishing and highly picturesque town, and its women are distinguished for their grace, beauty, and simplicity. In this century, the mantle of Delos appears to have fallen upon it; and it has become, for modern Greece, a centre of religious pilgrimage, and the seat of an annual Panhellenic festival which is astutely made also to serve the purpose of an active political propaganda.

This love of *panegyris*<sup>1</sup> is one of the many ties and family likenesses that unite, across the chasm of ages, classical and modern Greece, and forbid us to see, in the islanders at least, any other people than the lineal descen-

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<sup>1</sup> Literally 'a gathering of all,' 'a general gathering.'

dants of the Hellenes. If the great qualities that belonged to the latter have, for want of a suitable *milieu*, become feeble and almost rudimentary, the affinities may still be traced in the inalienable superstitions that grow like weeds on the uncultured soil.

Such so-called superstitions are, in reality, survivals from ancient paganism which Christianity has never effectually supplanted either in the Islands, or on the mainland. This fact is abundantly established by an examination of the folk-lore and folk-songs, as well as by more obvious circumstances that everywhere confront the traveller. We find, for instance, throughout Continental Greece and the Cyclades, not fewer than six-and-twenty sites sacred to the prophet Elias, whose name has been conveniently substituted for that of the Sun-God "Ἡλιος. In fact, there is hardly a deity of antiquity whose place is not now filled by some accommodating Christian saint. The virgin Athéne has manifestly become the Panagía or Virgin Mary, when indeed the latter is not made to represent the Aphrodite *εὐπλοία* to whom sailors pay their vows for a prosperous voyage.<sup>2</sup> Charon is still the common synonym for death, and he holds much the same place in popular theology as when the gods of the upper world dwelt on Olympus; while Nereids, Vampires and Lamias all have parts assigned to them in the circle of domestic occurrences.

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<sup>2</sup> See 'The Cyclades' by J. Theodore Bent.

Having breakfasted, we betook ourselves to such amusements and occupations as best suited our respective tastes—some to smoke and *flâner* about the deck, another to read or write, and one to fish. The latter followed his pursuit with unvarying regularity, and, despite an utter absence of success, maintained the spirit of perennial hopefulness and quiet pertinacity distinctive of the true angler. As there were no ladies on board, we secretly hoped he might hook a mermaid, like the west-country laird celebrated in a ballad which Sir Walter Scott was fond of reciting. This laird received an authentic report that a mermaid had been seen on the coast near his castle, upon which he collected bands of his retainers armed with fishing-rods, and sent them in pursuit. Then the ballad continues:—

“Some they fished wi’ long lines,  
And some they fished wi’ sma’,  
And they caught him mony a haddie,  
But the de’il a mermaid at a’.”

Let it suffice to say that we were even less fortunate.

I presently remembered that, as I was on the eve of starting from London, a friend presented me with a volume he had just published, which I had merely time to thrust into my carpet-bag, without the possibility of perusing, and I thought this would be a favourable opportunity to bring it out. On opening the pages, the first thing my astonished eyes beheld was a picture of the



Neanderthal skull, that hideous *cheval de bataille* of Darwinists and anthropologists.

“Oh!” I exclaimed, “why should this loathsome object, like death’s head at an Egyptian feast, turn up, under this lovely sky, to affront the majesty of Heaven? Why does it not return, like other skulls, to the earth from which it was made, instead of being flaunted in the face of a humanity that repudiates it and would fain hide it out of sight? Some men have been made miserable by infants wrapped in newspapers being placed upon their doorsteps, but what is such a punishment compared to having a putative ancestor, like the abominable owner of the Neanderthal skull, ascribed to you on scientific authority?”

Yet I found my friend had been trying to abolish the time-honoured Adam and Eve in favour of the unknown Neanderthaler, or Neanderthalerin—

“Madam, if I know your sex by the fashion of your bones,”

and had erected quite a new religious system on the discoveries of the late Mr. Darwin, *plus* the speculations of Mr. H. Spencer, Emerson, and others.

Now, with the deepest reverence for Mr. Darwin’s genius and great moral qualities, I venture to think his doctrine of Man’s Descent something of a scientific mare’s-nest. It had been already sufficiently indicated by Lamarck and the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*,

and it has never been *proved*. But, assuming that man had once, as Darwin puts it, been a hairy quadruped with pointed ears and a tail, the fact touches only his corporeal development—a chapter in his history which was manifestly closed long ago. Since that time he has been furnished with an organ unique in creation—Mind—which alone gives him the distinctive character he possesses. By means of it he has invented the numerous arts, he founded civilizations as ancient and enduring as those of Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria, he composed the Iliad and the Odyssey, and he built the Parthenon ! It is in virtue of these and kindred works, the product of mind, and not by his animal descent, that man is man. So, even if Mr. Darwin's theory were true, it is not apposite, as it in no way explains the special characteristic which differentiates man, by an immeasurable distance, from every other known creature.

Having committed this unwarrantable digression, I may perhaps venture a step further to point out that, in one respect, Mr. Darwin's philosophy is curiously related to Greek thought, which has at all times been averse to the idea of miracle, including the chief of all miracles—Creation. If the Greek philosophy had become dominant in the West, or, in other words, if the Christian Church, to its own indescribable loss, had not broken with it in the second century, and adopted the Jewish tenet of an external arbitrary Deity, we should never have had such

an idea as that of a separate and special 'Creation' engrained in the general conscience. The Reformation in the sixteenth century, and the evangelical reaction of the seventeenth, only served to bind us more strongly in the fetters of Semitic conceptions; and Mr. Darwin has been the *deus ex machina* to release us from them and bring us back to the inalienable belief of the Aryan race. To the latter, the world has ever been an emanation from, if not an inseparable part of, the Divine principle, and beyond the manifestations of Nature Greek intellect never attempted to travel. Thus, in the Greek language the word miracle, *θαῦμα*, had no such sense as that attributed to it by Professor Huxley. It meant merely a wonder, something unusual, and never implied the monstrous notion of an infraction of Nature's laws by the *fiat* of a personal and arbitrary power distinct from and independent of Nature itself.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> On this matter I am glad to find myself in accord with so distinguished an authority as Lotze (*Microcosmus*, translated by Miss E. Hamilton and Miss Constance Jones, vol. ii. p. 478). "The thought of an order in Nature connecting natural phenomena, according to universal laws, was alien to antiquity, which regarded *every* force that works in Nature as being directly guided by the end at which it aims, and as having the power to realize that end. Hence miracles did not lie as contradictions *outside* the order of Nature, but were actually the natural exercise of a superior power which, under unwonted conditions of time and space, made its appearance within the sphere where lesser powers were used to work."

Our day on board began with a superstitious observance which naturally took the form of a propitiatory offering to Poseidon. One of our tars, known as old Jack, was the officiating priest, and the ceremony was conducted in the following manner: No. 1 of our party advanced up the 'companion' delicately draped in an eye-glass and a pipe, and, having deposited the latter in a safe corner, took his place in a wicker-work chair, while Jack poured over him successive bucketsful of the *Ægean Sea*. Nos. 2, 3, and 4 followed as rapidly as possible to the vacant altar, each fresh immersion calling forth lively screams both from the victim and the by-standers.

We were still within sight of Tenos when the geographical and political limit of the Cyclades was passed, and then we were virtually sailing in Turkish waters. Our course lay north-east, in order to gain the Gulf of Smyrna, but as the day advanced the weather became very unpleasant, and we had no choice but to "lie to" for the night off the southern coast of Chios.

To my mind, this is the most disagreeable manœuvre incidental to a sailing-yacht at sea. For one thing, it generally presupposes 'dirty' weather and adverse winds. The captain selects a suitable position, under the lee of something or other, and it is afterwards duly written down in the Log-book "hove to," frequently for a whole night, sometimes longer. I thought at first an anchor was let down to keep the vessel from drifting away; but

I soon discovered that this was not the case, and that she was maintained approximately in one spot by the opposing actions of the rudder and a sail. These, of course, leave her free to pitch and roll as she pleases—for she has no way on—and in consequence, her movements are as various and unrestrained as those of a cork upon the waves.

On the occasion in question, however, we got off cheaply from Chios; and the afternoon of Tuesday, November 4th, saw us sailing past the headlands and lofty mountains of the peninsula of Karabournou, which forms the western boundary of the noble Gulf of Smyrna.

It is impossible to approach this venerable coast without some strange stirrings of the pulse akin to those which agitate the exile's breast when he returns, after years of absence, to a beloved but scarce remembered home. The sight of its shores cannot fail to awaken the tenderest and most cherished recollections common to mankind; and who that is conscious of his obligations to Homer alone can behold them for the first time without sharing the pilgrim's reverence and self-abasement? Not only the sight, but the mere name, of Hellas, ought to evoke our profoundest feelings of gratitude and veneration, if it were not that the sense of all we owe to her, of her unique and precious dowry to mankind, has been dulled and almost extinguished under the influence of a baneful

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Puritanical spirit, which has taught us to look to Judea, rather than to Ionia, as our spiritual Fatherland.

In front of us towered the glorious peaks of Lesbos, the home of Sappho,<sup>4</sup> that Æolian land from which—

“Leucadia’s rock still overlooks the wave.”

And on the shores beyond once stood the cities of Miletus, Samos, Clazomenæ, Cyme, and other seats of Ionian and Carian colonists who accomplished so much for the art and for the defence of Athens.

It was some time after dark on the evening of the 4th when we cast anchor in the Bay of Smyrna, and little, of course, could be seen except the lights of the town and of the surrounding shipping. When I came on deck about eight o’clock next morning, the first thing I observed was a huge English ironclad lying about three quarters of a mile off. This was the *Inflexible*; and she soon after despatched a boat with a young officer, who came on board the yacht and made certain official inquiries of our captain. I noticed that as he stepped on deck he shook somewhat petulantly from his fingers a few drops of moisture they had contracted by touching the wet ropes of our “steps.” He was also evidently at some pains to maintain the strictly formal character of his

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<sup>4</sup> See a definitive and critical edition of her odes, translated by H. T. Wharton, A.M., Oxon, and published in an elegant volume by Stott, London, 1885.

visit, addressing himself exclusively to the captain and studiously ignoring the presence of any one else on deck. His whole demeanour, indeed, might have served for an example of the naval *de haut en bas*.

My attention was quickly called away, however,—*cedant arma togæ*—from the young English officer to a figure close at hand, which deferentially raised its hat and addressed to me the words *εἶμαι ποιήτης*—I am a poet. This was our destined guide and luminary Ganymédes Pardalós, whom the *prévenances* of our host had summoned from shore over night. In pursuance of the terms of his introduction, he poured forth a rhapsody of hexameter verses of his own composition on the disaster of Chios, to which I listened with due interest and attention.

His large, dark, piercing eyes, sallow complexion, and black beard, involuntarily recalled to my mind Lord Tennyson's description of the slayers of Iphigenia. But instead of a sword, or a couple of spears, he invariably carried in his right hand an English hunting-crop, with a long thong attached, which he declared to be more efficacious against canine assailants than any other weapon.

I know hardly any class of men more egotistical than foreign guides. They have an ineradicable habit of talking about themselves, and think nothing of inflicting on you the whole series of personal testimonials written by the lords and gentlemen who have em-



ployed them. Having perused these more or less exhaustively, you are next treated to a survey of their past expeditions, and to a sketch of those they have in prospect. Your own actual interests and personality count for nothing; your most cherished objects are ignored or forgotten.

I cannot say that Pardalós belonged to this prosaic, self-seeking set, for he combined with the simplicity of the dove the *insouciance* of the poet, and hovered at a perceptible elevation above the every-day affairs of life. Indeed, I believe the only influence that lured him back to earth was what M. de Bunsen disparagingly called the "most ordinary necessities of self-preservation;" or, in other words, his meals; and in a printed programme which he had drawn up for the guidance of certain parties under his special conduct, it was observed that the phrases "here we stop for breakfast," "here we take refreshment," "here we dine," recurred with extraordinary frequency.

The background to every conversation that takes place on the shores of Asia Minor is the "Interior"—a mystic region always accessible, yet ever remote, which, like the poet's description of happiness, "allures from far, yet, as we follow, flies." Thence come the most beautiful objects, whether of faïence, embroidery, or carpets; and Pardalós was never weary of depicting the treasures of art and archæology to be met with in its

far-off recesses. He could take us to remote villages in which Greek was spoken with archaic purity, and where unnumbered inscriptions would reward the toil of the explorer. He was also a bit of an ethnologist, and could point out descendants of the ancient Leleges among the ordinary population of the country.

The immediate treasure we were in search of, however, was not happily in the interior, nor yet at Smyrna, but had gone to perform a short *villegiatura* at Mitylene. This was our incomparable Consul, an old friend of the owner of the yacht, and known and honoured in all learned circles as the author of a standard work on the antiquities of Etruria.<sup>5</sup> Pending his return to the Consulate, we decided on making excursions to Ephesus, Nymphi, and Magnesiá; but our first day on shore was to be devoted to Smyrna and its bazaars, as well as to the ascent of Mount Pagus, a high hill which overlooks the town, and near the summit of which is the tomb of Polycarp.

Polycarp is an extremely important personage in the history of the early church—a link connecting his own apostolic teacher, St. John, with his pupil Irenæus, who lived over the close of the second century. He was an acknowledged arbiter of doctrine amidst the numerous systems professing to be the true Gospel which arose in

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<sup>5</sup> This gentleman has lately received, *honoris causâ*, the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford University.

those early days, and in that character he is believed to have rendered indispensable services to Christianity. Having been born about A.D. 70, he suffered martyrdom A.D. 155, at the height of what M. Renan calls "the veritable Pagan propaganda" which arose in the second century, and was promoted in succession by the Roman Emperors, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius.

Polycarp's lot, therefore, was cast in what the present Bishop of Durham calls "the most tumultuous period in the religious history of the world."

His fate is related in an ancient ecclesiastical document, known as the "Letter of the Smyrnæans," whose authenticity is in the main accepted by two such critics as Dr. Lightfoot and M. Renan. It draws a fearful picture of the persecution which then reigned at Smyrna, to which Polycarp fell a victim. His principal accusers were the resident Jews, who, furious against the Christians for the fall of Jerusalem, made common cause with a mob of Pagans and forced the hand of the humane Proconsul, Statius Quadratus. Polycarp was burnt to death in the eighty-sixth year of his age. But the neglected and deserted spot, surrounded by a few cypresses, shown as his grave, near the summit of Mount Pagus, is looked upon doubtfully even by the faithful.



## CHAPTER VI.

### SMYRNA.

“In the name of the Prophet—figs!”

*Rejected Addresses.*



MYRNA, the second city of the Turkish empire, has at all times held a conspicuous place in the annals of Asia, and its antiquity, as is evident from cyclopean and other remains, goes back to a period anterior to the dawn of history. It is the one of all claimants which has the highest pretensions to be considered the birthplace of Homer; and in Christian times, so early as the days of the Apostles, it formed one of the mystic centres from which nascent Christianity was propagated throughout the Roman world.

It owes its modern commercial importance to its position at the *embouchure* of a great lateral valley which traverses this part of Asia Minor from east to west, and bears, like a broad navigable river, the wealth of the Interior to the sea. This natural facility of transport is further increased by two considerable railways, one on

the north, the other on the south, which embrace between them the valleys of the Hermus, the Cayster and the Mæander. The former extends to Alascheir, and the latter to Aidin, where their termini are fed with the produce of extensive and fertile districts, carried on the backs of endless droves of camels. These productions consist chiefly of figs, raisins, valonia, madder, cotton, silk, opium, emery, hæmatite, and carpets.

As befits a place of so much consequence, whose imports and exports are said to exceed 3,000,000*l.* annually, Smyrna has not been exempt from the modern spirit of enterprise and improvement. Facing the sea there is a spacious embankment which runs from one extremity of the town to the other, supplies convenient wharves for the shipping, and carries a tramway for the accommodation of the public. At its northern end, on the way to Bournabat, are many handsome private houses built by foreign merchants; and an adjoining section called *Bella-vista* serves as a fashionable promenade, while at the opposite extremity is situated the *Konak* of the Turkish governor.

Behind this long jetty, or *Marina*, as behind a screen, lies the intricate network of streets which form the town proper, and constitute at the same time an interminable puzzle to those who visit them. Our business took us in the first instance to the Telegraph Office, which we reached with some difficulty, even under *Pardalós's* guid-

ance, and left with a sensation not unlike that of the hero in *Called Back*—for the life of us we could not have found it again.

The bazaars, however curious and original they may have appeared in former days, are now visibly in their decadence, and even seem to be performing a rapid *dégringolade au diable*. Whole quarters are unoccupied, the roofs that formerly covered them broken through, and the shops that remain abandoned to a mean, inconsiderable traffic. I should say that the mercantile centre of gravity in Smyrna has now shifted to the streets, in which there are numerous spacious and showy establishments only too much resembling those of London and Paris.

Nowhere in the East does one see such splendid camels as at Smyrna and throughout the whole of this region of Asia Minor. The males are noble brutes, almost leonine in the shaggy, dark-brown mane depending from the neck and chest, in their fearless, majestic step, and in the great physical strength which they exhibit. They are fierce of temper, too, and will sometimes crack a negro skull in their powerful jaws as readily as a gourd, while the fights that take place between them are said to be of unexampled violence. Unfortunately, as Pardalós told us, it was rather late in the season to organize a show of that kind for our entertainment, or I would gladly have added it to a somewhat considerable experience of Spanish

bull-fighting. In the bazaars, in the railway stations, in the streets and on the country roads, we were perpetually meeting vast droves of these animals. They always travel in a long line, mostly led by a donkey, and sometimes they have a few of their foals, more graceful and gentle creatures than one could expect, running loose alongside the cavalcade.

“The black camel” is the ghastly euphemism common in Smyrna for a hearse.

In bygone days, previous to the unification of the Italian kingdom, the coinages of its various small states were thought to represent the extreme of confusion that could befall the monetary system of any country. The *lira* of Parma, value twopence, not unfrequently personated its namesake of Tuscany, value four times that amount; and it was the despair of the traveller to reduce to a common standard the *crazie* and *quattrini* of Florence, the *bajocchi* and *denari* of the Roman States, and the *tari*, *carlini* and *grani* of the kingdom of Naples.

But this was simplicity itself compared with the coinage current in Smyrna, which, instead of being struck in a mint, might have been brewed in a witches’ caldron and cast upon the world with a design of misleading and perplexing human kind. In the first place, all money is divided into two denominations—*beshtlik* or good money, and *churuk*, or bad money; and it is perfectly competent to you to make a bargain in the latter, as



much as in the former. Only, as a preliminary, buyer and seller must settle between themselves on which pecuniary basis the transaction is to proceed. I did not become sufficient of a connoisseur in bad money to explain its special mysteries, which I daresay are endless ; for to understand the *beshtlik* money required as long an apprenticeship and as close attention as I was capable of giving to the subject. Let it suffice to say, that the legal Turkish pound, or lira, has, in Smyrna, three, if not four, different standards of value—being deemed in certain circumstances, as at the Customs, to contain 105 piastres ; in others, as amongst bankers, 130 ; in the large shops 136 ; and in the bazaars, 180.

Now, if we remember that all prices are made in piastres, the manifold inconveniences of such a state of things will be self-evident, just as they would be in Paris or London, if the number of francs in a louis, or the number of shillings in a sovereign, fluctuated from fifteen to twenty. This indicates, however, only one of the complications inherent in the Turkish coinage ; and it is universally admitted, even by those long resident in Smyrna, that its remoter intricacies are beyond human calculation.

I feel bound to add, however, that the silver medjidi is an extremely handsome coin, the Turkish characters inscribed across its face—not round the margin—being like Arabic writing in general highly ornamental.

Sunday the 9th of November, while writing in the saloon after lunch, I thought I heard an unusual commotion on deck, considering that we were lying at anchor; and presently the captain called down the companion to Mr. S. H., "The Consul is coming on board, sir." Very soon after I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. Dennis, a gentleman of most distinguished appearance and manners, and overflowing with varied and agreeable conversation. He and Mrs. Dennis had just returned from Mitylene by one of the coasting steamers, and had encountered severe weather on the passage.

We afterwards called upon them at the Consulate, where Mr. Dennis showed us some choice Italian pictures and other *objets d'art*; to say nothing of his fine collection of Persian work, and Eastern carpets of unrivalled beauty, including one which surpassed all the others from the Desert of Sahara. This he had obtained while engaged in archæological explorations on the site of the ancient Cyrene.

On another occasion we met a very pleasant party, including Captain Seymour and some of the officers of the *Infleible* at dinner, and we were allowed to smoke our cigars in a very pretty room sacred to the memory of Byron, in which that prince of poets finished the first and second cantos of *Childe Harold*, March 28th, 1810. As Byron's supremacy has of late been somewhat rudely challenged, I am glad to quote here some lines

addressed to him by Mr. A. Lang in his *Letters to Dead Authors*.

“Farewell, thou Titan fairer than the gods,  
Farewell, farewell, thou swift and lovely spirit,  
Thou splendid warrior with the world at odds,  
Unpraised, unpraisable, beyond thy merit.”





## CHAPTER VII.

### SMYRNA TO EPHEBUS.

“All polytheistic religions are naturally complete—more catholic, more sympathetic with universal nature and universal life than monotheistic religions; if they make a philosophical mistake in worshipping many gods, they do not make a moral mistake in excluding any of his attributes. With the polytheistic worshipper everything is sacred: the sun, and the sea, and the sky, dark earth and awful night, excite in him an emotion of reverence. If the Greek polytheist was devout at all, he was devout everywhere.”

*Professor Blackie.*



WE decided to take advantage of the prevailing fine weather in order to pay a visit to Ephesus, which we found to be practicable enough in an excursion of one day. We might either take a special train affording accommodation for five persons, at a charge of 10*l.*, or go and return by ordinary train. As the latter leaves Smyrna at eight a.m., and reaches the station for Ephesus by eleven a.m., it was resolved to trust to it, and we hoped, by economizing time, to obtain a sufficient number of hours to see the ruins satisfactorily.

Our steward was a rare hand at preparing and packing a luncheon basket, so his services were put into requisition over night, and next morning we drove in an open carriage to the terminus of the Smyrna and Aidin railway. Our equipment for the expedition consisted not only of an ample stock of provisions, but of a full complement of Winchester rifles, revolvers and ammunition, for in those parts the rumours of brigands hang over one's head like the sword of Damocles and accompany you wherever you go.

In the railway compartment in which we travelled, a worthy Englishwoman, the wife of an engineer at Aidin, entertained us with an animated description of a capture which the brigands had just effected in that part of the country. She gave a dramatic representation of their actions, and repeated with a startling effect the Turkish '*tislím*,' in which they summoned their victims to stand and surrender. It consoled us, however, to learn that these gentlemen's valour is unsurpassed save by their prudence, and that they rarely attack parties known to be well armed.

Another occupant of our carriage was a stout, respectable, middle-aged Turk, who politely shared with me some unusually good tobacco—the ordinary *régie* to be obtained in Smyrna being quite a bye-word amongst smokers. One of our party, who is extremely shortsighted, wore habitually a large, thick, single eye-glass,

which riveted the attention and greatly exercised the curiosity of the Turk. Like a child—though in demeanour perfectly well-bred—he evidently longed to examine it, and when it was handed to him, he endeavoured unavailingly to fix it in his own orbit. He then held it in turn before each eye, of course only to find that he could see nothing; and we silently wondered what he would have to say about it in the harem that evening and to his village friends the next day.

The country through which we were passing was charmingly diversified by mountain scenery both near and distant. The clearness of the atmosphere, the brilliancy of the sun, and the flashing gold of the orange groves gave it, here and there, a look of Spain; but the resemblance was disturbed—I dare not say marred—by the comparative verdure of the fields and woods, and the frequent droves of camels on the high roads.

At length the station for Ephesus was reached, where we took a friendly leave of our companions, who were travelling on to Aidin; and we ourselves made no further delay than served for a brief colloquy with the landlord of the neat little hotel in whose charge we placed our luncheon basket.

When we learn for the first time that the station for Ephesus is Ayasalouk,<sup>1</sup> we are apt to think the name

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<sup>1</sup> “Ephesus (in ‘Turkish Ayasalouk.)” Murray’s Handbook for Turkey in Asia, p. 270. 1878.

unmistakably Turkish, and to wonder not a little that the familiar "Ephesus" should have undergone such a barbarous transformation. But in the domain of philology, even more than elsewhere, first impressions are apt to be misleading, and it is so in the present instance. The word is really only a corruption of the Greek ἅγιος θεολόγος, or St. John, in memory of the inspired Ephesian who wrote the fourth gospel.

On emerging from the station, the first object that challenges attention is a vast aqueduct, supported on thirty-seven lofty arches, and looking not unlike the bony skeleton of some huge saurian reptile suspended above the narrow valley. The work, like most of the ancient remains still subsisting, and like a beautiful gateway close at hand, is Roman.

We next ascended some high ground to visit a handsome building, which the Greeks with their usual effrontery—*ad hoc*—have named the Church of St. John. But the position of the mihrab in its interior and other architectural details, incontestably prove it to have been designed originally for a mosque and not for a Christian temple—though, not improbably, the spoils of an earlier church of St. John near the same place may have entered into its composition.

The spot on which we were now standing is in every sense eloquent of the past, and to refuse to regard it for a moment at least, in that light, would be wilfully to



ignore the only interest it possesses. This hill of Ayasalouk was the poorer suburb or district of Ephesus, in which the tent-makers, among whom St. Paul lived and worked, carried on their business; and for this reason it naturally became the nucleus around which were grouped the apostolic church and the tombs venerated by all Christianity. Thus, the first seeds of the new worship fell on the same fervid soil that had nourished, through successive ages, the stately cult of the Ephesian Artemis; and Ephesus laid aside its celebrity as a Pagan city, only to assume an equal celebrity as a great centre of the Christian faith. It early became the third capital of Christendom after Jerusalem and Antioch, and claimed to possess the graves of the Virgin, of St. Luke, of St. John, of St. Mary Magdalen, and others.

And availing ourselves of this same commanding position, whence the view extends across the plain to the overhanging slopes of Pion and Coressus, let us endeavour to frame a picture of the "magnificent and spacious city," "the eye of Asia," which for centuries received the admiration and excited the envy of the world.

Yonder was Tracheia on Mount Coressus, where the wild boar fell to the spear of Androclus, and determined the site of Ephesus. An animal similar in tastes and habits was he to—

“The great wild boar that had his den  
Amidst the reeds of Cosa’s fen,  
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
Along Albinia’s shore,”

and in obedience to the indication he had given, the city was partly built on the marsh.

Adjoining this marsh, and at the furthest point westward, was constructed the City Port with warehouses still tolerably preserved ranged on either side. Immediately facing the port stood the Great Gymnasium, the chief of four with which the city was provided, and the most considerable of the existing ruins. Next followed the Agora Civilis, or Grand Forum. This was a square central space enclosing an artificial lake, a smaller temple of Diana, another temple, the tombs of Dionysius and Heropythus, and the Hippodrome. Unlike the Great Agora, it was not intended for purposes of trade, but was surrounded by the courts of law and the houses of the magistrates, and served generally for a promenade. It is recorded that Cleopatra being one day carried about the Agora in a litter, Antony, who was presiding in one of the courts, listening to the pleading of a celebrated orator, no sooner saw her, than, leaping from his throne, he ran to attend her. Thus,—

“Beauty draws us by a single hair.”

This forum also took the place of a Westminster Abbey, for many distinguished benefactors and servants of the

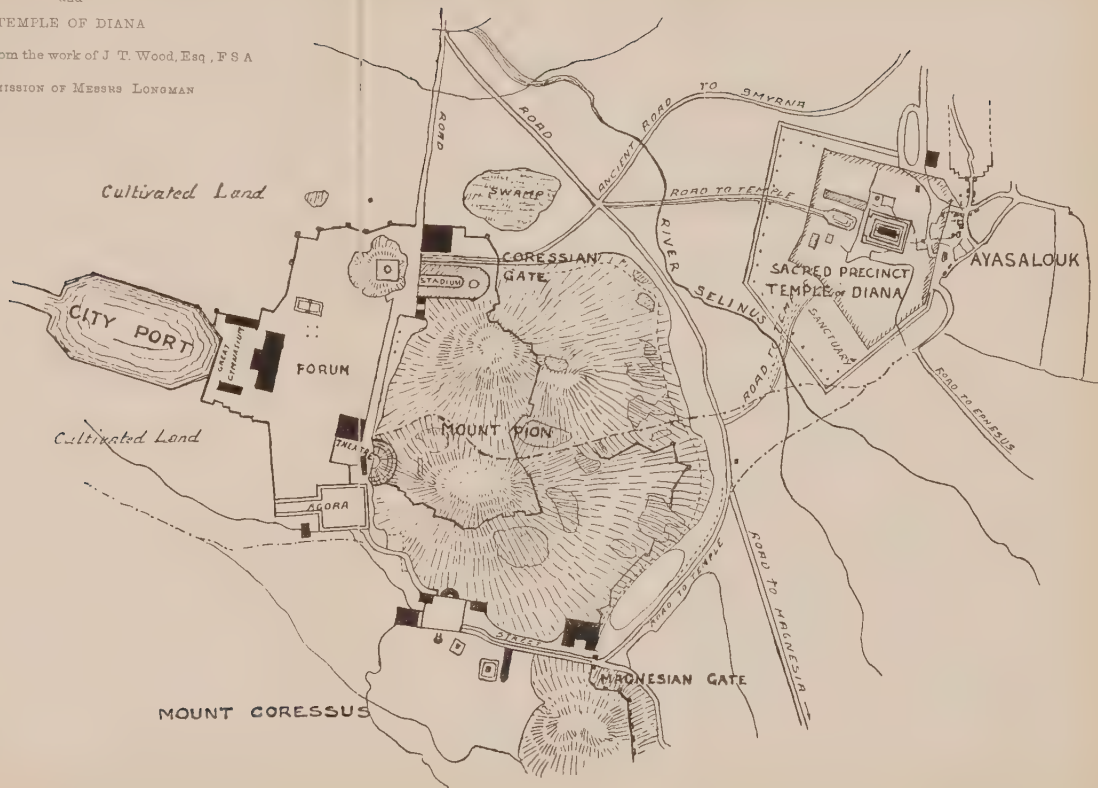
PLAN OF THE RUINS OF EPHESUS

and

TEMPLE OF DIANA

Partly adapted from the work of J. T. Wood, Esq., F.S.A

By Permission of Messrs. Longman





State received the honour of interment in its enclosure. The Agora Civilis was surrounded on all sides by other public buildings—the Great Gymnasium to the west, the Great Agora and the lesser Agora to the south, ruins no longer distinguishable on the north, and on the east by the Great Theatre.

The latter is the famous theatre situated on the south-western slope of Mount Pion, and the scene of the tumult so graphically described in the nineteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Curiously enough, Mr. Wood found in its interior numerous inscriptions relating to the gold and silver images in the temple of Diana, the sight of which would naturally have helped to intensify and sustain the prolonged clamour of the crowd. What that crowd must have amounted to, if the theatre were anything like filled, may be judged from the fact that the diameter of the building was 660 feet, or 40 feet more than the major axis of the Colosseum at Rome, and that it was capable of accommodating 50,000 spectators, or, at the very lowest calculation, half that number.

The site of the Stadium on the north-western slope of the same hill is readily identified; and the manner in which the seats were disposed shows what a magnificent appearance it must have presented to persons entering the city. But it has long been a complete ruin, and the only relics of it to be seen have been built into the Turkish castle which crowns the hill of Ayasalouk.

Ephesus, unlike most eastern cities, was admirably laid out, the noble public buildings being all massed in the plain, and the houses of private citizens ranged in terraces on the slopes of Pion and Coressus, and thereby enjoying the advantages of salubrity and prospect. The number of the former far exceeds those I have enumerated, as we learn from coins discovered in the ruins that there were upwards of twenty different temples exclusive of the great temple of Artemis, or Diana. The city was of course fortified, and the walls, 36,000 feet in length, and 10 feet 6 in. in thickness, ran along the crests of Pion and Coressus and descending to the plain were carried across it on either side, to the port. They were additionally strengthened by massive loop-holed towers from 35 to 40 feet square, and averaging about 100 feet apart. Remains of six city gates have been traced, but the two principal and best known are the Magnesian and the Coressian—the former of which was placed at the southern angle of Mount Pion and the latter at the northern, near the Stadium.

It was through the identification of those two gates that Mr. Wood was led, by a happy intuition, to discover the site of the temple of Diana, which no previous investigator had even approximately determined. The missing link was found in clearing out the area of the Great Theatre, where an inscription came to light which

stated that a certain procession in honour of Diana entered the city by the Magnesian gate and returned through the Coressian gate. He thence concluded that the temple stood at the junction of the two roads which led to these gates, and following up the clue, in April, 1869, he struck on the angle of the peribolos wall of the temple.

It was situated about half a mile distant from the city walls, between them and the eminence of Ayasalouk on which we had been standing. Consequently, on coming down into the plain, the Artemiseion was the first object to which Pardalós conducted us, if that can be called an object which consisted only of some open trenches and a few scattered fragments of sculptured marble. Such were all that remained, on the original site at least, of the eighth and most splendid of the temples erected to the Ephesian Diana !

Some twenty centuries previously, around this melancholy spot, her cult had flourished in the fulness of its glory; and the mighty Alexander appealed in vain to be allowed to defray the cost of the last temple raised in her honour.

What, it may be asked, was the object of so much veneration, which called forth the lavish contributions of Asia, the choicest offerings of kings, and the costliest gifts of private individuals? Undoubtedly, the original nucleus of worship was an archaic, rudely carved wooden image, attributed to the time of the Amazons, which the



priests feigned to have fallen down from Jupiter and carefully preserved throughout the vicissitudes of all the seven temples. This early symbol of the goddess continued to be regarded as the most sacred, and was lodged, like certain relics in Roman Catholic churches, within the innermost recesses of the opisthodomus. But as the Arts improved, it was replaced, or supplemented, by an elaborate statue, of which the body was of Oriental alabaster and the head and feet of bronze, described by Pliny as a masterpiece of execution. The most prominent feature of this statue was the many breasts with which it was covered, as it was intended to be the sensible representation of one of Nature's most prodigious, most subtle, and most mysterious attributes—the faculty of Reproduction, which even the greatly advanced science of our own day is, and will probably continue, powerless to explain. The frontispiece to Erasmus Darwin's philosophic poem, *The Temple of Nature*, published in 1803, is an engraving, after Fuseli, of a *πολύμαστος* female figure, which expresses exactly the same idea as that embodied in the statue of the Ephesian goddess.

Apuleius relates, but at too great length to quote here, a beautiful address, or supplication, to the goddess offered by one Lucius, in answer to which she replied, “Lucius, thy prayers have reached me; moved by thy supplications, I come to thee. I am Nature, the mother of all things.” Her statue also probably bore the inscription

found on other statues of Diana, "Nature, full of variety, the mother of all things."

The chief statue was known as Diana Ephesia, but as we learn from inscriptions and coins and from ancient authors, there were many others within the temple. Thus Apuleius mentions small silver statues of the goddess being brought out and placed upon the steps for the people to kiss at the conclusion of the festival. Cæsar also expressly states in his Commentaries that there were several statues of the goddess; and when the Phocæans were emigrating to Massilia (Marseilles), their leader was instructed in a dream to take with him one of the consecrated statues from the temple.

Pliny, after describing the form and grandeur of the temple of Diana, observes, "To speak of the other ornaments of this temple would require many volumes." And Strabo says, "The temple is full of sculpture, almost all by Praxiteles." In fact, we know from the testimony of various authors that the more famous of these ancient temples, such as those of Apollo at Miletus, Delphi and Delos, of Juno at Samos, and of Jupiter at Athens and Olympia were thronged with splendid works of art, both in painting and sculpture. And it may be remembered that Evenor, Parrhasius, Zeuxis, and Apelles, were natives of Ephesus; and that such sculptors as Phidias, Praxiteles, and Scopas, with many others of almost the first rank, practised their art there.

Pausanias, the most truthful and accurate of ancient or modern historians, informs us that, "All cities call Diana, Ephesia; and men privately honour this goddess beyond all other divinities." But perhaps no higher or more expressive tribute can be paid to her than that recorded so graphically in the Acts of the Apostles, "The great goddess Diana, whom Asia and all the world worshippeth."

When St. Paul told the citizens of Athens that they were *δεισιδαιμονέστεροι*, keenly sensitive to religious impressions, he applied to them an epithet more or less true of all the peoples dwelling on the shores of the Mediterranean. Of this condition of spiritual hyperæsthesia, Ephesus was a focus. It was the point at which the Greek and Oriental civilizations touched and commingled, and their contact produced most of the evils incident to a high degree of popular religious tension. Its atmosphere was charged with supernatural forces, as with an explosive gas; and a crowd of attendant parasites—seers, jugglers, and impostors—had for a long time excited the indignation and provoked the hostility of the philosophers. The right of sanctuary which existed throughout a wide area in the precincts of the temple, naturally did not improve matters, but, on the contrary, made it a haven of refuge for the criminals and malefactors of one half of Asia.

While the Artemiseion stood above ground it served as a quarry to the Christians: what the Christians spared,

the Goths, A.D. 162, plundered and destroyed; and even the ravages of both were eclipsed in 1462 by the Seljukian Turks.

Such is a brief sketch of the once mighty city—now a mournful skeleton—whose foundations lie entombed under the mud of the Cayster. The archæological explorations of the past fifty years, which have thrown an unexpected flood of light on certain seats and centres of ancient civilization, such as Lycia, Etruria, Troy, and Mycenæ, have on this soil been comparatively unfruitful. Still there is a distinct gain in actually visiting the place, as in that way only can we obtain an adequate idea of the extent of the ancient city, as well as of its charming situation.<sup>2</sup>

The immense space included between the City Port and the suburb of Ayasalouk was forcibly brought home to us by another circumstance. Time was limited, and in order that we might visit all the points of real interest, Pardalós thought it incumbent on him to ‘make the running.’ To this his lank form and long legs were admirably adapted. His body bent forward to the chase as if he were pursuing some phantom Atalanta, and the lash of his hunting-whip unfurled, “like a meteor streaming to the wind,” he led us back to the station hot and blown. But we experienced the pleasant sensa-

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<sup>2</sup> The Great Gymnasium alone covers a space of about fifteen acres, or twice the size of the whole enclosure of the British Museum.

tion of being there in time, and there was even a considerable delay before the train for Smyrna arrived.

The interval was passed on the platform in eating the most delicious grapes, a product of the neighbouring district of Kirkinji, and in conversing with a Greek priest and some country people who were travelling to the same destination. The priest told us he ministered in a little chapel which we had seen in the morning, dedicated to the ἅγιος Δεμέτριος, and daily said mass there. Like most of his fraternity, he was little better than a peasant in a *soutane*, and looked both greasy and dirty. Yet he had a pleasant open countenance, and making due allowance for the wilderness in which he lived, and the other disadvantages of his position, we could not help feeling towards the poor man a certain sympathy and respect. His religion had not allowed him to become so dissevered from the past as are his brethren of the Roman Church. Demeter, the glorious Earth Mother, under another name, is still the divinity at whose shrine he serves; and his Trinity has assuredly more in common with the Kabeiri of Samothrace than with that which was enunciated by Constantine at Nicæa.

From such reflections, however, we were abruptly recalled by the unhallowed scream of the locomotive, and in a few minutes more were busily engaged in what seemed a hopeless struggle for places in the train. A dense surging crowd occupied the platform, and, through

its ranks, one of us had to track the station-master, while another protected the luncheon basket, and all concert between us was foiled by the noise, the confusion, and the masses of people that wedged themselves in everywhere. We should have utterly failed to find places together in a first-class carriage, had it not been for the good offices of the station-master—a young Greek. He boldly entered the lions' den—a saloon carriage in which a number of stalwart Circassians had stretched themselves at full length, and were comfortably asleep—in face of a torrent of vituperation from the angry beasts<sup>3</sup> which in violence and malignity could hardly be surpassed. They all rose to their feet and seemed ready to spring upon him, but, to our great admiration, the little man in mufti unswervingly maintained his authority, and we took our places here and there as we could, amidst the scowls and scarcely suppressed growls of the inmates of the carriage.

In consequence of our dispersion, we were debarred from making a joint attack on the luncheon basket, and were obliged to fling the contents—now a plate and knife and fork, now a bottle of beer followed by a corkscrew, now some slices of meat or cake—to one another across the persons of intervening Armenians and Circassians. Happily the missiles did not miscarry, or the consequences

<sup>3</sup> ἔξ ἀνθρώπων θηρία γεγονότες.

might have been serious, and we succeeded, though physically constrained and uncomfortable, in appeasing the appetite created by our run from Ephesus.

On our return to Smyrna it was dark, the wind had risen, and as we drove along the quays towards the Custom House "the moaning of the homeless sea" echoed ominously in our ears. The *Linda* lay a long way off out in the bay, and the prospect of reaching her in an open boat seemed anything but certain or agreeable. When we stopped at our customary landing-place, the captain of the gig could hardly make his voice heard above the din, but it announced that such a high sea was running outside that the gig could take only a portion of our party.

This was in a little inner harbour protected by a break-water, through which there was a narrow opening flanked on either side by a low stone turret. Each of these turrets served to carry a primitive light and marked the course for in-coming and out-going steamers and other vessels.

Three of us took our places in the stern of the gig, well wrapped in sailors' oil-coats. One, our friend of the eye-glass, was obliged to steer, but in the intense darkness and very short-sighted as he was, it surprised me that he could see at all through the blinding spray blown into our faces from the waves. Of course, our first look-out was for a steamer, and we had happily



cleared the passage between the two towers without encountering one. But what a sea! and how our poor sailors had to toil at their oars, in order to keep way on at this dangerous point. We were all drenched in a minute, and I, in particular, was caught by a wave which swept over the gunwale and coursed up my sleeve between the clothes and the skin. However, all other sensations were lost in the keen desire to keep the boat's head to windward and to mount the crests of those swishing seas. Our stout English sailors in the bow had the effect, upon me at least, of a slice of *terra firma*; and I felt confident that all would be well until we got alongside the yacht. Her lights gradually grew more distinct and beamed with something like the welcome of home amidst the swirling waters; but how to perform that leap on the flying trapeze, which I knew awaited me in order to get aboard of her!

*Solvitur saltando*, like many another difficulty, and we stood once more in safety on the deck of the *Linda*; not, however, without a twinge of anxiety for the sailors who had to return to shore and for the two friends who had still to join us. Theirs proved to be even a still worse experience than ours, as they ran some risk of being swept against one of the stone turrets that guarded the entrance to the inner harbour, while a large French steamer actually came into collision with the other.

The motion on board the yacht was tolerably lively, and on the swing-table at dinner our food was at one moment just beneath our chins and at the next was carried to the level of our knees. In fact, here, as at Syra, our captain had given his vessel a superabundance of sea-room; and, after a few days, we were forced to take up a position further inshore. This change contributed greatly to our comfort, as in the original anchorage it was sometimes found impossible for a boat to put off.

The next morning was devoted to a long colloquy with Pardalós, in which we canvassed the ‘pros and cons’ of contending expeditions into the ‘Interior.’ The result was that we elected to visit first the celebrated rock-cut figure of Sesostris which adds to other elements of interest the remarkable fact that it is fully described in the pages of Herodotus! And here I may say that our host had provided us with an excellent library on board, including not only Rawlinson’s fine version of the “Father of History,” but the works of Strabo, Pausanias, Athenæus, Leake, Fellowes, Schliemann, Curtius, Max Duncker’s *History of Antiquity*, and indeed all the principal works relating to Greece and Asia Minor.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### NYMPHI.

“ While haply, not far off, beneath a bank  
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank  
Is played in the cool current by a train  
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she, whose chain  
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,  
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last.”

*Moore's Alciphron.*



THE same afternoon we accompanied Pardalós to some livery-stables in Smyrna, in order to choose a strong carriage and a good pair of horses capable of taking us to Nymphi and back in one day. Our party would necessarily be a large one, although two of the number had determined to remain behind, in the hope of obtaining some shooting. It was deemed advisable that we should be accompanied by a cavass from the Consulate, so that he and Pardalós, our three selves and the driver would make six persons in all. There were, besides, our rugs, Winchester rifles, revolvers, and ammunition, to say

nothing of a goodly basket of provisions stowed away under the driver's seat.

On Saturday morning, November 8th, the carriage was in waiting outside the landing-place at six o'clock, and we had cleared the suburbs of Smyrna and were well on the road to Bournabat long before seven. It was a fine, though somewhat dull, gray morning, with a fresh wind blowing, which swept some papers we had taken with us far and wide over the plain. But, gradually, the prospect brightened, despite the vaticinations of Pardalós that we should have "a few rains;" and as we passed through the pretty village of Bournabat, we stopped to admire the brilliant flowers still blooming in the grounds of its many handsome villas. Bournabat is connected with Smyrna by rail, and nearly all the wealthier merchants, Greek, German, and English, have country-houses there to which they resort in the summer. It is delightfully situated, overlooking the sea and commanding views of many a spot hallowed by classic associations and natural beauty amidst the surrounding plains and mountains.

The late Mr. Nassau Senior, has put it on record that there is only one good road in Turkey, the road to ruin. But we all seem to know the class of public men (now happily deported to Jupiter or Saturn), who looked upon good roads in the light of a good set of teeth, as an infallible index of constitutional vigour. Whether the owners of the roads had any produce to carry over them, or the

possessors of the teeth any food to put under them, was, in their minds, a secondary consideration. Indeed, on this showing, Ireland ought to be esteemed one of the most prosperous countries, for she has splendid public highways, all the more easily maintained because there is no traffic.

However, to the above philosophic dictum the road we were now travelling is a notable exception, for it has been admirably engineered and constructed, and is kept in excellent repair. Some distance beyond Bournabat, it begins to ascend towards the mountains and traverses a wild gorge, the picture of loneliness and desolation. To ease our spirited little horses and enjoy a walk in the brisk morning air, we all descended from the carriage, but kept well together, in case of the appearance of Circassians. They are regarded by Pardalós as the *bêtes fauves* of this part of the world; and, as we came along from Bournabat, he entertained us with "gashly" illustrations of their ferocious and bloodthirsty character. Unfortunately, after the late Russo-Turkish war, a large colony of them immigrated to the neighbourhood of Smyrna, greatly to the chagrin of the Greek population, which looks upon them in rather a worse light than an Irish Catholic looks upon an Orangeman. Pardalós summed up his long indictment by solemnly assuring us that a Circassian would take a man's life for an onion! "Are ye not of more value than many onions?" seemed a natural

application of the text to our own case; but we took comfort from our numbers and the feel of our revolvers, not less than from the complete absence of an enemy.

Besides, were we not marching under the ægis of our beloved British empire, there and then corporally present in the person of her consular cavass, Ali Chouse ("ou" pronounced as in "souse"). *Cæsarem vehis* seemed to be the motto that inspired him, as he strutted majestically at our head, his stout, thick-set person arrayed in full Turkish military costume, his girdle stuffed with handsome silver-mounted pistols, a yataghan by his side, and in his right hand a modern blue cotton umbrella. When his lips were not puckered into a quasi whistle, they were drawn back laughingly over two rows of brilliant white teeth, and his whole face seemed like a fountain of good humour, which not only bubbled and sparkled at every instant but cast a refreshing spray all round it. The rear was brought up by Pardalós, lean, melancholy, and abstracted, in all respects the opposite of Ali. He carried a double-barrelled fowling-piece of his own, in case any smaller game than Circassians should come within range; and in the course of the day he bagged an anonymous fowl which looked like something between a water-hen and a blackbird.

Just at the instant referred to, the sun came out and revealed to us a sight which could hardly be reproduced anywhere out of Asia Minor. Winding up the Pass

and partly concealed from us by some higher ground, appeared a vast file of camels, whose bright scarlet trappings and huge brown forms, as they emerged from the shadow, stood out conspicuously in the morning light and gave a strange, Oriental picturesqueness to the landscape. The caravan had evidently just broken up its encampment of the night, and when we joined it, a little later, in a narrow part of the Pass, we saw the sunburnt daughters of the desert and their children, with tents, cooking utensils, and provisions, perched high on their unwieldy *montures*. The slowly-winding procession seemed somehow to recall a well-known stanza of Macaulay, and, by contrast, to accentuate the ineradicable distinctions between East and West.

“ And droves of mules and asses  
Laden with skins of wine,  
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,  
And endless herds of kine,  
And endless trains of waggons  
That creaked beneath the weight  
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,  
Choked every roaring gate.”

It is curious to observe how the place of almost everything in the above enumeration is taken by the camel.

In view of the unusual cavalcade, my mental horizon seemed all of a sudden to expand, and I bethought



myself how wonderful it is that, every morning at home, as one gets up to the pursuit of business or of pleasure, thousands of human families are leading these nomadic lives over the vast plains of Asia Minor !

We had now reached the summit of the Pass, marked by a miserable Turkish Guard House standing at the foot of the deep cutting which here pierces the mountain. To this spot the Smyrniotes, who make frequent pleasure excursions thither, have fondly given the name of *Le Bel Café*—I presume, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, at least so far as the presence of a café is implied. But the beauty of the situation amply warrants the remainder of the title ; and I am sure none of our party will soon forget the splendour of the view that greeted us as we looked down over Bournabat and Smyrna, with the *Inflexible* and *Superb* lying in the Bay, the glorious mountains fringed with their exquisite coast-line, and the silent sea unstirred save with the tides of human history. S. H., I know, declared emphatically that it was worth coming all the way from England to obtain a glimpse of such a scene.

And, after all, some hot coffee *à la Turc* was prepared for us, and served by the poor soldiers in the Guard House. We found it extremely acceptable and refreshing ; and having granted our excellent horses a brief delay, we set off again *en route* for Nymphi. The main road, which now rapidly descends, leads to Casabá ; and after following it

for some distance, we turned up another excellent side road to the right, and reached our immediate destination a few minutes after ten. On the left of the road, as we approached Nymphi, appeared a large castle of a very composite style of architecture, "the stately pleasure dome decreed" by the Byzantine voluptuary Andronicus. It served, as do so many other monuments in this region, to recall the honoured name of Gibbon.

The khan, or *auberge*, at which we drew up, was a modern-looking house with a decided air about it of decency and comfort, and on one side was a spacious garden furnished with seats and tables not at all unlike the style of thing which one is accustomed to meet with in a Swiss or German Bier-Garten. Having converted two or three of the narrow tables into one, we proceeded to *entamer* the luncheon basket, while Phaidrós went forth to collect a sufficient number of donkeys to carry us to Sesostris. Before we had finished breakfast, we heard their bells ringing, and saw some of their grey noses projected over the low garden wall. They were a capital set of little animals, and very well equipped with saddles and bridles.

A Winchester rifle and revolver form somewhat inconvenient appendages on the back of a small donkey, but we were nevertheless obliged to go armed as the best guarantee against molestation. Having traversed the curious little village and crossed its bazaar, with an

ancient fountain playing in the centre, and surrounded by quaint, tiny shops, we quickly emerged on a country road, or rather a narrow track, which first led through some cherry orchards and then entered a delightful low copse wood. Hereabouts was the centre of the river and fountain worship, sacred to Lydia as well as to Thessaly, connected with Acheloüs and the nymphs—Acheloüs, beside which the nymphs danced, being mentioned by both Homer and Pausanias.

The sun had gained considerable power and brilliantly lighted up the wide landscape bounded in the distance by the grey spurs of the range of Sipylus. The influence of the pure sweet air, as it entered our lungs and coursed through our veins, exercised upon us the same exhilarating effect that it was wont to produce upon the nymphs; and for the whole of our two hours' ride we indulged in the most boisterous mirth. Indeed some of the incidents attending it were in themselves sufficiently laughable. Ali Chouse mounted on his donkey, and from his superior management of the animal and his natural military disposition, always in the van, looked like a glorified Sancho Panza; while Pardalós, with his interminable legs and gaunt figure, bore no inconsiderable resemblance to the knight of the rueful countenance. Presently, the donkey that carried S. H. stumbled and fell, sending his rider heavily down on the stock of his Winchester. Happily the latter neither went off nor was broken, and

its owner was quickly remounted on the donkey of Ali Chouse. Pardalós at one point, for sake of a short cut, turned into the fields and took a water-jump with great spirit, which made us regret that we had not the instantaneous photographing machine from the yacht to perpetuate so striking a performance. At some distance from the site of the Sesostris, we all dismounted and left our donkeys in charge of the two young Greeks who had accompanied us from Nymphi. A rough walk of about half an hour, ending in a stiff climb through dense tangled brushwood, brought us to the foot of the remarkable rock-cut figure. No exercise of faith is required to realize its form and proportions, as though some of its sharpness has been lost in the immense lapse of ages during which it has stood here, its general outline is unmistakable. Opinions may differ as to the position of a javelin or the direction of a foot, but that an armed warrior, though of lineaments somewhat blurred and indistinct, is here represented, there cannot be a doubt. Its chief interest to us lay in the startling confirmation it affords of the veracity and accuracy of Herodotus, and considering how his character has been traduced of late, we gladly made him our compliments on the subject.

It was Niebuhr, I think, who instilled into our youthful minds the *virus* of a baleful scepticism as to the truth of early classical history; but recent incontestable events in the domain of archæology have, it seems to me, gone

far to supersede this feeling of distrust and replace it by one of confidence in the fidelity of ancient records. Even Homer served to guide Dr. Schliemann to the site of Ilion. Pausanias alone furnished the clue to the situation of the royal graves at Mycenæ: and in his difficult search for the temple of Diana at Ephesus, Mr. Wood derived invaluable assistance from the pages of Strabo, Xenophon, Pliny, and Philostratus. So many, indeed, are the instances to the same effect, that I think we should be justified in asserting that a severe love of truth was, as a rule, the governing tradition of the school of Greek historical writers. The minute accuracy of Pausanias is proverbial.

We pursued our way back to Nymphi somewhat more leisurely and with better opportunities of examining surrounding objects. Pardalós showed us in one place marks of wild boar, where they had come down from the mountains to grub for roots in the cultivated land; upon which one of us asked if Pardalós thought the boars had brought a hoe with them, as the soil showed unmistakable signs of having been turned up with that implement. *Apròpos* of wild boar, Pardalós descanted on the pleasures of the chase generally, and in particular narrated one of his own favourite adventures with a she-wolf. Like the squire's story of 'Grouse' in the gun-room, we had heard it only a few days before, but of course that circumstance added all the more to the uproarious laughter with which

it was received. In the hedges that skirted the narrow pathway along which we rode, oleander and myrtle were growing in abundance; and the young men who had charge of the donkeys plucked us many a bunch of a most fragrant white clematis, whose petals were fringed with amethyst.

It was just three o'clock as we re-entered Nymphí, so that our excursion thence to Sesostris occupied exactly four hours. As S. H. and I were riding together into the village, the first object that attracted, perhaps I ought rather to say rivetted, our attention, was the figure of a portly Greek female which receded gradually through a doorway as we approached. Her garments consisted to a great extent of a pair of Turkish trousers unqualified by any form of drapery, and though unexceptionable as to longitude, "in latitude were sorely scanty." We could only congratulate ourselves that the style of her attire had not extended further westward.

A little further on, in an open shop in the bazaar, we espied some small flat dishes of clotted milk called *kaïmak*, and ordered two of them to be sent after us to the khan. We thought they might be acceptable to Ali Chouse, whose religious scruples did not permit him to drink beer; though it is said that Turks of the modern school have failed to find in the Koran any prohibition against brandy.

During luncheon Pardalós's thoughts naturally reverted

to a previous visit he had paid here in the harvest season, when no donkeys were procurable, and he and his party were obliged to undergo the penalty of a hot fatiguing walk to and from the Sesostris. Exhausted by his exertions, and *faute de mieux* in the way of refreshments, he had rashly consumed about two oke of grapes, which were followed by a 'swelling' in his inside, of which he gave us a pathetic description. In fact, in the light of Pardalós, one began to see the force and propriety of Juvenal's well-known epithet which I imagine he applied to the Greek in a sense not altogether figurative.

In the meantime a report had got abroad that one of our party was *ιατρός* (physician), and as we were about to start, the carriage was the centre of an out-patient department that would have done honour to a London hospital. The doctor stood erect inspecting tongues and feeling pulses, and giving the poor people his 'opinion,' which they wisely sought, rather than the physic of which we had none.

The return journey to Smyrna was unattended with mishap or adventure of any kind; but as we neared the coast, we were startled to see the electric light from our men-of-war flitting hither and thither like a terrestrial *Aurora borealis*—or, in the words of Keats—

"scaring out

The thorny sharks from hiding holes, and frightening  
Their savage eyes with unaccustom'd lightning."





## CHAPTER IX.

NIOBE.

“ Es fürchte die Götter  
 Das Menschengeschlecht !  
 Sie halten die Herrschaft  
 In ewigen Händen,  
 Und können sie brauchen  
 Wie's ihnen gefällt.”

*Goethe, Iphig. auf Tauris.*

“ Ye mortal brood, regard the gods with fear !  
 For, sovereign rule in deathless hands they bear,  
 And with a might which men may not resist  
 They wield eternal forces as they list.”



T would be falling into a grave historical error to assume, as many do, that a pessimistic tone of thought is peculiarly characteristic of the present age, or exclusively the product of a *blasé* and degenerate society.

On the contrary, though Leopardi, Byron, Schopenhauer, and others may have given to Pessimism a more sustained and systematic expression than it received from the

ancients, yet the latter seem to have entertained a deeper personal sense of the wide-spread prevalence of evil. Indeed, the earliest conscious utterances of mankind are tinged with the pessimistic spirit, and that it left its unmistakable stamp upon the Greek mind may be shown by passage after passage from Hesiod, Theognis, Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. The charming poet Menander has bequeathed to us among his slight remains the well-known and almost proverbial line, "Whom the gods love die young;" and Herodotus sought to perpetuate the same sentiment in the beautiful story of Cleobis and Biton. Herodotus also gives expression to the general feeling when he declares, through the mouth of the Persian Artabanus, that there probably never existed a man who did not more than once yearn for death as his sole escape from constant affliction, and that our torture is only enhanced by the moments of happiness we are occasionally allowed to taste; so that in our life and our death we manifestly see the *envy of the deity* that does not suffer our prosperity to be either great or lasting.

The idea of the jealousy borne by the gods to men was one of the most deeply-rooted of ancient religious beliefs, and became an universal theory to explain conspicuous instances of undeserved reverse of fortune and of the evils that not seldom befall pre-eminent worth and merit. The gods, like feudal lords, were unwilling to see their

vassals attain exceptional power or dignity, and like the mediæval church viewed with alarm and displeasure the too prominent manifestations of genius. Hence the famous myth of Prometheus chained by Vulcan to a rock on the Caucasus, because he had too greatly loved mankind and given them fire, the arts, and the science of numbers, which would at length render them supreme over Nature. The terrible fate of Cræsus points the same moral; and Polycrates of Samos in vain casts his most precious possessions into the sea, in order to propitiate the envious deities.

The story of Niobe, the *Mater Dolorosa* of antiquity, belongs to the same order of ideas; and every poet from Homer to Keats has availed himself of her pathetic legend to point the acutest phase of human sorrow, the loss of beloved and beautiful children. Ovid draws a touching picture of the Lydian queen who, in the pride of race and the pride of progeny, incurred, by her presumption, the anger of the immortal gods. The arrows of Artemis and the arrows of Apollo lay her sons and daughters low; and while striving with her person to shield the youngest and the last, and calling aloud for pity, it too is stricken with the fatal shaft. Bereft and desolate, she sinks down rigid as bronze amongst her lifeless offspring; and this is the instant so happily commemorated in *Endymion*.

“perhaps the trembling knee  
And frantic gape of lonely Niobe,  
Poor, lonely Niobe! when her lovely young  
Were dead and gone, and her caressing tongue  
Lay a lost thing upon her paly lip,  
And very very deadliness did nip  
Her motherly cheeks.”

Ovid continues, “No breath of heaven stirs her hair; the colour has fled from her features; her eyes are motionless within their sorrowing orbs; her form presents no sign of life; her tongue is frozen to her palate; the blood has ceased to course within her veins. No more will that lovely neck incline, those feet move, or those eager arms give back embrace for embrace. Her bosom is turned to stone. *But still she weeps*, and seized in the whirling grasp of a mighty wind she is swept to her home: there, fixed to a lofty summit, she stands forsaken, and still tears flow down her marble cheeks.”

To-day we were to visit the last scene of this immortal tragedy; to touch, as it were, the very image of the daughter of Tantalus, and to stand upon the spot consecrated to her memory since the dawn. At least we were to behold the original source and centre from which mankind has evolved one of its truest and most beautiful myths, whose spirit has permeated the whole range of ancient lyric poetry.

In order to reach the Niobe, we went by train to

Magnesía, a famous city of ancient times which still enjoys considerable affluence and celebrity. The railway conducted us along the banks of the Hermus—the eddying Hermus, as it is called by Homer—and through the outskirts of a mighty plain which lay upon our left hand—the plain of Magnesía. These great plains are highly characteristic of this part of Asia Minor, and present to the European traveller who has never seen the prairie an unique and beautiful appearance. That which we were traversing seemed of enormous extent and spread away on every side beyond the power of vision to follow. It is, approximately speaking, perfectly level, but yet free from the least suspicion of monotony. On the contrary, the eye seems naturally to take refuge in it as a delightful resting-place, and the mind to find constant variety in its changing tones and shadows. Its immensity enthralls.

On our right hand stretched the classic range of Sipylus, also mentioned by Homer, and in one of its spurs we knew that we should find the object of our pilgrimage. Pardalós, as usual, accompanied us, and only one of our party was absent, detained by slight illness on board the yacht. At the station of Magnesía, which we reached about one o'clock, a carriage was in waiting, which took us by a road alongside the line of railway to the base of the statue. The drive occupied about an hour. When I say the base of the *statue*, I am repeating an error into which I myself was led by the descriptions

we had received. The bottom of the hill on whose summit the figure is placed would more correctly express the position at which we had arrived. From the road, and even from the railway train in motion, the rough outline of the statue may be discerned; but in order to obtain an accurate view of its form and surroundings, the stiff ascent must be faced. The mountain at that point is tolerably steep, while large, loose stones, a wild growth of underwood, and a belt of dwarf oaks thickly set towards the summit render walking difficult and laborious.

A somewhat delicate question now arose—whether we should take luncheon before the ascent, or on our return, as to carry the basket to the top was out of the question. Pardalós, like a true fellow-citizen of Homer, quoted most appropriately, “*νῦν δὲ μνησώμεθα δόρπου*”—let us now remember the grub—from the xxiv. book of the *Iliad*; but mindful probably of the indigestion he had suffered at Nymphi, he declared in favour of the climb first and luncheon after we got back to the carriage. This course was adopted.

Some rough and tortuous walking brought us in about half an hour to the base of the monument—a narrow, slippery platform, from which we were able to examine it carefully with our glasses.

As I am about to add a contribution of positive and scientific value on this subject, kindly written for me by

Mr. Dennis, I shall here only briefly mention the general impression which the statue produced upon us. A dark, slimy matter, which seems to have distilled from the rock above, has overspread, as with a thick coat of intonaco, the right half of the face and bust ; so that the figure bears a grotesque resemblance to one of those oil paintings exhibited in shop windows, of which one side has been cleaned, and the other purposely left untouched. Its outline is also extremely indistinct, and it is difficult to say whether we are in the presence of a mere bust, or of a figure seated in Egyptian fashion with the knees protruding. The arms are pressed against the bosom, and even the fingers are visible ; but the general pose of the head is the only feature on which the eye can rest with pleasure, and imagination must fain supply those other attributes which procured for her from Homer the epithet of "*ἡὺκόμος*," or fair-haired, Niobe. It must be confessed, however sadly, that the interest she excites has ceased to be æsthetic and has become anti-quarian.

Of late years a peculiar design, somewhat resembling a heraldic device, has been observed about the head of the figure, and on this subject Mr. Dennis, its discoverer, will speak with the highest authority :—

"These are the hieroglyphics which I discovered in 1880 carved on the cliff by the side of the colossal rock-hewn figure of the Niobe, or rather Cybele, on the lower



slopes of Mount Sipylus, a few miles east of the city of Magnesiá. Though I had visited the spot many times before, the inscription had always escaped my observation, as it appears to have escaped that of all previous visitors, for I can find no notice of it in any work treating of this part of Asia Minor. This fact may be explained by the position of the cliff, which so nearly faces the



North, that the sun never falls on the inscription, and also by the discoloration of the rock.

“The niche or cartouche which contains the inscription is on a level with the head of the statue, and twenty feet or more above the head of any one standing on the rock in front of it. The cartouche is about thirty inches high by twenty wide, and is sunk two inches below the surface

of the cliff, so as to leave the hieroglyphics in relief to that extent. When viewed from below, the characters are not very distinct, but by the aid of a long ladder, which on two occasions I sent express from Smyrna, they can easily be copied, although, owing to the face of the rock slightly impending, I found it impossible to take a squeeze.

“There appear to have been figures of some sort to the extreme right and left within the cartouche, but they are not now intelligible. The four hieroglyphics in the centre, however, are clearly distinguishable. The upright object in the upper part appears to represent a Phrygian cap; that to the left, which has somewhat of the shape of a ninepin, may have been intended for an obelisk; while the object to the right bears a strong resemblance to an arm stretching down from above. Occupying the lower half of the cartouche is what appears to be a compound figure, which resembles an ox-skull resting on a boot, for the lower portion of the figure is more like a clumsy boot than anything else. These hieroglyphics have been pronounced by Professor Sayce to be Hittite, but it cannot have been this primitive, clod-hopping *ὑπόδημα* which has led him to such a conclusion, for it differs widely from the smart ‘tip-tilted’ boot represented on so many Hittite monuments that it has come to be regarded as a characteristic article of dress of that ancient and Biblical people.

“In my utter ignorance of the Hittite writing, I cannot pretend to give an interpretation of these strange hieroglyphics. But I may mention that the Phrygian cap is supposed by Professor Sayce to have the meaning of ‘king’ or ‘lord’—that the obelisk is regarded by the same learned authority as ‘denoting the kingly title,’ while a double obelisk, which may have had place in this inscription, as the adjoining object to the left is now obliterated, is pronounced to be the ideograph of ‘land’ or ‘country.’ What may be signified by the hand reaching down from above is matter for conjecture. Taken in connection with the emblem of royalty, we may guess that it set forth the divine right by which the monarch was supposed to reign. The ox-skull may bear some analogous meaning to that of the animal’s head, whether horse’s or goat’s, portrayed on the celebrated silver boss of Tarchondêmos, which bears a bilingual inscription in cuneiform characters and Hittite hieroglyphics, interpreted by Professor Sayce as reading:—‘Tarchondêmos, king of the land of Ermê.’ This boss, on which the Hittite characters are repeated on both sides of the king, whose figure occupies the centre, shows both the single and double obelisk in each instance. This ancient monument, which as regards its character of bilingual inscription is unique, was purchased some quarter of a century ago at Smyrna, and was probably discovered in some part of Asia Minor.

“Though we cannot decipher the hieroglyphics figured above, we may rest assured that the inscription has reference to the statue—seeing its close proximity to it and its relative position to the head. But whether it records the name of the king who carved the statue from the cliff, or that of the goddess, or woman celebrated in ancient mythology who is there represented, we have at present no means of determining, and must wait until the progress of archæological and philological research solves the mystery. In any case, there can be little doubt that the figure here sculptured is ‘the most ancient of statues,’ and the inscription one of the earliest as yet discovered in Asia Minor.

“A word on the statue itself. I see no reason to regard it as having been hewn from the rock to represent the woe-begone daughter of Tantalus. It appears far more probable that it was carved as a representation of the great goddess Cybele, who was the chief object of worship in Western Asia from very remote times, and I take it to be the very statue of Cybele described by Pausanias (iii. 22-4) as in the neighbourhood of Magnesia, ‘the most ancient of all statues, and said to be the work of Broteas, the son of Tantalus.’ Of course it can readily be understood that in the great lapse of time which intervened between the existence of a Hittite monarchy in Asia Minor and the days of Homer, the true history and origin of the figure had been lost. Then the

accidental circumstance that it was constantly bedewed with water trickling over the face and bosom afforded a ready foundation for the popular legend woven around the name of Niobe. Homer, himself a native of Ionia, naturally adopted the prevailing tradition, and immortalized it in connection with this identical figure by the well-known lines which he puts into the mouth of Achilles (*Iliad* xxiv. 614): ‘And somewhere now among the cliffs, on the lonely mountains, even on Sipylos, where they say are the couching-places of nymphs that dance around Acheloös, there she, albeit a stone, broodeth still over her troubles from the gods.’

“The Niobe described by Pausanias as in Mount Sipylus must be quite distinct from this statue, for he says he climbed up to it, and saw a precipitous rock which, when viewed close, bears no resemblance whatever to a woman, nor to any one in an attitude of mourning, but when regarded from a point further off, takes the appearance of a woman weeping and oppressed with grief (i. 21-3). Elsewhere he records the tradition that the Niobe in Sipylus weeps during the summer (viii. 2-7). His description, save as regards the fact last stated, does not apply to the statue known to us as the Niobe; and we are driven to the conclusion that the Niobe of Pausanias has yet to be sought for amid the higher recesses of the mountain, and that the Niobe of Homer and Sophocles (*Elect.* 147, *Antig.* 823) is the Cybele of Pausanias.

“I agree with my friend Professor Saye in regarding this figure not as Hittite, but as pre-Hittite, for it is so rudely designed and proportioned, and still more rudely chiselled, as to indicate a more remote antiquity than is displayed by any of the known Hittite monuments; though he places the domination of that people in Western Asia between the seventeenth and twelfth centuries B.C. The inscription, then, if Hittite, would appear to have been cut on the rock subsequently to the carving of the statue.

“After enjoying for so many centuries her tearful reputation, the fact must now be recorded that for the last six or eight years, perhaps more, Niobe has ceased to weep!”

So far Mr. Dennis.

Just before turning to descend, B. fired at a large black vulture which was hovering around Sipylus, but the cartridge was not heavy enough to maim him, and only brought down a sample of his plumage. On regaining the level ground and the carriage, we spread our luncheon on a low wall, close by a circular shallow pool, and had not yet finished when we were accosted by an Englishman, who was employed in looking after the permanent way of the Smyrna and Casabá Railway. He was the owner of a neat, comfortable cottage and large garden adjoining the station at Magnesía, where we afterwards called, and received the usual attention of

sweetmeats, &c., from his young Greek wife. He returned with us in the carriage to Magnesiá, and conducted us on foot through the interesting streets and picturesque outskirts of the city, where we first saw buffalo driven home to be milked. They are large, ungainly animals, with coarse black hair and small reddish eyes, which give them a wild, fierce expression; but they are in reality tame enough, and are used for the same purposes in all respects as our domestic cattle.

In the market we fell in with something much more curious—a quantity of the enormous carp caught in the Gygean lake. This carp is short and very thick, weighing on an average quite a stone—some I should say being much heavier. It is an ugly, coarse, rather repulsive fish, of a yellowish-green tinge externally, and, when cut, showing a deep red flesh like that of an animal. The fishing of the Gygean lake is farmed from the Turkish Government for a sum of about 4000*l.* a year. It is popularly believed that each carp has a bitter stone in its mouth, and that until this stone is removed, the fish cannot be eaten with safety.

In order to reach Smyrna the same evening, we were obliged to return by a goods-train, to which a second-class carriage was attached for our special accommodation; but it travelled with considerable speed, and we reached our destination soon after six o'clock, amply satisfied with the results of the day's excursion.





## CHAPTER X.

### SARDIS.

"Those ruined shrines and towers that seem  
The relics of a splendid dream."

*Moore. Lalla Rookh.*



EScored a great success in having obtained the advantage of Mr. Dennis's company and guidance in our visit to Sardis. It would be impossible to find a more agreeable companion, or a better fellow-traveller, and he knew the whole district as an English country gentleman knows his own park. His official protection as Consul was also no small matter; and his presence imparted to our journey a prestige which was due not less to his personal than to his representative character.

We were in high spirits at the prospect before us. Only second to the kindness of our Consul were the *prévenances* exercised towards us by the officials of the Smyrna and Casabá Railway Company. Having telegraphed the day previous to our departure for riding-horses to meet us at Sardis, the station-master at Smyrna

took the hint and arranged for two adjoining compartments in the train to be placed at our disposal. In one of these we five travelled together, while the other was occupied by our relatively numerous suite. This last included of course the indispensable Pardalós, the steward of the yacht, Gaspar the Consular cavass, and Philip the cavass of the Railway Company. His escort was one of the many unsought and unexpected attentions that we received.

I wish I could have obtained a photograph of Philip, in order to present his portrait to my readers. He was a truly martial figure, and in his handsome dark-blue uniform beset with silver-hafted weapons he presented a striking and *distingué* appearance. Very long, dark moustaches imparted to his fine features a slight expression of ferocity, but he was in reality as placable and gentle as a child.

Of quite an opposite type was Gaspar, an Albanian, so tall and prepossessing that English ladies of rank have not scrupled to express their admiration for him; and so young, too, that his face had not assumed the manliness and severity of Philip's. He wore a *quasi* civil costume of dark cloth, in cut something like a priest's *soutane*; spoke Italian (in addition to Turkish and a little Greek) excellently, was educated and refined, and, even from an English point of view, very gentlemanly in his demeanour.

Access to the Casabá Railway at Smyrna is both diffi-

cult and disagreeable, carriages being obliged to jolt over a great length of narrow, ill-paved streets, and walking being dirty and uneven. Still, the terminus is likely to remain in its present situation, on the outskirts of the town, instead of being advanced further seaward. When first built, a more central position could readily have been obtained, but now the increase in the value of house property, which the railway itself has created, is the most effectual barrier to its further progress. Happily, or unhappily, railway directors in Turkey are not invested with the plenary powers which it is the custom to concede to them in England.

In order to get round the flank of Sipylus, the line first proceeds northwards along the sea shore, and then skirting the northern face of the mountain in an easterly direction, gradually emerges into the plain at Casabá. The latter town gives its name to the delicious water-melons of the district, which are widely distributed not only by the railway, but by steamers which take them to Constantinople and other places.

Soon after our train started this morning, we had an unpleasant experience of that mysterious propensity inherent in revolvers to "go off" on their own account. One of our party was handling his, a large, handsome weapon, when we were all suddenly startled by a shot in our midst, and each looked round quietly, but interrogatively, to see if his neighbour was hit. Not a word was

said, "not a funeral note" uttered, either then or afterwards; but it was a commonly-received opinion that the railway carriage had been badly wounded, and that if one of us had been seated in a particular corner "the subsequent proceedings would have interested him no more."

The weather was perfect, the sun bright, but not too hot; and again we were coasting the great Magnesian plain, that vast expanse in which the solid earth seemed mobile as the sea, and rose and fell with the ever-varying lights and shadows cast upon its surface.

The train was to reach Sardis about two o'clock, and in order to save time, we decided to lunch in the railway carriage, so as to be ready to mount our horses the moment we arrived. The basket of provisions was in the adjoining compartment under the care of the steward and cavasses, but no difficulty was felt in passing what we required, in detail, from one open window to the other. Now half a turkey looked in from the end of a long human arm, then a nice cold tongue, rapidly followed by bread, beer and other luxuries. "Why," exclaimed Mr. Dennis, "here's a whole Turkey." "No," responded our host, "only Asia Minor."

We thoroughly enjoyed our picnic *ab ovo usque ad mala*, that is to say the excellent slices of Casabá melon with which it concluded. Even here, however, melons are not all equal in quality, and are difficult, as usual, to distinguish by outward tests, so that the Spaniard

framed a true, if not a gallant, proverb, when he said,—

“Hard to judge by senses human,  
Are a melon and a woman.”<sup>1</sup>

The station stands at a long distance from the site of ancient Sardis, and the powerful city of Candaules and Gyges and Croesus lingers there only in its name. When our expedition thither was first mooted and the question was asked where we should sleep, Pardalós promised us apartments in the house of a “hospitable” Turk, provided we took our own beds, bedding, and provisions; but the railway company had mercifully superseded that ideal worthy and placed their Station at our disposal. The building contained two good rooms, one of which looked on the railway and was comfortably furnished as the station-master’s bedroom, while the other, immediately behind it, served as a dining-room. Adjoining the latter was a small kitchen, in which the steward promptly established himself and produced, later on, a very acceptable dinner.

Soon after we had taken possession by depositing our effects and installing Philip as guard, we mounted seven excellent Turkish horses, small, but with a great deal of breeding, which their owners had brought from a

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<sup>1</sup> El melon y la mujer  
Malos son de conocer.

village at some distance. Mr. Dennis led the way, and we proceeded by a path to the south-east of the station in the direction of the ancient citadel and the temple of Cybele. It took about an hour's riding to reach the latter, and *en route* we waded through the classic waters of the Pactolus, and passed through some curious Yuruk villages. The Yuruks are a tribe of Turcomans who yield but a qualified obedience to the Sultan. They possess a breed of large and handsome but fierce dogs, which assemble in groups and offer a loud defiance to the approaching stranger. Our cavalcade moved their anger to the highest pitch, and only the wholesome dread of a horse's hoof kept them at a distance from our persons. But the dauntless Pardalós must needs dismount, in order to exhibit the deterrent influence of a long whip on his rude assailants. He was at once surrounded by a compact circle of red bellowing jaws, flashing eyes, and white glancing teeth, which threatened unmistakably to devour him; and, to our consternation, he lost his footing, and fell into the midst of the throng. Actæon by Snyders involuntarily suggested itself to more than one of us, when, at the same moment, a party of women and boys 'rushed' the *mélée* with their broom-sticks and other handy domestic weapons.

At another of those villages, a little further on, an incident of a very different order occurred. The place

is in the neighbourhood of the temple of Cybele, and, during his prolonged excavations on that site, Mr. Dennis had been obliged to take up his abode in one of the best of these Yuruk habitations. He now stopped *en passant* to inquire after his former landlady and her husband, and she came forward to the door alone, as the husband had died in the interval. At first sight she did not apparently remember her visitor, but as the association of ideas began to establish itself, we could see the tear-cloud gather and break over her handsome, expressive face. It was the only language we had in common, but it spoke intelligibly to all of us. Even Pardalós, who looked upon a Yuruk as only a lower kind of barbarian, spared her a little sympathy and admitted she was good-looking—an incontestable fact, as the Yuruk women do not wear veils.

In a little time after quitting the last village, the beautiful temple of Cybele rose before us, in mute testimony to the departed glory of the mother of the Gods. Its two Ionic columns might have been appropriately inscribed with the well-known motto from Euripides,—

Σίγα, σίγα, λεπτὸν ἵχνος.

Silence, silence, gently step!

There they stand close together, in perfect preservation, like the fragment of a Sapphic ode which survives only to tell how exquisite the whole composition must have



been. The temple is the property of Mr. Dennis, who holds it by a Firman from the Porte, and pays taxes for the surrounding land; and it was while excavating here that he discovered the fine bust of Faustina, the Roman Empress, which is now in the British Museum. Sardis, in its last days, fell into the hands of the universal conquerors, the Romans.

A sharp and difficult ascent over the side of a hill covered with loose stones and a close growth of wood, brought us to the foot of the summit, which is crowned by the acropolis! It was necessary to leave our horses and walk up, and while doing so, it seemed indeed difficult to realize that the steel-gray mass of masonry towering above our heads formed part of the walls of the ancient citadel! Yet there, by universal consent, it must have stood; and Pardalós pointed out the path in an angle of the battlements, where one of the garrison went down by night to recover his fallen helmet, and thus unwittingly revealed to the besieging Persians a path by which they gained access to the Lydian stronghold.

This is the very story told by Herodotus; this is actually the city in which Solon announced to Cræsus the famous *dictum* "call no man happy before his death;" here that the youth dumb from birth was suddenly restored to speech by seeing his father in danger of death from the soldiers of Cyrus! It was truly something to tread

such a spot, to soar with one's bodily organs into this cloudland of history, to look out from this immemorial eminence on the road beneath, along which "conquest's crimson wing" has borne every despoiler of the East from Gyges to Tamerlane.

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It was growing late, and the steep road homewards was none of the best, but we tarried to drink deep of the glorious sunset and to fix on our minds an unalterable impression of the marvellous situation in which we were placed. In retracing our steps through another of the Yuruk villages, I was riding by the side of Gaspar, and observed to him, *à propos* of the dogs, that it would not be an agreeable place to pass through at night, to which he replied with a certain *malice*, "*Si, quando si destano i cani e dormino i padroni,*" "when the dogs are awake and their owners asleep."

It was nearly dark when we regained the station, and having given orders that the horses were not to be taken home, in order to assure an early start on the morrow, we entered to survey our quarters and await dinner. Some grain, which had been spread over the dining-room floor when we last saw it, had been removed, and, under the guiding hand of the steward, things in general had assumed a more inviting aspect. A large sofa which stood in the window was destined to be a bed for R.; Mr. Dennis had put up his modest camp-

bed in the same room; and B. another belonging to the railway company which Philip had brought for our service from Smyrna. I was unanimously voted to the four-poster vacated by the station-master, and S. H. took up his place on a camp-bed adjoining mine.

Such were the domestic arrangements of the interior, while Philip and Gaspar were to remain outside and keep guard during the night. It was hinted to Pardalós that he might go and make merry with his friend the "hospitable" Turk, but though he disappeared temporarily after dinner, it was noted that he came back about four o'clock in the morning with a great craving for refreshment.

However, I am here anticipating and forgetting to chronicle our dinner, which proved a very satisfactory meal, though eaten with a paucity of spoons and forks. Our host had invited Mr. de Montesanto, the station-master, to dine with us, and he proved himself an agreeable guest. A native of Smyrna, of Italian descent, he had learned English at school, and spoke it with considerable fluency. Indeed, the more one travels at the present time, the more one is astonished at the widespread prevalence of English speech, which is not studied only for its practical usefulness, but, as Germans tell you, for its inherent beauty and on account of the splendid literature to which a knowledge of it gives access. During dinner a question was raised as to the derivation of the word

*κατημέρια*, the name applied to a certain kind of pastry somewhat celebrated at Smyrna. Pardalós, whom we had previously consulted, said that it was a compound of two Greek words *κατὰ* and *ἡμέρα*, to signify that the cakes were made *daily*; but now, when we summoned him from the kitchen, he was constrained to admit its more probable derivation from a Turkish verb signifying to fold, or turn over, which exactly expresses the form in which the cakes are finished. This illustrates, in a small way, the pitfalls of a superficial philology.

Our English acquaintance from Magnesía put in an appearance in the course of the evening, and held out hopes that some native ladies of repute would come and dance for us; but I fear the delightful vision proceeded entirely from his own ardent imagination acted upon by the produce of a young vineyard on the slopes of Sipylus. At any rate we did not await the appearance of the fair ones, but went to bed in good time and verified the truth of the proverb by a very early rise the next morning.

Our only visitors during the night were numbers of Yuruk dogs prowling about after the offal of the establishment; but the steward adopted the ingenious device of feeding only one of the party, and she in turn drove all the others away. We found her outside in the morning not far from the kitchen, a splendid creature with a long whitish coat somewhat like that of a

Pomeranian or Esquimaux dog, but quite unapproachable by any of us. She ate what food we threw to her, but her motto was evidently the old instinctive one of her race—"timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

After coffee we mounted our horses and were well under way before six o'clock towards the great Plain of Sardis, in a direction exactly opposite to our ride of yesterday, i.e. to the north of the railway. As the calm silvery lake on a summer morning invites one to plunge in and bathe, so the vast expanse of level turf before us seemed to cry out "What a place for a ride;" and the wild solitude, the fresh invigorating air, the liveliness of the horses all served to increase the natural elation of our spirits. The first object we came up with was a country cart, by the look of it, newly made, and of a very primitive pattern, drawn by two oxen. As the animals pulled it with difficulty now one way, now another, over the uneven surface of the ground, its new timbers creaked with a loud musical chant which was borne after us on the wind for a long distance. Plutarch mentions the name of one Theodorus, who was famous for his skill in imitating the sound of a creaking cart-wheel—an accomplishment which could only be tolerable if practised in the open country. Indeed the circumstance may seem altogether a trivial one, nor would I recur to it here except that somehow, like the small red trunk carried on a man's back in one of Claude's fine landscapes, it gave a particular

emphasis to the scene and took a place along with it in the memory of each of us.

We next approached some buildings which seemed too few for a village and too many for a single homestead, but contained more than one family of what we should call in England the farming class, surrounded with the appearance of rude plenty. We rode into the enclosure and inquired our way to the nearest ford over the Hermus, rather expecting that one of the farm-servants would offer to conduct us ; but the people merely indicated a point, at a long distance off, where we could just discern the forms of some camels that had lately crossed with their drivers. At that time of year, the middle of November, the river has overflowed its banks, and runs broad and deep with a pretty strong current, so that to attempt to cross it elsewhere than at the ford would be both difficult and dangerous.

Soon after leaving the houses just mentioned, we noticed that two handsome greyhounds of the Persian breed had attached themselves to our party on the chance, as it would seem, of a little sport ; and no amount of shouting or whistling on the part of their disconsolate owners would induce them to return. We had already advanced a long distance, and the dogs seemed as inseparable from us as if we had been the Pied Piper himself on his way from Bagdad to Hamelin, when suddenly, close behind us, we heard the galloping of a

horse, and soon saw it come up ridden without saddle or bridle by a youth who guided it merely by his voice and a short stick laid against its neck. Still continuing at full gallop, he went straight in the direction of the greyhounds, then raised a loud view hallo and taking a wide sweep to our right was promptly followed by the two truants. No doubt they were in the habit of being taken out after hares in that way, or the *ruse* would not have so well succeeded.

At half-past seven o'clock we struck the ford, crossed over it in Indian file and soon stood within the magic circle of the Bin Bir Tepeh, or thousand and one hills, the name by which the district is known, in consequence of the enormous number of tumuli scattered over its surface.

“Piena di sepolture è la campagna.”

We had no sooner reached the further shore than we directed our steps towards the monument of Alyattes, and saw at once how all the other tumuli were dwarfed by its towering magnitude. It is visible for miles around, and fully merits the description applied to the tomb of Tantalus, *θεός ἄξιος καὶ οὐκ ἀφάνης*.

We dismounted at its base and clambered by a zigzag track to the summit, and while surveying the enormous accumulation of earth on which we stood, I recalled to mind a well-known passage in “Hamlet,” of which it seemed to be the very realization—



“ And if you prate of mountains, let them throw  
*Millions of acres on us* ; till our ground,  
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
Make Ossa like a wart.”<sup>2</sup>

As no more faithful description can be given of this wonderful monument than that recorded by Herodotus, I will here transcribe his words from Rawlinson's translation, vol. i. p. 232.

“ Lydia, unlike most other countries, scarcely offers any wonders for the historian to describe except the gold dust which is washed down from the range of 'Tmolus. It has, however, one structure of enormous size only inferior to the monuments of Egypt and Babylon. This is the tomb of Alyattes, the father of Cræsus, the base of which is formed of immense blocks of stone, the rest being a mound of earth. It was raised by the joint labour of the tradesmen, handicraftsmen, and courtesans of Sardis, and had at the top five stone pillars, which remained to my day, with inscriptions cut on them showing how much of the work was done by each class of workpeople. It appeared on measurement that the portion of the courtesans was the largest.

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<sup>2</sup> What if the pseudo-Shakespeare should have read Herodotus ! I make a present of this idea to Mrs. Henry Potts and her friends, in case it may be thought to add anything to the cumulative proofs she has brought forward as to the real authorship of Shakespeare's plays.

“The tomb is six stades and six plethra in circumference; its breadth is thirteen plethra. Close to the tomb is a large lake, which the Lydians say is never dry. They call it the Lake Gygæa.”

In a note to the above the learned translator adds:—

“M. Spiegenthal (Prussian Consul at Smyrna) gives average diameter of the mound as about 250 metres, or 281 yards, which produces a circumference of almost exactly half a mile. Within it he found a sepulchral chamber composed of large blocks of white marble highly polished, situated nearly in the centre of the tumulus. The chamber was somewhat more than eleven feet long, eight feet broad and seven feet high. It was empty and contained no sign of any inscription or sarcophagus.

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“There can be little doubt that the marble chamber was the actual resting-place of the Lydian king. Its dimensions agree nearly with those of the sepulchral chamber of Cyrus. The tomb was probably plundered for the sake of the gold which it contained, either by the Greeks, or by some one of the many nations who have at different periods held possession of Asia Minor.”

Time has obliterated the stone pillar or phalli described by Herodotus, except a large circular mass of stone which might have served as their basement. Thence we obtained a wide view, which extended on one side to the

Gygæan Lake and embraced on the other the great plain of Sardis—as destitute of timber now as it was in the days of the father of history.

The labour of penetrating even one of the smaller tumuli is considerable, for though formed only of earth, the pressure of the superincumbent mass is so great and has operated through such a long period of time, that the material has become as dense almost as stone. Mr. Dennis showed us the interior of one in which he had made his bed and that of his faithful mare for many months ; and we entered another with him in which he had discovered a perfect tomb of beautifully chiselled white marble, but destitute of any contents. A peculiarity of the latter tumulus, which would have baffled a less skilful and patient investigator, was, that the grave did not stand in the *centre* of the mound, but had been placed, either by accident or design, at a considerable distance to one side. There is a certain danger in entering the tunnels and passages left in these abandoned excavations, which are not uncommonly appropriated, as convenient dens, by wild beasts ; and it would not be pleasant, even in a moderate way, to realize Lord Macaulay's illustration :—

“ Like boys who unaware,  
Ranging the woods to start a hare,  
Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
Lies amidst bones and blood.”

But, short of Bruin, we might have a panther rush out of his place of concealment just as we were going in ; and Pardalós, founding his opinion on his famous adventure with the she-wolf, assured us that we should regret our temerity in venturing, as we did, into more than one of these tumuli.

But a more sickening experience awaited us outside ; for the men in charge of the horses pointed out traces of a terrible crime lately committed here by Zebecks who frequent the neighbourhood. The evidence consisted of only a few shreds of a cheap Manchester cotton print, but as they eddied about on the surface of the loose sand, they told a ghastly tale of violence, outrage, and death perpetrated in this awful solitude, on a poor woman of the country who had ventured too far from the protection of her village.

About 9.30 a.m. we turned our horses' heads again towards the Hermus, and unfortunately missed a long shot which we made at the ford. Time was lost in re-tracing our steps, but, under Mr. Dennis's guidance, we at length reached a spot where some camels had just gone over, and though the water was much deeper than where we had first crossed, a passage was effected safely and comfortably. Thence, by dint of determined riding, we reached the station about 11.30 a.m., in time to take leave of our obliging host of the night before and to secure a compartment in the down train to Smyrna.

It would be difficult to say more than they deserved of the kindness and attention received from Mr. de Montesancto, and we were grieved that the only souvenir of our visit he would accept was a plain English volume—Sir George Cox's History of Greece.

At Magnesiá, the gentlemanly station-master, Mr. Constantinos, had afternoon tea ready for us in his private room, and added, as *ἀναθήματα δαίτος*, some excellent Turkish cigarettes.

We were surprised to witness the immense traffic on this line of immigrant Mahometans, amounting in numbers, we were told, last year, to upwards of 20,000. Those of them whom we saw, and their families, appeared to be of a highly respectable class, chiefly landowners from that part of Thessaly which had been ceded to Greece under the late political arrangement. A Greek gentleman of Salonica, in the Consular service of his Hellenic Majesty, told me the Greeks were very anxious to retain the resident Turkish population on their new territory, and even held out special inducements to them to remain. But the latter, probably discerning danger in the near future, obeyed the instinct which seems to warn them that in Asia is their true home.

At the terminus in Smyrna two open carriages were waiting for us, and to our amazement we saw Pardalós enter the first and drive off, leaving us to follow with the bulk of the luggage. He had probably composed

some hexameter verses on the events of our excursion, and, seized with a lyric phrenzy, was rushing off to some hospitable shelter to commit them to paper. In the case of guides, as of other people, *il faut que chacun ait les défauts de ses qualités* ; but, in spite of his desertion, we reached the *Linda* in time to dress for dinner, to which Captain Seymour had invited us for the same evening on board the *Inflexible*. On such occasions our steam launch was extremely serviceable, as the *Inflexible* lay at a good distance from our anchorage. Indeed she proved herself a most useful boat in the Gulf of Smyrna and elsewhere, and we all the more regretted that she was not available to take us to and fro the terminus of the Casabá railway.

We might thus be said to have touched the two extremes of history and civilization in the course of a day which began on the tomb of Alyattes, and ended on board an English ironclad !

The morrow of our visit to Sardis was attended with that inward sense of satisfaction that follows the recent acquisition of some new and coveted experience, which, I suppose, may be resolved into the consciousness of a sensible addition to the group of our intellectual possessions. All meaner objects, even our personal interests and troubles, are displaced by it, and for a time it overspreads, with a mellow, warm light, the whole mental horizon.

We had every reason to congratulate ourselves, as regards weather and all other circumstances, on the success of our expedition. In one way or another, we had traversed a large tract of the ancient kingdom of Lydia, which we know to have attained a considerable degree of civilization before the advent of Greek colonists to the shores of Asia Minor. So early as the year 1000 B.C., those settlers found money already coined by the Lydians, and therefore the Greeks ascribe to them the invention of coining. The art of dyeing wool also originated in Lydia; and games at ball, as well as at dice, were thought to have been learnt from the Lydians by the Greeks. That the Greeks made use of the Lydian flute and subsequently of the Lydian cithara (both the cithara with three strings and that with twenty strings), and the Lydian harmonies to enrich their own music, is an established fact. The Homeric poems describe the Lydians (Mæonians) as an "armed equestrian people," and mention their trade and wealth.

But however pleasurable may have been our reflections on the past, they were still further heightened by the prospect awaiting us in the near future. Our host had been contemplating an expedition to Pergamon, and we were fortunate enough just now to obtain a promise of Mr. Dennis's invaluable—indeed, I may say, indispensable—co-operation.

Saturday was passed in making certain preliminary



arrangements, writing letters, &c., and in entertaining the manager of one of the railway companies at luncheon on board the yacht.

In the course of the night we were all startled by a brilliant crimson glow, as of sunrise, streaming through the skylights and illuminating the interior of our cabins. On going on deck, we found the time was about four o'clock a.m., and that the light proceeded from an immense fire in the heart of Smyrna. For upwards of an hour we remained watching the billows of angry flame, as they leaped and surged and tossed around their victim; and only retired to bed when we saw that the conflagration was not extending. We learned in the morning that the Greek theatre had been burned and that a party of blue-jackets from the *Inflexible* had rendered valuable assistance in extinguishing the fire.

During the forenoon of Sunday, we called to take leave of Captain Seymour and those of his officers whose very agreeable acquaintance we had made; and went ashore for the last time to render to Pardalós the reward of his twelve days' useful service. In return he pointed out to us an infallible route to felicity and fortune, if we would only come back to Asia Minor with £5000, purchase land in the interior, and appoint him manager of the estate! Another of his hobbies was a book on which he had been for some years engaged and still lacked funds to publish; and a third was the proper way of reading Homer, as he

conceived it, after the manner of the ancient rhapsodists. Of his style of recitation, I regret to say, he did not favour us with a sample.

About two o'clock p.m., the Consul came on board, and as we sailed off, under a friendly salute to our flag from the *Inflexible*, we saw the pensive figure of poor Pardalós fixed to the shore, solitary as Andromeda upon her rock, and, we felt sure, silently lamenting our departure.

Our immediate destination was Dikeli, a small port on the western coast of Asia Minor, opposite to Lesbos and some fifty miles, as the crow flies, north of Smyrna. In old days, when Pergamon enjoyed a degree of importance hardly second to any city of the East, its port was Elea, at the mouth of the Caïcus; but as that river, like the Meles at Smyrna, has become silted up with its own deposits, Elea is no longer accessible to shipping. Unfortunately, the silting process is going on extensively along the whole coast, and nothing is being done on the part of Government to counteract its injurious effects.





## CHAPTER XI.

### PERGAMON.

“What a delightful thing’s a turnpike road!”

*Byron. Don Juan.*



T was late in the afternoon of Monday when we came to anchor in a pretty sheet of water extending in front of Dikeli,—

“Lone as the quiet of some bay,  
From which the sea hath ebb’d away.”

The village itself was undistinguishable in the darkness, but its scattered lights, of which a few were reflected in the water, produced a picturesque and favourable impression. Twenty years ago, when first visited by Dr. Humann,<sup>1</sup> it consisted of twenty cabins; now it contains 2000 inhabitants, all Greeks, who live in 400 houses. And this is only an example of what has taken place

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<sup>1</sup> Die Ergebnisse der Ausgrabungen zu Pergamon. Berlin, 1880, p. 8.

according to the same authority, along the whole west coast. In the period above-mentioned the Greek population of modern Pergamon has increased from 4000 to 8000. In 1864 the plain of the Caicus was in a state of nature, while now it is cultivated throughout its whole extent. In other words, as the Greek element is strengthened, and the Turkish element neutralized or obliterated, *pari passu* civilization and improvement ensue. It is probably owing to the same causes that game has become scarce; for, two of our party who were induced by representations of sport to remain here during the next day were rewarded with very ill success.

Early in the morning, the Consul, S. H. and I went ashore in the gig, taking with us some hair mattresses, bolsters, and other bedding, which we thought we might require at night and knew we should find comfortable to recline upon in the country carts on which it was proposed to make the journey. Dikeli is a station for some small coasting steamers which ply between Smyrna and Mitylene, and the agent of the company here was known to Mr. Dennis. For this reason he showed us all the attention in his power, and, without our authority or cognizance, despatched a telegram to Dr. Humann at Pergamon to notify our approach.

We were soon engaged in an animated negotiation with two Greeks for the hire of a couple of taleekas to take us to Pergamon and bring us back the following day, the distance

being about seventeen miles each way. There seemed to be two departments of public works which have their staffs at Dikeli—one, the telegraph, and the other a new road which has been in course of construction for a considerable time. In the telegraph office rats and mice were freely disporting themselves amongst the instruments, and must now and then have unconsciously 'wired' a message on their own account. The interests of the new road were represented by a solitary official, who made himself very communicative and civil in the French tongue. He asked permission for a party to visit the yacht during our absence; told us we should find the road a little rough at starting; and recommended us to *descendre* at the Ajem (Persian) khan in Pergamon.

The taleeka is a long, narrow cart on four moderately high wheels and furnished with at least a counterfeit of springs. The top and sides are formed of some bent rods, over which a white canvas covering is spread like a canopy, and the back is closed in by a loose apron, or curtain, of the same material. It is quite open in front where the driver sits on a rail between the tails of his two horses; and the occupant or occupants for the time being squat or recline upon the floor. Slung behind, just where the curtain descends, is a strong wooden box which apparently serves the purpose of a boot.

I have said that the new road from Dikeli to Pergamon

has been for some years in course of construction; but it has been made in sections which are still widely separated, and therefore as a whole it is unavailable for traffic. As a natural consequence, however, of its early prospective completion, all care has been withdrawn from the old track, whose fearful chasms began to yawn on either side of us, before we had quite cleared the last houses of the village. Having happily steered clear of these initial dangers, we next plunged into a Serbonian bog of mud, from which nothing but the determination—or, to use an apt Americanism, the “cussedness”—of our drivers could have extricated us. After a mile or two of this kind of “road,” they boldly took to the fields; but we had not gone far over some ploughed land when our progress was ostensibly arrested at a gap which had been built up to a height of more than four feet with enormous stones. Mr. Dennis and I were seated in the foremost taleeka, while S. H. and Gaspar had taken their places in the second, which followed at a short distance. To our astonishment, and, indeed, I may add, consternation, the driver dashed his two horses, amidst a hurricane of blows and shouts, at the stone wall, and the spirited beasts actually dragged us to the top. But there they hung, trembling and panting, beneath a fresh torrent of blows and objurgations, while the taleeka swinging to and fro, threatened at every instant to topple over. S. H., who witnessed our perilous position from the rear, expected

an immediate catastrophe, but in spite of appearances and our own most uncomfortable sensations, we reached the other side in safety. However, the experience was anything but pleasant; and as the wind was cold and I was apprehensive of an attack of ophthalmia, I executed a complete *volte-face* and sat with feet projecting over the strong box at the back, and viewing through the half-drawn curtain the dangers we had passed. Mr. Dennis kindly kept watch in front and apprised me, from time to time, of an approaching shock. "Now, look out, we're coming to a very bad place," and, "Oh, oh, oh!" were the exclamations in response. As Pope has it in the *Iliad*,—

"Jumping high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,  
Rattle the clattering cars and the shockt axles bound."

This is a true and literal description of our progress for the first third of the way, until we reached a Turkish guard-house, where the poor animals obtained some refreshment, and we ourselves had luncheon from our own basket. After this we got into comparatively smooth waters, and at a sudden turning of the road we beheld the lofty acropolis of Pergamon standing broad and majestic before us. On entering the town about one o'clock, we met a picturesque wedding procession, accompanied with lively music. The ladies of the party were closely veiled and rendered most conspicuous by their boots



of red and yellow leather, which admirably set off their pretty ankles. Indeed, it has seemed to me, that the Turkish fair, being forbidden to expose their faces, place their trust in a liberal display of the opposite pole of the magnet.

Soon after, and without any misadventure in traversing the narrow, busy streets, we drove into the courtyard of the Ajem Khan.

As Doctor Humann is a "boss" in the city of the Attali, we had no difficulty in obtaining a volunteer escort to his door; and in an open loggia at the top of the staircase he received us with a cordial Teutonic welcome. Almost immediately afterwards we were waited upon by two of the principal Turkish officials, both gentlemanly men, who offered to furnish us with a guard, or to be in any other way of use. Their offer was courteously declined, on our part, by our host. We were then introduced to Mr. Richard Bohn, the architect of the works here, as he was previously of those at Olympia—a highly accomplished and most prepossessing gentleman. Madame Bohn, who was still in the status of a bride, shortly afterwards joined us and did the honours of the luncheon-table with much affability and *savoir-faire*; while I unexpectedly met a young German acquaintance in whose company I had lately performed quarantine in the Bay of Salamis.

Having disposed of an excellent *déjeuner*, we next

proceeded under Dr. Humann's care to visit the amphitheatre and other remains at the northern extremity of the town, reserving till morning the ascent of the acropolis, where the explorations so successfully conducted by Dr. Humann are still in active progress.

Pergamon owes much of its interest to certain historical antecedents which I will endeavour briefly to recount, as some knowledge of them is indispensable to an intelligent appreciation of its existing remains. But for this purpose it will not be necessary to discuss the origin of its name, supposed to be derived from one of the sons of Pyrrhus, nor to refer to the tomb of Andromache, which is still a conspicuous object in the neighbourhood.

Its importance dates from the time of Alexander, on the partition of whose empire it fell to the lot of Lysimachus, King of Thrace, noted still amongst numismatists for the beauty of his coinage. Lysimachus had collected in the citadel a considerable sum of money—9000 talents, equal to something under two millions sterling. This money he placed in the custody of a faithful eunuch, Philerætus, who, as things began to go badly elsewhere with Lysimachus, cleverly contrived to make himself master of the treasure and of the country. On his death, the power and wealth he had acquired passed to his nephew Eumenes, who, though he did not bear the title of king, is justly reputed the founder of the dynasty. He competed successfully in battle with one

of Alexander's generals; but was obliged to pay tribute to the Gauls, who at that period, the beginning of the third century before our era, exercised supreme power in Asia Minor. Now, a notable circumstance of the case is, that the successor of Eumenes, Attalus I., in a great battle, gave the *coup de grâce* to the Gauls, who henceforth betook themselves to the province called, after them, Galatia. His decisive victory over a people hitherto deemed invincible and known to be oppressive, procured him, as in a more recent instance, immense popularity; and by the tacit *plébiscite* of the East, he assumed the title of king.

Under his reign and that of his son Eumenes II., Pergamon became a chief centre of Hellenic culture. At that time was founded the famous library, afterwards betowed by Antony on Cleopatra, which owed its rapid growth to the use of skins carefully prepared here as a substitute for papyrus. From the name of the city in which this valuable industry sprung up was coined the word *pergamena*, whence we have got *parchment*.

It was chiefly, however, as a school of Art that the city became famous. This Attalus sent to Athens, in celebration of his victory, certain statues of wounded Gauls; and behind the ruins of the old Parthenon destroyed by Xerxes, are remains of the pedestals on which those statues were raised, so that they could be seen, over Cimon's wall, from the city and the banks of

the Ilissus. What has become of them? The learned Prof. Brunn, of Munich, inclines to the opinion that they are now in the Villa Ludovisi and the Capitol; and Mr. Newton, I think, regards the statue of the so-called Dying Gladiator as a production of the same school.

But however this may be, there is no question that about 100 years after the death of Alexander, Pergamon possessed a native school of Art whose productions were distinguished by original and remarkable qualities. These are freedom and vigour of attitude, a peculiar expression of physical pain stamped upon the features (of which the Laocoon and his sons afford a good example), together with a degree of realism and simplicity which one is not prepared to meet with at so late a period. Such are pre-eminently the characteristics of those splendid bas-reliefs representing the Gigantomachia, of which Dr. Humann has sent, since he began his explorations, nearly 1000 large cases to Berlin.

Furthermore, the city itself was richly adorned by its kings, and when Attalus III. bequeathed his country to the Romans, Pergamon was the most beautiful and sumptuous city of Asia Minor.

To mark their appreciation of an inheritance which at the same time flattered their pride and gratified their lust of power, the Romans immediately made Pergamon the capital of all their province of Asia. Its existing ornaments and institutions remained undisturbed, and

even the famous library of 200,000 volumes collected by the Attali, was left untouched. Perhaps this was less an act of generous forbearance than of prudent policy on the part of its new masters, as Tacitus tells us that at a later period, when one Acratus, a freedman, was commissioned by the emperor to remove certain statues and pictures from Pergamon to Rome, the people rose in revolt and offered so vigorous an opposition to the proposed transfer that it had to be abandoned. Happily for Dr. Humann the present inhabitants regard with a more tranquil mind the exportation of their sculptures to Berlin.

But the Romans were not content to remain inactive in the midst of their splendid possessions. They added fresh embellishments to the city, so much so that its architectural remains at the present day give it the appearance of a Roman more than of a Greek town. It was those remains that we were now about to visit.

They stand at the northern extremity of Pergamon on some lofty irregular ground overlooking the right bank of the Selinos, and consist of an amphitheatre, a stadium, a theatre, and other buildings. The amphitheatre has about the same dimensions as that of Arles, but is far from presenting a similar state of completeness. It is, however, a very solid structure resting on an extensive foundation of arches which were contrived here, as

on the Acropolis, to obviate the inequalities of the ground. In point of situation the amphitheatre offers a striking peculiarity. It is built in a valley and over a small torrent which follows the direction of its longer axis, so that by temporarily obstructing the flow of water, the arena could be flooded and converted into a lake for aquatic sports and contests.

Close by, in a position of imposing grandeur, are the stadium and the remains of the ancient theatre, but it is unfortunately no longer possible to trace the internal disposition of the latter. From the city, by a point adjoining the theatre, passed a road flanked with columns of which portions are still visible, to the ruins of a Doric temple, dedicated apparently to Esculapius; and one could not but bestow a passing thought on the innumerable processions that in times of national calamity and of epidemic disease had taken their way towards that beneficent shrine. The son of Apollo was greatly honoured at Pergamon, as at various sites in Greece, and his cult led to the establishment of a famous school of medicine from which sprang in later times the illustrious Galen.

The shades of evening and some slight rain were beginning to descend as we returned along the banks of the Selinos towards Dr. Humann's hospitable roof. This river, one of the trio that issue from the higher mountain range of which the Acropolis is a spur, divides the modern,

as it did the ancient, city, into two nearly equal parts. We saw at intervals remains of quays constructed of beautifully cut stone, and throughout a portion of its course, say some 250 yards, it is completely arched over and carried through a double tunnel of the same material. This was evidently done to gain ground for building, as in ancient times the city covered a much wider area than at present; and if we calculate the enormous expense involved in the operation, the value of land must then have been almost as great as in some of our modern cities. We crossed the Selinos more than once on handsome stone bridges scarcely damaged by the hand of time, and entered a large square building called a basilica, whose original destination has long been a puzzle to archaeologists. It doubtless underwent conversion into a church at the introduction of Christianity, but it is less easy to say what are the two great towers of manifestly Roman style which the Greeks have utilized as annexes to the principal structure.

At dinner in the evening I was placed next to our hostess *pour faire la conversation*, as we formed quite a polyglot party at which French, German, English, and Italian were the languages interchanged—to say nothing of Greek, the mother tongue of our youthful Hebe. The latter was a wonderful little girl of not more than twelve or thirteen years, and so quick, intelligent and well-trained, that no Paris *garçon de café* could better discharge



the duties of an attendant. It was amazing, in this remote place, to see her clear away plates, carry in dishes and hand everything that was required by eight or ten persons with unfailing *aplomb* and correctness. She was equally at home as a housemaid, and I shall not soon forget her well-assumed air of importance, as she stood, a miniature woman, with arms a-kimbo, receiving my instructions as to the distribution of our beds and bed covering. A little brother, somewhat older than herself, was her submissive fag, and carried, at her bidding, heavy pitchers of water and other necessities for our toilet.

In talking with Mme. Bohn at dinner, I fell into a curious mistake. Having observed that the children one saw in the streets were remarkably good-looking, she replied, "*Vous les trouvez ?*" whereupon I rejoined, "*Et vous aussi*"—meaning it of course in an interrogative sense, as if I had said, "*Et vous les trouvez beaux aussi—n'est-ce pas ?*" But the delicate blush that rose to her face and neck told me I had been innocently paying her a compliment, not the less objectionable, perhaps, because it was thoroughly well merited.

Wednesday, November 19th. The weather yesterday was decidedly gloomy, and while visiting the Roman ruins and walking in the valley of the Selinos, which lies at the foot of the Acropolis, the latter was so completely hidden from view, that we had not a suspicion of its near neighbourhood. This morning, however, Jove graciously with-

drew the veil that had concealed his lofty shrine, and allowed us to behold this Sinai of the Pagan world with some at least of the adjuncts of its early glory.

Soon after six o'clock we were ascending its southern slope accompanied by Dr. Humann, Mr. Bohn, Dr. Kjöb, and a Turkish gentleman who spoke French and Arabic, and had been the companion of Mr. Rassam in his explorations at Nineveh. From the latter I learned one of the minor *convenances* of Eastern life, of which I had not been previously aware. It appears it is not the habit in good society to say, for example, "*êtes-vous Turc ?*" but "*êtes-vous Osmanli ?*" the former epithet having a much wider and less distinguished application than the latter. In fact, the Osmanlis are supposed to bear to ordinary Turks a somewhat similar relation to that which Normans, in the time of Edward the Confessor, held to the general run of Frenchmen and Englishmen.

The path by which we ascended manifestly existed from a remote period and led up to the walls of the ancient citadel. The latter reveal a system of defence common to other Greek fortresses which is more clearly seen, at Tiryns and Mycenæ, owing to the better preservation of those remains. According to this method the gate is so placed as not to face the approach, but stands at some distance off flanked by its two turrets. A possible enemy, therefore, in order to gain the more vulnerable point, would be obliged to advance towards it

along the base of the fortifications, exposed to the missiles of the defenders. But long before reaching the *enceinte* proper, of the time of the Attali, we were confronted by a remarkable and conspicuous object, which was the first to afford a key to the buried treasures brought to light by Dr. Humann. This is an enormous wall of eighteen to twenty feet thick, constructed in the Byzantine period, and for the materials of which all the surrounding buildings had been plundered. Embedded in its mortar lay many of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the sculptors of ancient Pergamon.

Its position also furnished an indirect clue to the whereabouts of the Altar of Jupiter, as Dr. Humann wisely inferred that the great masses of sculptured stone had been dragged *down* and not up the hill to build the Byzantine wall. To this altar all other objects on the Acropolis are of secondary interest, and one had only to look around to see what a worthy site his votaries had chosen whereon to worship the Father of Gods and Men. Standing on this lofty summit they may well have deemed themselves nearer to heaven. Far down beneath their feet lay the suppliant earth imaged in the immense, fruitful, alluvial plain, spreading to the sea, and watered by its three rivers, the Caïcus, the Setios, and the Selinos. In the far distance, but distinctly visible, shone like turquoise, the blue waters of the Ægean ; and above their heads was extended in still softer beauty the azure mantle

of the God. Every influence conspired to attune the mind to awe and admiration; and it hardly needed the superstitious instincts of a far-off time to induce a profound sense of the majesty of Him who was pre-eminently the Divinity of heaven and the bright sky.

It was these circumstances, doubtless, that had contributed during the silent ages before the rise of the Attali, to render the worship of Jupiter at this spot an open-air sacrifice, without the adjuncts of shrine or temple.

Pausanias tells us that in his day the altar was formed of the accumulated *exuviae* of the slaughtered animals mingled with a great heap of ashes. To destroy, or remove, such a venerable relic of the piety of past ages, even for the purpose of replacing it with one of sculptured marble, would be certain to offend religious prejudice; and just as, at a later period, Pope Sixtus V. enclosed beneath a large and costly church the *casa santa* which angels had borne from Palestine to Loretto, so Attalus I. and Eumenes, intent on beautifying their capital, respected the original altar by raising a vast monument to do it honour.

The only known mention of this work, in classical times, is by an insignificant Latin author, Ampelius, who, in a sort of common-place book which he has left, states boldly that there was an altar to Jupiter at Pergamon forty feet high. “*Ara marmorea magna,*

alta pedes quadraginta cum maximis sculpturis—continet autem gigantomachiam.” By the patient industry and genius of Mr. Bohn and Dr. Humann the details of its form have been satisfactorily made out.<sup>2</sup> It occupied a position on the rock of about seventy-six yards square, and where the natural surface of the ground did not suffice for the whole space required, the deficiency was supplied by a foundation of solidly built arches.

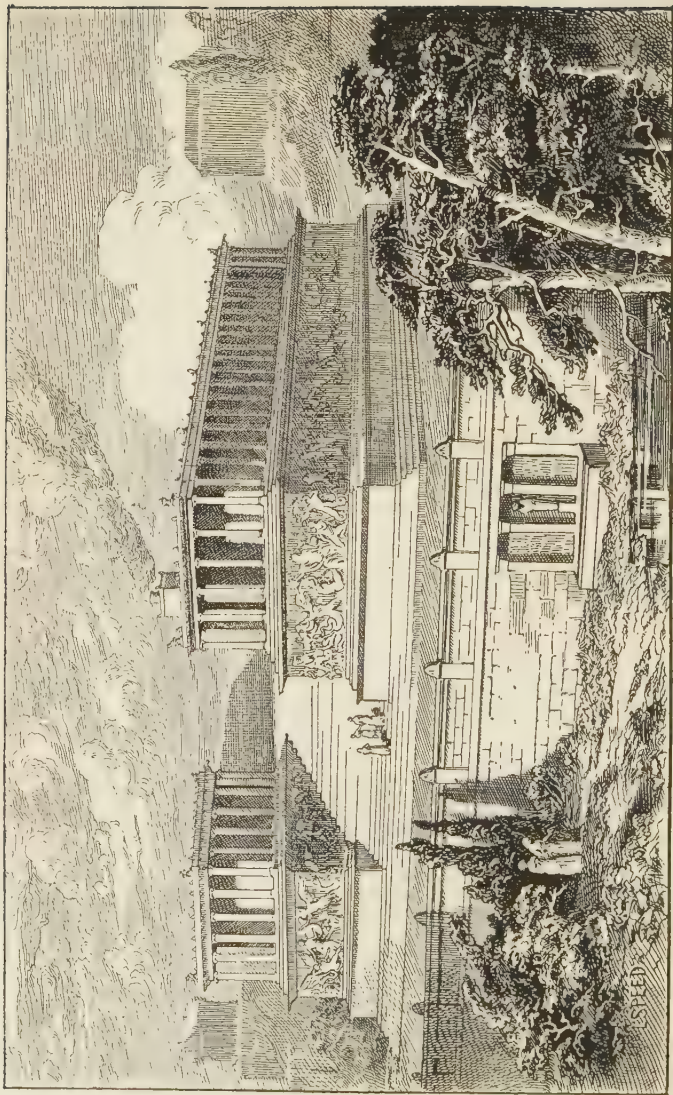
On such a terrace the Altar rose in two stories, of which the lower was about sixteen feet in height, a broad plinth of polished marble, raised two or three feet above the surface of the ground, occupying its lower portion. At about eight feet from the ground and separated from the plinth by a moulding rose the grand frieze, seven and a half feet in height, representing the battle of the gods and the giants. It was surmounted in turn by a broad cornice, which projected sufficiently beyond the most salient points of the sculpture, to protect it in some measure by throwing off the rain. The upper story consisted of a gallery of delicate Ionic

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<sup>2</sup> One of the means that most contributed to this were Greek letters that the masons were accustomed to mark on the stones. They enabled Mr. Bohn to determine with certainty the relative position of each moulding and cornice which it would otherwise have been impossible to make out. We saw many stones so lettered in the Byzantine wall and the theatre on the Acropolis which Dr. Humann was excavating at the time of our visit.







ALTAR OF JUPITER RESTORED.



columns, and within the enclosure thus formed was raised the altar on which the sacrifices were offered.

I well remember how Dr. Humann standing on the spot brought the whole scene before us in a rapid sketch, so that we almost seemed to behold the smoke of the burnt offering float upwards from the altar. As Juvenal says,

“Hunc qualem nequeo monstrare, at sentio tantum.”

The attention of all those interested in the higher archæological pursuits has been so long and so continuously occupied by the fascinating discoveries of Dr. Schliemann, that little time or thought have been given to the achievements of other labourers in the same field. Amongst these, Dr. Humann has certainly been one of the most successful; but various causes, in addition to that just specified, have helped to keep his name out of reach of the English public. His splendid *trouvailles* have all borne the address of Berlin, and are of such portentous dimensions as effectually prevent their being sent to Loan Collections or Art Exhibitions. As an *employé* of the Prussian Government, and continuously engaged on the scene of his explorations, he hardly ever visits Europe. And lastly, I fear, a certain jealousy has stood between him and that *réclame* in reports and publications which his discoveries intrinsically merit.

Dr. Humann originally came to Asia Minor with a commission from the illustrious Fuad Pasha for the laying out and construction of the ordinary roads so much needed in that part of Turkey. But in the Acropolis of Pergamon he descried a spot which promised even better results to the judicious excavator; and his acumen and pertinacity have since given to the world a series of works of ancient art which surpass in interest any that have been discovered in the present century. With the prehistoric remains of Troy and Mycenæ they do not of course enter into competition; but the sculptures rescued from the Acropolis of Pergamon are incomparably finer than any which have rewarded the search of investigators at Ephesus, Halicarnassus, Rhodes, or Cyprus.

Dr. Humann was long possessed with the idea that from this mountain in labour Jupiter himself would one day issue with a splendour and majesty befitting his former sanctuary. The anticipation of such a result filled him with an enthusiasm which in his own country would be apt to be called "*schwärmerei*," but which a visitor to the actual scene can readily understand and approve.

He thus describes the event.<sup>3</sup> "I had visitors at Pergamon; my wife had come over from Smyrna, and at

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<sup>3</sup> Die Ergebnisse der Ausgrabungen zu Pergamon, p. 27.

the same time Herr Dr. Boretius from Berlin, who had touched at Smyrna in the course of his voyage to the East. It was on the 21st July, 1879, that I invited the visitors to accompany me to the summit, to witness the turning of some slabs which were lying with their reverse side uppermost and their sculptured surface placed against the rubbish. While we were ascending, seven splendid eagles flew in a circle round the heights of the Acropolis, portending good fortune."

These auspicious omens were not deceptive. The first four slabs when turned and cleaned displayed a noble (*herrlich*) God more splendid than any that had been discovered up to that time and three giants, one of whom overthrown on the rock had his thigh pierced by a thunderbolt. At the sight of it, enthusiasm ran wild; "Jupiter, I feel that thou art nigh," exclaims Dr. Humann, while he hurried feverishly from one to the other of the four slabs and discovered that the third found fitted in with the last found! It is the *Deus ecce Deus* of the Cumean Sibyl. He recognizes, with inexpressible joy, that the pieces correspond, and that he is in presence of a majestic scene representing the king of the Gods triumphant over three of his enemies, two of whom are prostrate, grouped around him. A gap which existed to the right of the God has been happily supplied by the discovery of another marble slab in which figures the *Ægis*, that remarkable shield bordered with serpents,

a representation of the clouds in which the tempest is bred and a special attribute of Jupiter.

“A work so great and noble,” says Dr. Humann, “as to be almost without a parallel was again restored to the world; the crown was placed upon all our labours, the Athena group had received its fairest counterpart. Deeply moved we surround the precious ‘find;’ while I, trembling in my whole frame, flung myself on my knees before Jupiter and found relief in pouring forth a flood of joyful tears.”<sup>4</sup>

An eminent French archæologist, M. G. Cogordan,<sup>5</sup> commenting on the above passage, while still fresh from a visit to Berlin, observes, “all who see the bas-reliefs of Pergamon will understand this enthusiasm. I know nothing more astonishing than this concluding episode of a colossal struggle, savage and merciless, such as that which takes place between the elements whose images are the Gods and the Titans. Jupiter is advancing in power and splendour, presenting his broad chest, clothed in long drapery which hangs from his shoulders and floats around his limbs. Behind him on the left lies one giant overthrown, his thigh pierced by the thunder-bolt; under his feet, on the right, another vanquished

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<sup>4</sup> See *Ergebnisse*, &c., zu Pergamon, p. 28.

<sup>5</sup> *Revue des deux Mondes*, 1er Avril, 1881.

and dying raises his hand to his shoulder with a gesture of pain and despair. But one adversary still remains ; it is an old Titan with a long beard, exhibiting shoulders whose muscles are marvellously wrought, and resting on his thighs covered with scales which fold backwards in the form of two enormous serpents. He turns his face towards the God with a defiant side movement of the head, hurls a fierce glance at him, and brandishes in front his arm covered with a lion's skin. Left alone, after all his fellows have succumbed, he desires to try his fortune in one supreme struggle. This strange monster, at once man and serpent, and this God who combines in himself all the beauty with which human imagination can clothe the immortals, sum up the whole contest and are the *chef-d'œuvre* of Pergamon. Michael Angelo has achieved nothing of greater force."

M. Cogordan continues : " It is impossible to enumerate even a small part of the subjects represented in this vast collection which for the Gigantomachia alone embraces nearly a hundred large slabs of marble. Besides those already mentioned—Hecate, Diana, Minerva, the Earth, and Jupiter—twenty other divinities have a place in it. Now, it is Apollo who advances in triumph after bringing down a giant and seizes an arrow from his quiver to continue the battle ; now, it is Helios the Sun clothed in a long floating robe who drives on his chariot, while the horses trample under foot the expiring Titans ; Cybele,

the great Phrygian deity, the mother of the Gods, rides on a lion; Hercules wielding his club in both hands brings it down with a crash upon his prostrate victim; then Amphitrite, then Vulcan, to name only those whom it is possible precisely to identify.

“The imagination of the sculptors gave itself free course and produced a thousand singular phantasies: a chariot drawn by sea-horses with tails in the likeness of fishes, serpents combating with eagles and biting their limbs, women with floating tresses brandishing torches, fierce dogs burying their pointed fangs in the flesh of the dead, a sea monster, a sort of marine centaur, man horse and fish all in one, horses trampling on the breasts of the dying. This prodigious entanglement of men and animals, monsters writhing in their last agony, beautiful goddesses with uncovered bosoms braving unhurt the attacks of the Titans, recall the spirited movement that pervades the war-pieces of Rubens: all is stamped with action, passion, and vigour. It seems as if, by some all-powerful will, the combatants had been arrested at the very acme of their struggle, and were in an instant turned into stone.”

Though the altar of Jupiter and its magnificent frieze of the gigantomachia constitute the principal source of antiquarian interest, I must not omit to mention the other important structures that once adorned the Acropolis. As the hill slopes downwards in a southerly

direction to the plain, it forms in succession on its western side three broad terraces. On the lower of these, stood the altar of Jupiter; on the upper, the Augusteum, or temple to Augustus; while the middle plateau was occupied by the temple and sanctuary of Athena Polias. The Gymnasium was built much lower down towards the base of the hill.

Save some interesting inscriptions, none of the latter buildings have yielded results in any degree comparable to those first discovered, but the facts ascertained have enabled Mr. Bohn to reconstruct the temple of Athena with considerable accuracy of detail.







## CHAPTER XII.

### PERGAMON TO DIKELI.

“And drawing from his belt a pistol, he  
Replied, ‘Your blood be then on your own head.’”

*Byron, Don Juan.*



THE hospitality shown us by Dr. Humann and Mme. Bohn ended as handsomely as it had begun in a sumptuous luncheon, which we all greatly enjoyed until the remorseless finger of time warned us to begone. Having taken leave of our kind hosts, and accompanied by Mr. Bohn, we proceeded on foot to the courtyard of the Ajem Khan, and there we inwardly congratulated ourselves that we had not been obliged to make acquaintance with an interior whose outward aspect was so decidedly unprepossessing. By 1.40 p.m. we were once more squatting *à la Turc* in our taleekas.

S. H. and I entered the first, driven by that fiery charioteer whom from the events of yesterday we had sur-named the Indomitable; while the Consul and his cavass

adopted the second, probably for no particular reason. We started in the same order as before; but *our* taleeka had hardly entered the great plain of the Caïcus, at some distance from the town, before we lost sight of our companions. We had been proceeding thus for some way at a brisk pace, taking it for granted, of course, that the other taleeka was following *pari passu*, when we noticed that our driver was casting searching glances backwards from time to time over his left shoulder. Divining his object, I asked him in Greek if they were coming, and he answered confidently in the affirmative. After a time, however, the expression of his face ceased to add confirmation to the verdict of his lips, and we authoritatively demanded a halt. He stopped his horses, but pleaded to be allowed to go a little further on to a so-called café about half-way down the road, where we had tarried for a few minutes the previous day. To this we assented.

That point certainly afforded a wider and more unbroken view of the plain, but unfortunately gave not the least indication of an approaching taleeka, as far as we could see, miles away. S. H. clambered up an adjoining knoll, but to no effect; while our tall driver, in his Phrygian cap and red sash, stood upon a high wall—a most picturesque figure—peering into space through a pair of unaccustomed field-glasses.

But he made nothing of it, and time enough had

elapsed for a host of embarrassing reflections on our part, when S. H. fancied he descried a white horse *à la* Wouvermans shining at a distant point of the landscape. The sun had apparently caught him for an instant through the high shrubs that lined that part of the road. *Εἶναι λευκόν ἐν τῶν ἄλογων*; “is one of the horses white?” was the question promptly addressed to the driver. *Μάλιστα, μάλιστα*—“Yes, yes”—was his reply; and in a few moments more he yelled from the top of the wall—*ἔρχονται, ἔρχονται*—“They are coming.” It was still some time, however, before Wouvermans emerged into full daylight, looking sadly in need of that great master’s pencil to “restore” him; while his stable companion had all the appearance of being completely “played out.” We were forced to wait and give them food, though it was already late and we had a keen sense of the importance of reaching the other end of the road before nightfall.

*En attendant*, Mr. Dennis related to us the cause of the delay. Soon after quitting Pergamon, and while the leading taleeka was still in view, the tire of one of their front wheels flew off and obliged them to return to Pergamon in search of a smith. The work of repair consumed a great deal of time, and the additional pace they had put on in order to overtake us was the cause of their sorry jades looking so dishevelled and exhausted. During the rest of the way, we were obliged to regulate

our pace by theirs, and to stop now and then to allow them to come up with us. Gaspar transferred himself to my side in the leading taleeka, while S. H. joined the Consul in the other, and we were once again in motion.

We had not proceeded far, however, when, at a little distance from the road, we espied a solitary Zebeck who seemed to regard us with the eyes of a fox when he sees a flock of fat turkeys straggling slowly to market under the guardianship of their owner. If he could only deal with us *seriatim*, what a different affair it would be!

On our side, we looked upon him as an ill-omened apparition, deeming it probable that some of his fellows might be lurking not far off; and these thoughts had hardly taken shape in our minds, when a ruffian on horse-back, with a rifle slung over his shoulder, rode in front of our two horses, and putting up his hand, exactly with the authoritative gesture of a policeman in Hyde Park, commanded us to stop!

The sensations I experienced were intensely unpleasant while they lasted, and I expected every moment to hear the characteristic "tislím" uttered by our new acquaintance. I clutched my revolver as it lay in my breast-pocket, and whispered in the ear of the cavass, "è carico il fucile?"—is the rifle loaded? "Non, signore," was his astounding reply. "Ma perché?"—but why not? "Sarebbe pericoloso"—it would be dangerous! "Oh,

sancta simplicitas" was the thought that flashed through my mind, while my eye was still fixed upon the brigand.

But his original expression of ferocity seemed somehow to have relaxed into a shape that might now be called that of mere peremptoriness; and it soon began to appear that his quarrel was not with us but with the Indomitable, to whom he had been addressing a vigorous expostulation in Turkish against the practice of driving over the verdant pasture, instead of keeping to the beaten track.

Thus warned, we were permitted to pass on; and I soon after learned that this man, who had just been masquerading as a villain of the worst type, was in reality a wealthy owner of numerous flocks and herds which were grazing on the surrounding lands. I wonder how it would have been if I had shot him under the very natural misapprehension which his conduct had occasioned. And again, I wonder if he had the legal right actually to *stop* us on the Sultan's highway. But herein, I imagine, would lie some nice questions for Turkish lawyers. Were we on the highway? or where was the highway? or might we be held to take the highway with us wherever we went? I should certainly maintain the latter view; but however that might be, I feel certain, that, according to English law, this aggressive grazier committed a dire offence, for he caused me during a certain time to go in fear of my life.

The adventures of the day had not, however, as yet terminated. It was dark ere we reached that part of the road so well remembered for its *mauvais pas* of yesterday ; and the Indomitable had only got half over a certain stone wall when Gaspar and I were obliged to descend, in order to relieve the terrible strain upon his horses. As soon as the poor brutes had reached the further side in safety, we left them standing, at some little distance off, in a ploughed field, to recover their wind ; and knowing that the other team would be unequal to crossing the fence without assistance, the Indomitable, Gaspar and I returned and set about smoothing the way by removing some of the larger stones. While we were thus meritoriously engaged, our own horses, thinking the opportunity too good to be lost, started off in the darkness with our empty taleeka, and our wild driver in pursuit of them with the speed of Achilles !

In the carriage were my handbag, clothes, and wraps, S. H.'s Turkish money, the cavass's gun, and a few other objects more or less valuable. After I had run some distance, S. H. persuaded me to take his place by the side of the Consul, while he and Gaspar floundered on foot through the universal mud. In less than half an hour, we came in sight of Dikeli, whose modest lights beamed out a welcome greeting, while its meanness and squalor were conveniently obscured under the dark mantle of night.

In the East the possession of a private yacht is the acknowledged symbol of aristocracy, and, in token of its owner's imputed rank, the vessel is rather snobbishly styled a Lordico.<sup>1</sup> A procession of the inhabitants had come out to meet us, and one old fellow in spectacles (and in liquor), no sooner descried S. H. than he threw himself upon his neck, vociferating, "Lord, Lord!"<sup>2</sup>

The wholly unexpected appearance in their midst of our two horses and taleeka gave rise to the most ghastly presentiments, and they naturally feared that if any evil had befallen a party of our distinction, the Sultan's scimitar would be unsheathed and down upon them in a twinkling.

The two fugitive beasts had cleverly out-distanced their pursuer and actually gained their own premises at the further extremity of the village with all our things safe and undisturbed. Some of our own sailors, assisted by numerous volunteers, and with the help of a solitary lantern, collected our scattered possessions and placed

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<sup>1</sup> The correct Greek term is 'Η θαλαμηγός.

<sup>2</sup> This exclamation brought out the story of a somewhat vulgar Englishman who was entertaining a Colonial Bishop, and not knowing in what exact form of words to address his Right Rev. guest, passed the bottle after dinner, saying, "Will you take gin, oh, Lord?"



them in the gig. Having then paid and thanked everybody concerned, and wished them a friendly good-night in a variety of languages, we departed for the yacht.

Thus ended our excursion to Pergamon, the centre of many delightful recollections, and happily attended with no other regret than that of having kept our two friends on board somewhat anxiously awaiting dinner.





## CHAPTER XIII.

ASSOS.

πολιὴς ἔπι θίνι θάλασσης.

“On the shore of the grey sea.”

*Homer. Odyssey.*



T had formed part of our original plan when leaving England, to visit the site of Troy, and we had remained, on the whole, pretty constant to that idea. But the now advanced period of the year and the uncertain state of the weather, combined with the want of convenient anchorage on the coast—*statio male fida carinis*—led us to resign that much coveted part of our project. As an alternative scheme, it was proposed to pay a visit to Assos, an ancient and remarkable Greek city which stands at the narrowest part of the strait that separates the lovely island of Lesbos from the southern shore of the Troad.

Accordingly, early on Thursday morning, Nov. 20th,

we turned our backs upon Dikeli, and Athena having sent the favouring breeze, we ran before it with all our lower sails and main-topsail set, in a direction north-west half north. We were soon passing Aivalyk, in Greek Kydonias, a flourishing town of exclusively Greek inhabitants, standing near the coast, about twenty miles north of Dikeli. It was wasted and ruined by Turks and Greeks together, in the War of Independence, but has since recovered its prosperity, and increased in population from 25,000 in 1864 to 35,000 at the present time.<sup>1</sup>

Mount Olympus and the beautiful Peak of Lepethymnus on Lesbos afforded us constant objects of admiration and interest as we sailed along the island; and about three o'clock we began to distinguish through our glasses the outline of the white rock on which Assos is built. About an hour later we were sailing exactly opposite to its port, when indications of a change of weather came on, and we thought it prudent to make for the little bay of Sivriji, at a further point of the coast. The headland which served to give us shelter is provided with a very modest lighthouse, the only object within sight suggestive of a human habitation. The water was very deep and allowed us to run close-in shore; and as soon as the anchor was let down, Gaspar was despatched in the dingy to make

<sup>1</sup> See *Ergebnisse, &c., zu Pergamon*, pp. 8 and 10.

inquiries as to our prospects of reaching Assos, overland, on the morrow. The answer returned was decidedly discouraging, as the only animals to be obtained were bare-backed donkeys, and those not until we had walked five miles in search of them.

But a new factor in the situation was rapidly developing itself, threatening to foil our plans and rob us of the prize so nearly within our grasp. During the night the wind shifted to south-west and a storm came on, which obliged our captain to let go a second anchor, and even then caused him no little anxiety lest we should come into too close contact with the shore. Morning brought no abatement of the heavy wind and rain, and it soon became evident that we should have no choice but to remain where we were all that day (Friday).

Even yet worse luck threatened, and soon established itself in our midst. One of the members of our party, from unduly exposing himself to the cold night air on deck, was seized with an internal derangement, which rendered it dangerous for him to undergo the fatigue of our contemplated excursion, and indeed made it advisable that we should seek the nearest port—Smyrna. To his health and safety, of course, all other considerations were deemed subordinate, and as soon as we had determined to beat a retreat, S. H. gave orders to sail.

Saturday morning, happily, ushered in a complete change in the elements, and it was hardly yet ten o'clock

when we were off Assos, our decks exhaling their moisture in the bright warm rays of the bountiful Helios. It was tempting to go ashore in the gig and let the yacht await us out at sea, for there was not sufficient anchorage or shelter by the side of the now submerged mole, on which St. Paul had embarked with his companions. But the inability of our invalid to accompany us was a barrier *in limine*, and we unanimously decided not to leave him. So we were restricted to a distant survey through our glasses of this magnificent site, and regretfully saw it recede from view as we sailed in the direction of Mitylene.

Standing here, solitary and deserted, a beautiful beacon pointing to the far-off ages, one may naturally inquire what is its history. It is believed to have been occupied by an Æolic colony from Methymna, once the chief town of Lesbos, as early as 1000 B.C.; and it is thought to be mentioned in the Iliad under the name of Pêd-asos—"steep Pêdasos" "on the Satnioeis." This termination *asos* is found in many old town-names from India to Daica. It means "dwelling, town," and is connected with the Sanscrit *vas*, "to dwell," whence the Greeks get their "*astu*," "town." It fell subsequently under Lydians, Persians, and Romans, and at intervals enjoyed brief glimpses of freedom. During one of these periods it was visited by Aristotle, who remained about three years as the guest of the ruler, Hermias, his friend and

former pupil. By the treachery of a Greek general in the Persian army, Hermias was betrayed to the Persians, taken away and crucified, and Aristotle had some difficulty in escaping to Lesbos with his bride, Pythias, the adoptive daughter of Hermias.<sup>2</sup>

Assos is also closely associated with another name parallel to that of Aristotle in the enormous influence it has exercised upon civilization and the history of the Christian world. The two men were widely unlike in character and culture, but they represent not inaptly the diverse streams of thought and tendency which have gone to swell the great current synonymous with actual Christianity. St. Paul, as is well known, came to Assos by land from Alexandria Troas, and as he approached it from the north-west, the gate through which he necessarily passed is still distinguishable, flanked by two massive towers of Hellenic architecture.<sup>3</sup>

The hand of nature and the hand of man seem to have worked harmoniously together in producing this wonderful city, so far as I know, unrivalled, indeed unique in its position. It crowns a pyramidal rock of trachyte which

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<sup>2</sup> Aristotle afterwards commemorated in noble verse the high qualities of the beloved "son of Atarneus" whom he had thus cruelly lost. Atarneus was a city of Mysia near the site of the modern Dikeli.

<sup>3</sup> See a very interesting description of a visit to Assos by Professor Jebb, *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1883.

springs abruptly from the shore to a height of 750 feet, and the characteristic cleavage of the formation resulted in producing a series of terraces which singularly favoured the construction of colonnades, baths, theatre, fortifications, and other requisites of a Greek city. The very summit of the rock was occupied by a fine Doric temple—the only early building of its kind in Asia Minor—dedicated to Athené.

Fresh interest has lately been awakened in Assos, in consequence of the successful excavations carried out there by the American Archæological Institute in 1881 and 1882, under the direction of Mr. J. Thatcher Clarke. The net result of his discoveries seems to be that the sculptures generally form a most important link between Oriental and Greek art. The workmanship of the animals, for instance, is superior to that of the human figure—a fact suggestive of Assyria—and indeed this connection will be manifest to any one who consults the illustrations to Mr. Clarke's paper in the *American Archæological Journal*.

Probably his most interesting discovery was a pair of splendidly-executed sphinxes taken from a hard bed of mortar which had long saved them from weathering; and, before quitting the shores of the Troad, it may not be inappropriate to say something of this strange emblematic figure common to Egypt, Asia, and Greece. The Egyptian sphinx is undoubtedly wingless, and of the



male sex, while that of Greece is winged and female. It was at one time taught on high authority that the Greek tragic poets—Æschylus in his trilogy, and Sophocles in the masterpiece of Attic tragedy, “*Œdipus Tyrannus*”—had arbitrarily adopted, or invented the winged sphinx, and thus familiarized the popular ear with that form. But again theory has been proved to be wrong, and actual representations of the winged sphinx have been found in the graves at Spata, at Mycenæ, Olympia, Corinth, and elsewhere. Nor is it in connection with Thebes and Œdipus that the *πτερόεσσα κόρα* (winged maiden) chiefly figures in Greek art, but on sepulchral monuments, graves, and vases, as an emblem of the unconquerable and inscrutable power that lays man low.

She is also that insuperable and malevolent principle in nature with which it is in vain for the virtue of mortals to contend. Other hostile forces they may subdue, but that power of which she is in mind and body the manifestation ever withstands their influence.

The two Assos sphinxes exhibit a character intermediate between the Egyptian and Hellenic forms. They are furnished with wings, but in other respects show unmistakable affinities with the earlier Egyptian types. “The carving,” says Mr. Clarke, “is of a delicacy and vigour comparable to the best works of fully-developed Greek art.”

Our object in calling at Mitylene was to catch the

Austrian mail packet for Smyrna ; but on landing in the gig we found it had already left.

The situation of this town is extremely picturesque, the well-preserved remains of a fine mediæval fortress, built by Genoese or Venetians, overhanging the entrance to the harbour. Around the latter the houses spread in the form of an amphitheatre, and extend on one side to the foot of some hills surmounted with green woodlands. Near these we saw the residence of Lambri Pasha, who attained a certain notoriety some years ago in London, and now, as a mark of his admiration for our country, lives at Mitylene with an English wife. The island possesses some of the best roads in the Turkish dominions, and is noted amongst connoisseurs for the delicacy of its figs. Some politicians regret that England did not take it, rather than Cyprus, at the time of the Treaty of Berlin, as in that case we should have command of the entrance to the Dardanelles and also of Smyrna.

It was nearing three o'clock on Saturday afternoon when we sailed again from Mitylene, and the next morning just as our countrymen on shore were going to church, we cast anchor in front of Smyrna. Here Mr. Dennis was obliged to take leave of us ; and it was with a painful sense of the loss we sustained in his departure that we saw him step into his boat and gradually disappear in the direction of the shore.

Between twelve o'clock and three much had to be

done—the steward to obtain a supply of fresh meat and other necessities, and the captain to purchase warm pea-jackets for the sailors, who were beginning to feel the increasing cold at night.

But by three p.m. we were again under way, the sea and sky wearing a dull grey tint, the sun as invisible as he might have been on the Thames, and the wind cold and fresh. However, we were all more or less inspirited by the thought that our destination this time was the Peiræus, and that in all probability we should be in Athens in the course of two or three days.

About seven o'clock, just before dinner, I was standing on deck and had the novel sensation of seeing through the thick darkness the lights of a steamer close at hand and bearing straight down upon us. This was so palpable that I actually felt an instinctive impulse to move out of the way, forgetting for the moment that I formed an integral part of a sailing-vessel which it would be necessary to take with me in my flight. Our lights were as usual in their proper positions, all burning, and that passive precaution was now our only defence. But on the steamer came, causing a very lively movement on the part of our captain and crew. I sang down the open skylight to S. H., who flew on deck just as the Frenchman steamed right across our bows amidst a volley of abuse hardly less destructive (in sound at least) than the shot which assailed his ancestors at Trafalgar.

It is the careless navigation of those large trading-steamers that constitutes such a terrible danger to smaller craft at sea, for a touch from one of them is your "*nunc dimittis*" to the bottom.

About one a.m. on Monday morning, the 24th of November, I was aroused from sleep by a succession of tremendous thuds striking on the deck above my head, and giving me, in the darkness and in my semi-lucid state of mind, the idea that heavy seas were breaking over the vessel. I was up in a moment, and crept, half dressed, to the top of the companion, whence I hailed one of the watch. We were sailing; and what I had heard was not the sea—for the *Linda* never shipped one—but rain, which fell from the large main-sail with the force of a cataract upon the deck. It was a fearful night; and after bestowing some sincere though silent sympathy on the men who were exposed to all its violence, I returned to my bed. When I awoke again, at four a.m., my worst fears had been realized; we were no longer sailing but "lying-to!"

It had been found impossible to weather the northern point of the island of Chios, Cape St. Nikolo, and we were obliged to take refuge in such shelter as we could obtain under the lee of its bare, precipitous coast. It stood before us a dark, savage, beetling rock, held forth like the shield of some offended giant who disputed our further progress. At eight a.m., and again at two p.m.,

determined efforts were made to get round the critical point, but in vain ; and our valiant captain was obliged to retire each time baffled and defeated. On the latter occasion I was on deck, fascinated by the splendour of the storm. The sun shone out brilliantly but fitfully, throwing wild gleams of light from time to time, which illuminated the dark background of the picture, while the wind roared like thunder, and seemed to concentrate all its fury upon the yacht. I thought each gust would tear to shreds the little canvas she carried, and I shall not soon forget the shout of the captain, "Don't shake her, Peter, don't shake her," as the men at the wheel tried to bring her gallant form up to the wind. But *fortis sub forte fatiscit*—the brave yields to the brave—and we declined for the present any further contest with the elements.

Below decks, during the night that followed, a terrible commotion ensued. The steward, who had gone to rest on the floor of the saloon, was nearly immolated in an avalanche of books hurled upon him from the surrounding shelves ; the captain was pitched out of his bunk ; the galley-fire was extinguished ; every one on board, I believe with hardly an exception, was more or less ill ; and the china-cupboard presented as many fragments of ceramic art as the diggings of a prehistoric city.

Next day, Tuesday, a fresh attempt was made to get round the point, but in vain ; and old Jack, our senior

tar, best steersman, and withal somewhat of a character, declared that "the waves outside were big enough to swallow the little d—l" (thereby meaning the *Linda*). However, about two o'clock p.m. the captain carried the day and the point; and then, as she caught the wind on the other side, she swept over the foaming surge with the speed of a racehorse. The island of Psara, sacred to the memory of Canaris<sup>4</sup> and his devoted associates, was close upon our starboard bow, but we seemed to fly from it towards the sun, which was just beginning to descend behind a canopy of dense lurid cloud. We all remained on deck till the last glimmer of light had disappeared from the horizon, rejoicing in our newly-acquired liberty, in the beauty of the scene around, and in the unrestrained motion of our gallant bark, thus realizing Byron's description of the corsair:—

"Oft had he ridden on that winged wave,  
And loved its roughness for the speed it gave."

I was again on deck for some time after midnight,

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<sup>4</sup> It would be ungenerous to pass by the home of this brave man without paying, even in so slight a volume as this, some small tribute to his memory. His splendid heroism is worthy the best days of Greece or Rome, and has caused his name to be universally venerated by his countrymen. He at least was worthy to be one of the "three to make a new Thermopylæ;" and he would assuredly have taken his place by the side of the other three who "kept the bridge in the brave days of old."

while sailing down the dangerous Doro Channel, in which a large French steamer had only a little while before been wrecked. This passage has long been the dread of seamen, but it has lately lost some of its terrors through an improved system of lighting—a matter in which I am told the coasts of Greece are far less well provided than those of Turkey. The night, however, was clear, and the wind happily favourable. I could see the highlands of Eubœa towering on the right, and seeming as one gazed at them to draw nearer and nearer; while the islands of Andros and Zea looked like dark slumbrous masses of rock resting on the waves. The solitude of a sailing-vessel at sea on such a night is intense; no other boat was in sight; and the deep pervading silence was broken only by the gentle ripple of the relenting waves, as they rose from time to time in meek caresses around the *Linda's* bows.

At eight a.m. we were off Sunium, where the captain had orders, if circumstances should be favourable, to “lie-to.” A hurried breakfast was taken, and we all went ashore in the gig, with the certainty of at last seeing and standing within those glorious columns which have been for so long the admiration of the world and the theme of every poet, from Sophocles to Byron.

If the divine canon of criticism “by their fruits, ye shall know them” have any other than the most restricted application, what judgment must we form of the race



who in Athens erected the magnificent temple of the Olympian Jove, and here, on a remote outlying promontory of their country, reared this beautiful marble fane to be a beacon to the seafaring wanderer, and a sanctuary of the mighty goddess who guarded their native soil?

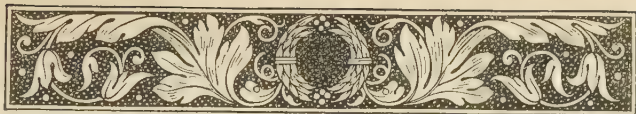
Though the air on this exposed height was a little cold, the sun lent his rays to brighten, if not to warm, the scene; and we passed a couple of hours very agreeably in wandering about the ruins and studying the distant views. Most prominent among the latter was the conical peak "on old Egina's isle," which the very intelligent but poorly clad *φύλαξ* in charge of the temple enabled us to identify. I was glad to find the man spoke excellent Greek, and I had no difficulty in understanding his answers to different questions I asked him. Amongst these was the name of a curious plant which grew quite close to the ground, and bore a circle of thick dark-green leaves, somewhat resembling the bracts of an artichoke. He called it *ἄγριο κρομόδι*, or wild onion. The part in the earth was bulbous, and I saw it afterwards boiled and exposed for sale in some of the smaller shops in Athens.

About eleven o'clock a.m. we were once more on board the *Linda*, and soon after were running up the Saronic Gulf with a favouring but light breeze. We found ample amusement in racing against some of the native craft that were speeding like ourselves towards the Peiræus,

in seeking with our glasses now for the temple on Ægina, and again for the Acropolis.

Towards evening the wind became disagreeably keen, and we were glad, about six o'clock, to be once more moored within the cosy harbour of the Peiræus—happily this time by means of a hawser made fast to the shore. It was crowded with vessels of all nationalities, amongst which a Russian man-of-war and the yacht of his Hellenic Majesty made the most conspicuous figure. Our *Superb* lay a long way off out in the Bay of Salamis. A steam-boat from shore, with two men in it, soon came alongside to demand our papers, and by a judicious use of such nautical Greek as I could muster on the spur of the moment, I succeeded in having the inquiry put off εἰς τὸ αὔριον—till to-morrow. This arrangement allowed our captain to rest in peace. But a spell of cold, broken weather was evidently setting in. During Sunday night, when we were caught in the storm off Chios, snow had fallen low down on the mountains of Thessaly; and to-night the thermometer in my cabin stood at only 51° Fahr.





## CHAPTER XIV.

### ATHENS.

“Ich schau’ dich an, und Wehmuth  
Schleicht mir in’s Herz hinein.”

*H. Heine.*

“I gaze upon thy beauty,  
And grief steals o’er my heart.”

*Leland’s Translation.*



EXT morning (Thursday, November 27th) the weather looked most unpromising, and rain was falling in torrents. We were resolved, however, that nothing should deter us from visiting Athens; and about twelve o’clock, under the protection of oil-coats and waterproofs, we started in the gig for shore. I had no difficulty in bargaining for an excellent carriage to take us four to the Hotel Megáles Bretanías in Athens, at a charge of six francs, and in the course of our drive the rain had ceased. The *déjeuner* served to us was very good, though the season had been a wretched one for the hotels, the fear of cholera and the horrors associated with the name of quarantine having effectually scared away ordinary visitors. We

found every kind of foreign wine extremely dear, owing to the enormous import duty imposed; and as our palates had not yet been acclimatized to the Greek wines sold in Athens, we were obliged to drink a thin Bordeaux at seven francs a bottle. The hotel is considered *facile princeps*, and is an airy, spacious, handsome building, admirably situated, and well and comfortably furnished. On one side it faces the Royal Palace, and from a balcony in another wing we enjoyed a full view of the Acropolis, suffused with the richest tints of a most splendid sunset.

Having satisfied the requirements of the sea appetite we had brought from the Peiræus, we next walked round to the Post Office, a large establishment in the *rue* Lykabettos, to inquire for letters and despatch a telegram to England. On our way thither, we passed the beautiful house of Dr. Schliemann, to whom we were the bearers of a letter of introduction; but we contented ourselves, on this occasion, with admiring the outside of what he has modestly inscribed, 'Ιλίου Μέλαθρον—a roof-tree of Ilion. It is a very large square building, constructed with open, painted loggie, and a flat roof, around which stand at intervals twelve life-size marble statues of gods and goddesses. Nothing can be in better taste or more perfect proportion, and the tutelary deities look as if just “new lighted” from the blue heaven overhead. The house stands in some pretty grounds planted with fine shrubs; and the mosaic pavement in front, and the

handsome iron railing around, are everywhere ornamented with the well-known *svastika* so often portrayed on Trojan pottery.

But this is not a solitary instance to prove that the old Greek spirit still lives and flourishes even under the unfavourable conditions of modern times. New Athens abounds in handsome private houses, and presents more than one example of elegant and costly public buildings. An admirable illustration of the latter is the Academy in the Boulevard of the University, built entirely of Pentelic marble, after the plans of the Viennese architect Hensen. It is in the style of ancient Greece, with handsome porticos of Ionic columns and richly-sculptured pediments, but its most distinctive feature is the colouring and gilding introduced into the capitals and frieze. There can be no question that polychromy was employed in the best days of Greek art, and was applied not only to buildings, but to statuary. Its effect was not, as might be supposed, to hide and impair the nobility of the material which it covered; but, on the contrary, the colouring enhanced the beauty of the marble, and obtained from it in turn some reflection of its own beauty of form. In this modern instance, at any rate, the combination produces a most agreeable impression on the spectator. The pediment of the same building is occupied with a group in marble representing the birth of Athena—the work of a living Greek sculptor, Drosos.

Having made a few preliminary inquiries, and waited till what we deemed a proper hour, S. H. and I called on Dr. Schliemann, and sent up our letter of introduction<sup>1</sup> and visiting-cards. His hall-porter, an old Greek, seemed to reply to our questions with a certain air of reserve, if not of mystery; and, under similar circumstances in an English house, the answer would undoubtedly have been "not at home." Still, the man went in to inquire, and soon afterwards hailed us with the universal *Ὅριστε*, equivalent to "please," and as much else as requires to be understood. Here it meant "be good enough to come upstairs;" and having ascended a palatial staircase, we were ushered into the library on the first floor. "What a glorious apartment," was the thought that rose simultaneously to our minds, though the admiration it extorted made us both silent for some moments. It is enough to say that this magnificent room extended along the whole south front of the house, and commanded a view of the Acropolis and Parthenon; while internally, its mosaic floor, its lofty ceiling, its well-furnished ebony book-shelves, and its handsome inlaid tables, made it appear the *beau-idéal* of a study, the very place in which to hold prolonged converse with the Muses. I had had the advantage of meeting Dr. and Mrs. Schliemann some years previously in London, on an occasion when Mr. Gladstone,

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<sup>1</sup> From Albert Hartshorne, Esq., F.S.A.

the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Beresford Hope, and other persons of distinction were present to hear Mrs. Schliemann read a paper in reference to the discoveries at Troy; so, during the short period of suspense that intervened, I did not feel quite so overawed as if we had been wholly unacquainted. Dr. Schliemann's appearance, however, dispelled in an instant any rising feeling of that kind, as he received us not only graciously, but cordially, and led us into an adjoining apartment, his own private *sanctum*. Here he had just been at work, *debout*, before a high desk covered with sheets of his forthcoming book on Tiryns, and made us sit down for a friendly talk and to smoke a cigar, which was succeeded by coffee. In the course of conversation he apologized for Mrs. Schliemann's absence, on the ground that their little son, aged six, was seriously ill, and a source of much anxiety to them at the moment. This, methought, explains the visible embarrassment of the servant who received us at the door. Three Greek doctors were in attendance on the boy, and were also holding consultations by telegraph with Prof. Virchow at Berlin; so that under the circumstances I could hardly decline Dr. Schliemann's invitation to visit the child. I did so; and the purport of my advice was to follow a line of treatment already suggested by Prof. Virchow, of which the Greek physicians did not at all approve. But it was, nevertheless, adopted and enforced by Dr. Schliemann's authority, with the result



that the symptoms did not recur and the little patient happily recovered.

All Dr. Schliemann's children bear Christian names derived from ancient Greek sources. The fine little fellow just referred to is named Agamemnon, and if not yet a king of men, he is certainly a prince of boys; while Miss Schliemann, a charming girl of twelve or thirteen, is called after Hector's famous spouse, looks thoroughly English, and speaks our language fluently. We had also the pleasure of being introduced to her governess, Miss Calypso.

Next day we received a most kind note brought by special messenger to the yacht at the Peiræus, reporting Agamemnon's improvement in health and inviting us to breakfast at noon on Saturday. Dr. Schliemann added that he would afterwards conduct us over the Mycenæ treasures and the Museum on the Acropolis. Such a prospect seemed only too good to be true, and left no room for hesitation on our part about following the Spanish proverb: "*Quando se dieren un anillo, pon el dedillo*"—when you are offered a ring, put out your finger.

On Friday, the 28th, the weather was brilliant, and we made use of the railway for the first time to go up to Athens. The trains are frequent and the service evidently in great favour with the public. At the station for Phaleron, where we were reinforced by a good number of passengers, there is a handsome hotel, with garden and

*établissement*, much resorted to in summer for sake of the cool sea-breeze. The run up to Athens occupies in all about half an hour. At the terminus there, which stands at the extreme west of the town, we found a number of excellent carriages, very comfortable and cheap. Indeed, for a place of its size, Athens is wonderfully well supplied with carriages and horses. The weather was so clear that we thought we could have no better opportunity to ascend Lykabettos, and so engaged a good open landau and pair to take us to the foot of the mount. One long street, the *ódos 'Ερμού*, or street of Mercury, extending from the Railway Terminus to the Place de la Constitution, intersects modern Athens from west to east, and in the north-east, just beyond the Royal Palace, the road begins to ascend towards Lykabettos. It is a very picturesque, symmetrical peak, rising in the form of a cone, and surmounted at its summit by a small chapel to St. George. Seen from the plain beneath, it appears to stand like a watch-tower over Athens.

Having *débarassé* ourselves of our wraps and outside coats, we left the carriage at the usual place, and proceeded to walk up the 900 feet or so to the top; but not having a guide, we felt some uncertainty at first as to the right path. A casual passer-by directed us, and having once hit the zigzag, we enjoyed a delightful climb, interspersed from point to point with splendid glimpses, which had an ever-increasing tendency to arrest our pro-

gress, like that of the youth in "Excelsior." At length we stood on the little platform in front of the chapel, and beheld the whole feast spread before our eyes. Athens, with the Acropolis (which looked from here somewhat dwarfed and sunken), the beautiful temple of Olympian Jove, the Stadium, the Royal Palace, rendered hypæthral by a recent fire, the Observatory on the Hill of Nymphs, the Theseion, the new Academy, Dr. Schliemann's house, —all lay at our feet.

"See there the olive-grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement, where the Attick bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
And there Ilissus rolls his whispering stream."

The distant view was still more remarkable, embracing the sea and the islands, Egina, Salamis, Psyttaleia, New Phaleron, and the Peiræus; while Acro-Corinthus and Mount Cyllene could be seen afar off, crowned with snow, and, nearer to us, Mount Ægaleos and the Pass of Daphne. Owing to a cloudy state of the atmosphere towards the north, we were unable to see Parnes and other ranges in that direction.

In the afternoon, Dr. Friedrich Marx, of the German Archæological School in Athens, joined us on the Acropolis, and helped us to *orienter* ourselves, not only in space, but in the world of art and history, which finds its centre in this venerable rock; and to a visitor arriving here for the first time, with only some general ideas on

the subject, the surroundings are in no small degree perplexing. The Propylæa, for instance, which first confronts him on ascending the Acropolis, seems, by its magnificent proportions, its massive style, and the golden hue of the Pentelic marble which it still retains, to be the Parthenon itself, or at least an essential member of it. But it is nothing of the kind. The construction of the Propylæa was not begun, under the architect Mnesikles, until ten years after that of the Parthenon, and it is, to all intents and purposes, a profane or secular work. The Acropolis is inaccessible save on the western side, and on the summit of the rock at that side, the Propylæa extending, with its central portion and two wings, across the whole front of 170 feet, guards the approach to the enclosure. So it is only after passing through the Propylæa that we stand on the level summit, or plateau, of the Acropolis. This plateau, measuring 1100 feet by 450, was the earliest burg or city of the Athenian settlers, and for safety and protection their dwellings were built upon it. But after the Persian war the entire space was devoted exclusively to religious purposes, and the Acropolis rose from the midst of the Athenian nation, like a grand natural altar crowned with the sublimest offerings to heaven. First, but by no means alone, stood the incomparable temple of the Virgin—*parthénos* (a title also applied, curiously enough, in the New Testament, to St. John the Baptist). The Parthenon was built during the thirteen years 447—

434 B.C., and replaced an earlier temple on the same site, destroyed by Xerxes in the Persian war. The architects were Kallicrates and Iktinos, but Phidias was the master-spirit who inspired the work, and designed and accomplished its marvellous decorations.

Plutarch, in his "Life of Pericles," has left us a lively picture of the progress of the building. "While these works were rising," he says, "immense in size and inimitable in form and grace, the workmen striving emulously that the workmanship should be pre-eminent in artistic finish, nothing was more wonderful than the speed with which they were brought forth (*μάλιστα θαυμάσιον ἦν τὸ τάχος*)."

The Parthenon, it is needless to say, is one of the most famous examples of Doric architecture. It was the custom of the Greeks to employ the Ionic order for buildings upon a level surrounded with hills; while it was thought that the massive and majestic Doric was best displayed upon a lofty rock. Dr. Marx illustrated and explained to us some of the more important characteristics of this style; but as we have not the temple before us to refer to, it will be necessary in the first place to describe the disposition of its principal parts. It is what is called *peripteric*, the central rectangular cella, or temple proper, being surrounded on all sides by a colonnade of pillars. The distance between the walls of the cella and each row of columns varies from  $9\frac{1}{2}$  to  $11\frac{1}{2}$  feet; and the roof,

instead of resting on the cella walls, was carried across the intervening space and supported by the columns. This is a point of the utmost importance, with a view to understanding the arrangement of the sculpture. The heavy roofing did not of course rest immediately on the capitals of the columns. Between the two, as if to relieve the superincumbent weight, and to smooth the transition from the round lines of the columns to the straight lines of the entablature, was interposed, like a cushion, a square slab, called the *abacus* (πλίνθος). Over the abacus and capital, and reaching from pillar to pillar, next lies a horizontal course of oblong blocks of stone, which constitute the architrave. Above the architrave comes the *frieze*. Now, in the Ionic and Corinthian orders the frieze forms one continuous band of uninterrupted ornamentation, while in the Doric order the ornamentation is interrupted—broken up into separate portions. This is one of its most distinctive features, as will presently be seen. It is only in the Doric order that we find *metopes*; and the Parthenon owes no small part of its pre-eminence over other Greek Doric temples to the fact that its metopes are sculptured in high relief. What are these metopes? The word ὄπαι in Greek signifies the ends of the beams as they project in a primitive roof, and μετόπαι (μεταοπαι) would of course mean the intervening spaces between the projecting ends of the beams. But in a finished Doric building the latter are represented by small rectangular

projecting pieces, higher than they are broad, placed one above and one between each two pillars. Thus disposed, these projections do not present a plain surface, but are subdivided into three parts by means of two vertical grooves cut into their surface. Hence they are called triglyphs. The square space intervening between each two of these triglyphs is the metope.

On the outer frieze, or *τρίγλυφον*, of the Parthenon, running round the exterior of the whole temple, there were ninety-two of these metopes—fourteen on either front, and thirty-two on either side. They were all of Pentelic marble, and were separated from each other by the triglyphs. The actual space available for sculpture in each was four feet square; and the figures in the reliefs project about ten inches from the background. In fact, the relief was so bold and complete that the figures stand forth almost as if in the round, and in one instance the back of the torso is entirely finished. Among the metopes in the Elgin Room of the British Museum there is one group in which a foot stands out so boldly that it might belong to a figure floating in the air. But in the actual building this effect was adequately corrected, as the metopes receded slightly more than the architrave below them, and so the feet, which otherwise would not be seen at all, seem to be standing on firm ground.

Altogether distinct from the *triglyphon* (the proper name of a frieze subdivided by metopes and triglyphs) is



the famous work of art universally referred to as the Parthenon Frieze, ζωφόρος. The latter is *within* the colonnade, and runs like a band round the outer wall of the cella, or temple proper. Its entire length was 522 feet, and it stood thirty-nine feet above the white marble pavement which covered the space between the cella wall and the columns. It is formed of numerous slabs carefully joined together, almost exactly one mètre in height, and the carving upon it is entirely in low relief. The subject represented is generally acknowledged to be the procession on the occasion of the Panathenaic festival, which was held every four years on the birthday of Athene, about the 12th of August. Its central incident was the dedication of an embroidered *peplos*, or cloak, to the goddess, and it was accompanied with games and sacrifices, with maidens bearing offerings and men carrying olive-branches.

It may perhaps contribute to a clearer comprehension of the building as a whole if I recapitulate here that it consists essentially of no more than two parts—the internal rectangular cella, or temple proper; and the external columns forming one system with the roof which they support. The former may be compared to a precious casket which enshrined the statue of the goddess; and the latter to a splendid baldacchino by which the cella was sheltered and encompassed.

One is at first rather startled on learning from some wiseacre that the lines of the Parthenon are not straight !

Such is indeed the case, but it is only another proof of the consummate skill employed in its construction, which dealt with enormous masses of solid stone as if they were potter's clay to be moulded at the will of the architect. The *Krepídoma*, an immense substructure consisting of three courses of square marble blocks, each about half a yard in depth, raises and divides the sanctuary from the ground. These courses are not quite horizontal, but show towards the middle a slight convex rise, easily recognized by an observer who, standing at the north-east corner, will bring his eye to the level of the line of steps and look along it. Again, in the circle of forty-six Doric columns, eight on each front and seventeen on either side, which rise from the *stylobat*, or upper range of the *Krepídoma*, the diameter at the bottom (a Doric column has no proper base) is 1·905 mètres, and at the top 1·481 mètres, so that the columns taper upwards to that extent. Besides this diminution towards the summit, there exists in the middle of each column a slight suggestion of fulness or strain (*έντασις*), which seems to be the expression of an elasticity that has its seat within the shaft. Taking the columns collectively, they incline slightly to the inner side—a fact which may be verified by the simplest measurement; and the flutings, of which there are twenty in each column, gain in breadth, without losing depth, as they approach the summit, by which a powerful effect of shadow is produced.

Such contrivances, coupled with the refined and delicate execution of separate subjects, the brilliant glow of the marble, and the light streaming in rich masses through every open space, produced those subtle effects of beauty and elegance which banish from so massive a building the faintest suspicion of heaviness.

We know, moreover, that colour was freely employed, the background of the metopes having been painted red and the flutes of the triglyphs deep blue. Even more commonplace means of festal decoration were resorted to, such as garlands, polished shields, gilding, coloured mæanders, and the beautiful astragalos ornament introduced from the less severe Ionic order.

The result is to communicate to the whole edifice an appearance of lightness, and even of elasticity, highly pleasing to the eye, although it may not be conscious of the fact, and still less so of the means by which it is produced. It is only in the living productions of Nature herself that we can look for a parallel achievement.

But great and noble as was the exterior of the Parthenon, and immense the amount of artistic details embraced in the metopes and the frieze and in the eastern and western pediments, undoubtedly the grandest achievement that awaited the genius of Phidias was the erection within the cella of the colossal statue of Athene in gold and ivory. Though the mention of such substances in this connection may sound strange and distasteful to modern ears, it is a

fact that in the best period of Greek sculpture preceding the age of Alexander the Great, marble was not used for superior works. It was chiefly employed in architectural sculpture, and was considered a lower sort of material. For the greater works, gold and ivory and bronze alone were proper—the former for the chief temple statues, the latter for out-of-door monuments, more especially those in honour of athletic victors. It was Praxiteles who, by his persistent use of marble, first conferred distinction on that material, and brought it into use for great works of sculpture not strictly decorative. Of the chryselephantine statue of Athene by Phidias not a particle has come down to us; but it has been sufficiently described by ancient writers, and so far reproduced in certain surviving statuettes, coins, and gems, as to enable us partially to reconstruct it in our own minds.

It was thirty-nine feet high, and expressed a perfect picture of the sublimity and majesty befitting the powerful but peaceful daughter of the Olympian Zeus. Such qualities were of course only to be attained by entire simplicity and moderation in treatment, for the scale was so vast as to render any attempt at the expression of energy or emotion certain to be exaggerated. The actual figure was modelled on a core of wood, or, as some think, on a framework of iron bars and supports. To this foundation, the plates of ivory, rendered pliant by some process, were adapted in such a way as to represent the

face, neck, arms, and all the undraped parts of the figure, while the dress was formed entirely of gold. The value of the precious metal thus employed amounted, according to the most probable computation, to forty-four talents, or about 160,000*l*. It was so disposed by the artist that, in case of vital need on the part of the State, it could be removed and coined into money; and in this way, as is well known, he was enabled triumphantly to confute certain parties who had falsely accused him of embezzling some of the wardrobe of the goddess. He had her clothes taken off and weighed!

When the statue was complete, it stood erect, draped in a simple long flowing skirt arranged in deep longitudinal plaits, and falling low to the ground, called technically a *talaric chiton*. Above this, covering the upper part of the figure, and extending below the hips, lay a loose tunic without sleeves, fastened by a girdle which was visible in front. The right foot rested with the entire sole firmly planted on the ground, and bore the chief weight of the body; the left foot was slightly drawn back. The right upper arm was bent forwards along the bust, the lower arm extended. On the open palm of her right hand, the goddess bore a Nike, the winged symbol of victory, and the inseparable companion, messenger, and servant of *Atheue*, as well as of *Zeus*. The bent left hand lightly grasped the round upper border of her shield, which rested with the opposite edge

upon the ground, and, at the same time, held the lance. Within, on the inner or concave side of the shield was coiled upwards from the earth the city snake, the symbol of Erichthonios. The tall ornamented helmet on the head, the Ægis with the small curling snakes, and the Gorgoneion on the breast completed her attire.

But a delicate relief work was adapted separately to the flat spaces which the large and simple features of the statue made available for that purpose. On the base was seen represented in gold and ivory, like the statue itself, the creation of Pandora; on the high soles of the goddess, the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ; and within, on the edge of the shield, the battle of Athene with the giants. On the outer level surface of the shield, the centre was occupied by the Gorgoneion in gold, and around it the artist had brought out the battle of the Athenians with the Amazons. Among the contending Athenians, he had introduced his own portrait and that of Pericles; himself bald-headed, in the attitude of raising a stone with both hands, Pericles with a lifted lance, his face shaded with one arm, but easily recognizable.

Although the preceding observations on Phidias's great work have been made in their natural order, in connection with the Parthenon, they are really apropos of a highly-interesting imitation in marble of the original statue. This is the so-called Varvakeion Athene, now in the Central Museum. In the beginning of 1881 the







VARVAKEION ATHENE

world was startled by a telegram sent by the Mayor of Athens to the Lord Mayor of London, announcing that the Athene Niképhoros of Phidias had been discovered ! Impossible that it could be the gold and ivory statue of Athene Parthenos (just described), or the Athene Promachos which stood on the Acropolis, and must have been at least forty or fifty feet in height. The only other statue then that could possibly have been meant was the bronze Lemnian Athene, so highly praised by ancient authors. But this statue was not a Niképhoros, it did not hold a Victory.

In fact, some workmen digging on the ruins of a Roman house near the Varvakeion (the ancient northern boundary of the wall of the city), came upon the statue so-named ; and we can hardly feel surprised that the first effect of the discovery should have temporarily disturbed the self-possession of the Mayor.

It is a veritable miniature—though deficient in some details—of the chryselephantine statue above described. The material of which it is made is Pentelic marble of exceptional purity, derived probably from the quarries on the north side of Pentelicon. The polish of the surface, particularly on the face, is extraordinary, and was evidently intended to simulate ivory. It also bore traces, when first discovered, of gilding and of the application of colour. The height is about three feet five inches. It will be observed in the illustration—which

does very imperfect justice to the work—that the right hand, which bears a Nike, rests upon and is supported by an *upright pillar*. Long before the discovery of this statuette, the opinion of archæologists was much divided as to whether a corresponding device had a place in the great work of Phidias. In his colossal statue the Nike would have stood about six feet high, and, therefore, in whatever material it was composed, must have attained considerable weight. Some suggest that a strong bar of iron or copper within the right arm of the statue would have sufficed to sustain the Nike, without resorting to what they deem an extraneous and inartistic accessory like a pillar. Moreover, while all other available spaces about the statue were elaborately ornamented, so large a surface as that of the pillar could hardly be left plain; and yet Pausanias, who describes every other detail of ornament on the shield and even on the sandals of the goddess, makes no allusion to any design upon the pillar. Still, it is evident that without some influence to counteract its weight, the Nike must infallibly disturb the equilibrium of the statue; and the very fact that the pillar was a technical necessity, which already had its counterpart in many ancient idols, may have reconciled Phidias to its adoption.

It seems to me I cannot do better than conclude this subject with a quotation from one of Dr. C. Waldstein's brilliant essays, to which I am indebted for much infor-

mation. "If we can imagine ourselves," he says, "entering the sacred and graceful temples at Olympia and on the Acropolis, and before us, while we are in the dark and alone, one overpowering image over forty feet in height, the drapery of pure gold, face, neck, and arms of soft ivory, a world of colour and of form in the enamels and reliefs of the accessories, and all this brilliancy shrinking into the background of our consciousness, through the overpowering majesty of the spiritual beauty which they make visible; the brilliancy making us falter, the dimensions making us small, and the harmony and beauty lifting us up to admiration and to devotion; we shall then no longer be prejudiced against this form of art, we shall perhaps faintly realize what splendour and what grace dwelt in the art of Phidias."<sup>1</sup>

The French, German, and United States' Governments have each established a school of archæology at Athens; and the gentleman who is at the head of the American establishment was invited by Dr. Schliemann to meet us at breakfast. He was a tall, handsome man, of remarkably good figure and bearing, and with that quiet, unpretentious manner so characteristic of the best representatives of his country. He was not at all reserved, as in like circumstances an Englishman would most probably

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<sup>1</sup> *Essays on the Art of Phidias*, by Charles Waldstein, M.A., Cambridge, 1885.

be, but his observations were made in a tentative and somewhat deferential tone which was obviously meant to be conciliatory. We found his company extremely agreeable, enlivened as it was by the sallies of our host, and reinforced by Mrs. Schliemann's unfailing attentions in dispensing hospitality.

After breakfast, cigars, and coffee, we went together to visit an extensive collection of remains from Troy, arranged by Dr. Schliemann in a series of rooms in the basement of his own house. Many of those objects had evidently a special interest for him, arising from association, in addition to their intrinsic value as part of a large prehistoric collection.

The American gentleman, whose name, I regret to say, escaped me in the moment of our introduction, shortly afterwards took his leave; and we set off in the company of Dr. Schliemann to visit the collection of treasures discovered by him at Mycenæ. These unique and wonderful objects of ancient art have been most admirably arranged under Dr. Schliemann's superintendence, and it would be impossible to devise a system better adapted for their display. This was in itself a surprise to me, as from reading a somewhat recent work of Professor Mahaffy's on Greece, I had acquired an idea that the museums at Athens were a pattern of disorder, and that visitors to them suffered endless inconvenience from this absence of method.



The antiquities we had come in search of are lodged in the Polytechnic, a new and handsome building situated nearly at the extremity of the well-known Rue Patissia, in the north of the town. It has been founded at the expense of some wealthy private Greeks, and consists of a centre and two projecting wings in the Doric style of architecture. A fine iron railing and gates separate it from the roadway.

Having passed through these and crossed a court, we ascended some stone steps which led to a gallery, and on our left we found the entrance to the Mycenæ antiquities. Whatever one might have read, or previously seen in illustrations, of these objects, the reality was none the less startling; and thus to approach them for the first time, under the guidance of their renowned discoverer, was an experience that any one might have envied us. Dr. Schliemann addressed himself to the task he had so kindly undertaken with an interest and vivacity hardly second to that with which he had explored the original graves. Beginning with the first case, he leisurely traversed the contents of each, and drew our attention to all that was most remarkable in them, illustrating the more curious and important objects from the stores of his extensive knowledge and erudition.

We are told in the Acts of the Apostles that Peter being *very hungry*, and while waiting for his dinner, fell into a trance, in which he had a vision of numberless

good things let down from heaven in a vessel. Now, if we can imagine a very ardent prehistoric archæologist placed in similar circumstances to those of the saint, his dream might be of some such collection as that which we have here presented to us. Only unlike that which gratified the eyes of St. Peter, it would be drawn upwards from the bowels of the earth, and would not resemble anything he had previously seen. It is this wholly original, unique, and archaic character, together with its great beauty and intrinsic value, to which is due the startling effect it produces on the beholder. Heads of oxen in gold and silver, cuttle-fish in gold, heavy golden crowns and breastplates, numbers of masks of gold, a goblet of gold weighing 4 lbs. troy, rings curiously and elaborately engraved, swords in bronze of admirable workmanship, are spread before us in bewildering profusion.

It would be out of place here to attempt to describe all the objects, or even all the classes of objects that form this immense collection, and I shall confine myself to merely enumerating the contents of one grave out of the six, and commenting a little more in detail on such individual works as specially engaged our attention.

For this purpose I will take grave No. IV., in which five bodies were found. The faces of four of these had been covered with massive gold masks ; on the bodies of



two were large breastplates of the same metal, and close to the head of one lay a magnificent gold crown. To the thigh-bone of another of the corpses was attached a gold band, supposed to have served as an ornamental fastening for the greave or *knemis*. In the same precious metal were three shoulder-belts and ten plates to cover the pommels of sword-hilts; the remains of a sceptre richly inlaid with rock crystal; an unusually large and massive armlet, and two large signet-rings, on one of which a hunting scene and on the other a battle were engraved in intaglio; not to mention endless studs and smaller personal ornaments. Amongst weapons were found no less than forty-six bronze swords, more or less fragmentary; lances whose wooden shafts crumbled to dust on exposure to the air, and thirty-five arrow-heads of obsidian.

But the most remarkable objects in some respects were a number of huge copper cauldrons, most of which had been in actual use—three of them measuring from fourteen to twenty inches in diameter. They were probably introduced into the grave, in common with several earthenware vessels, to hold food for the use of the dead.

I have reserved, however, to the last the most valuable and interesting portion of the spoil derived from tomb No. IV., viz. nine gold cups, of which one alone weighs 4 lbs. troy; two wine-jugs, one of gold, the other of

silver; the ox's head above referred to, of silver, with horns of gold and a gold star in the forehead; a silver vase in the form of a stag, and a three-handled alabaster cup.

The larger of the gold cups just mentioned is a real *chef d'œuvre* in workmanship, and possesses additional interest from its manifest resemblance to that which Homer describes as the goblet of the aged Nestor. It stands on an elegant foot and has two handles, while on each handle rests a dove wrought in gold. There are some differences of detail between this and the Homeric pattern, but the general resemblance in style is striking and incontestable.

But what chiefly rivetted our attention, and I may add fascinated our guide, notwithstanding his familiarity with the object, was a large gold ring, on the oval chaton of which was engraved the following singular scene. To the left, a female figure is seated at the foot of a tree whose branches incline slightly above her, and in her left hand she holds three poppy-heads. Before her stands another female figure advancing her right hand as if to receive the poppy-heads; and between these two again is another smaller female figure in front of the knees of the seated figure, holding up a flower as if in the act of offering it. Behind the taller standing figure, and on the extreme right of the scene, is another female figure holding flowers in either hand. So that, if we

include one, not yet mentioned, standing behind the seated figure, and apparently gathering fruit from one of the branches of the tree, the picture presents altogether five female figures. But these are by no means all. We see also a double-edged battle-axe, a spear, and what appears to be the Palladium; while on the opposite side of the scene are very distinctly represented the sun and the crescent moon; and below them is a double wavy line bent round in a curve to represent the sea. When I add that six other objects, supposed by Dr. Schliemann to be masks, are ranged round—or rather suggested—in the curve of the chaton, and that an embroidered pattern is indicated on the skirts of the ladies' dresses, it will be seen that in this ring we possess an extraordinary work of art.

And then the question arises, what is this Art "fashion'd by long-forgotten hands," of which we have before us so many and varied examples? "Phœnician and pre-Homeric," says Dr. Schliemann; and in this opinion most competent critics and scholars will agree. In fact, the treasures are inferior and therefore anterior to those of which we obtain frequent glimpses in the Homeric poems, and display marks of a civilization tinged with Oriental influences. As Herodotus, in the very beginning of his history, aptly relates, Phœnician traders brought "Egyptian and Assyrian wares to Argos and other parts of Greece, in remote days."

I shall now conclude by briefly noting some of the points most characteristic of the collection as a whole. In the first place, it contains not a trace of writing. Secondly, there is a complete absence of iron, all the implements of war being made of bronze, and the remaining articles of gold, silver, and copper. Thirdly, the artistic qualities of the deposits are not of a remarkably high order, and present this peculiarity, that the lower forms of animal life are more successfully rendered than the higher. Thus, as a rule, quadrupeds are more correctly represented than men, birds than quadrupeds, fishes and insects than birds.

But what may justly astonish us more than all else, is the enormous quantity of gold—intrinsically valued at some 5000*l.*—accumulated together in the five graves. The fact accords very well with the independent tradition that the house of Pelops had come to Mycenæ from countries bordering the Pactolus, and with the epithet of “rich in gold,” applied by Homer to the city itself. We know, also, on the weighty authority of Thucydides, that “Pelops brought from Asia large treasures to the indigent people of the Peninsula, and thus acquired great power.”

Before quitting the Polytechnic Museum, we turned aside for a short time to visit an interesting collection of Egyptian antiquities, presented by a Greek gentleman of Alexandria. Amongst them was an elegant model of

an obelisk in bronze, with the hieroglyphics thickly inlaid in silver; and a lovely portrait, with which we were all *épris*, of Cleopatra, on a medal.

From here Dr. Schliemann carried us off in an open carriage to the museum on the Acropolis—a mean building intended to be only a receptacle for fragments of statuary found from time to time among the ruins. We saw ranged along the walls, by a curious inversion of justice, plaster casts of the frieze of the Parthenon, the originals of which are in London. Many think that the British nation might now gracefully restore Lord Elgin's plunder to its rightful owners; but, alas! *quis custodiet custodes ipsos?* and who would guarantee the safety of such works of Art, if the belligerent spirit of the Greeks should again bring a Turkish army to Athens?

What we most admired in the museum were the remains of the balustrade of the little temple of Nike Apteros (so called), which forms part of the western wing of the Propylæum. Amongst them are three reliefs, one representing a Nike in the act of adorning a trophy; another, two of the sisterhood conducting an animal to the sacrificial altar; and a third, in which Nike is stooping *to tie her sandals*. The latter is a work of extraordinary beauty, and by no one who has once seen it can it possibly be forgotten. All eyes are involuntarily attracted by the attitude and pose of the goddess, so simple and natural and, at the same time, so graceful:—

“An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the heaven’s brink.”

Dr. Schliemann’s passion for Homer is notorious, but it may not be so generally known that he is also a devoted student of Plutarch. When he has a coat made, it is always provided with a special pocket for that delightful author, who accompanies him in his rides and expeditions, and shares the greater part of his leisure moments. Accordingly, as we were returning through the temple, he very naturally reminded us how Demetrius Poliorcetes had once been lodged there for some time, and how unworthy he showed himself of the hospitality of the Virgin goddess.

He also told us, apropos of the Odeion, the splendid theatre which lay in ruin at our feet, the history of that remarkable private citizen, Claudius Tiberius Herodes Atticus, a man of immense wealth, which he spent chiefly in great works of public utility. He was married to an illustrious Roman lady, Appia Annia Regilla, in memory of whom he built the Odeion, which is still called also by her name. When, as a young man, he came into possession of his enormous inheritance, he consulted the Emperor Hadrian as to what he should do with it. The emperor wrote back, “Use it.” Herodes replied it was too great for use. “Then abuse it,” was the answer returned. However, he applied his fortune to the most exemplary purposes, and suffered in consequence the

proverbial envy and malignity of the Athenian populace.

It was nearly dark when Dr. Schliemann paused in his most agreeable conversation to take leave of us, and we soon after hurried off in a carriage and pair, the driver of which promised to take us to the Peiræus in half an hour, and kept his word. We were expecting two guests to dinner on board the yacht the same evening.







## CHAPTER XV.

### ELEUSIS.

“Die beglückende Mutter der Welt.”

*Schiller.*

“Mother of earth with blessings fraught.”



EARLY on Monday morning, the 1st of December, according to previous arrangement, we were met by Dr. Marx at the Athens terminus; and without the delay of entering the town, set off immediately in a well-horsed landau to Eleusis. This village, as is well known, though at a distance of eleven miles or so, was intimately allied with, indeed, formed an indispensable element in the life of ancient Athens. It is true that in earlier times they had been separate states, holding no relations except those of hostility to each other, and it will be remembered that the Thirty Tyrants, when expelled by Thrasybulus, took refuge at Eleusis. But the two peoples were finally united by the powerful bond of a common religious worship, for at Eleusis stood the famous temple of

DEMETER, to which the most solemn processions of Athenian citizens resorted periodically from the Dipylon. The road which led from one to the other was called emphatically the "Sacred Way," and we traversed it in great part this morning.

The Eleusinian Festival, or Procession, of which I am speaking, had an historical and positive significance to which we can find nothing exactly parallel in any Jewish or Christian rite. It recognized and commemorated the reformation of mankind from a state of fierce manners and a wandering, unsettled life in tents, to habits of human fellowship and fixed habitations. Such had been the period of the Troglodyte, whose fastness was the mountain cave ; of the nomad, who wastefully consumed, as he passed, the scanty produce of the soil ; of the hunter, whose hand was against every man, and to whose weapons the stranger's life was forfeit.

It was at such a time that Demeter, seeking her lost daughter, Persephone, or Kora, arrives in Attica, and is moved to pity by the misery and desolation that confront her. The earth bears neither flower nor fruit ; there is not a roof to shelter her, should she wish to tarry ; no pillared fane rises in testimony of man's veneration for the immortals. Only, on hideous altars, are rotting the ghastly remnants of human sacrifice ; and not yet has been discovered the kindly barley meal to serve as food and propitiatory offering.

With the rude warrior's spear, the Goddess traces the first furrow; and, taking from her garland an ear of corn, instructs Triptolemus in the sacred art of agriculture. Soon the golden harvest is waving over the land, and Demeter herself chooses the stone, which she consecrates as the first domestic hearth. At her intercession Zeus grants an omen of approval, and all the gods in turn lend their aid to furnish the elementary wants of primitive society.

“ With soft affections weave the social plan,  
And charm the listening Savage into Man.”

Such is the picture drawn with true poetic insight by Schiller, in his poem of the Eleusinian Festival; but in the Homeric hymn to Demeter we are presented with a more circumstantial, perhaps a more prosaic, version of the same event. Unknown, and despairing in consequence of her fruitless search, the goddess reaches Eleusis, and in the guise of an old and travel-worn woman she is hospitably received and entertained by Keleos, the reigning prince, and his wife Metaneira. In token of acknowledgment, she presents their son, Triptolemus, with some ears of corn, and instructs him in the art of agriculture. This gift, so full of blessings for mankind, redeeming them as it did from the lower grades of herdsmen and hunters, and initiating the course of civic and political life, was commemorated twice yearly, in the

months Anthesterion (end of February and beginning of March) and Boedromion (corresponding with our September). In this way the story of Demeter was interwoven with the beautiful and expressive myth of which her daughter Persephone was the subject. Persephone had been carried off by Pluto to the lower world, and was permitted by Zeus to dwell with her captor for one quarter of the year—the period of winter and unproductiveness. But with the beginning of Spring she revisited her mother and remained on Olympus for the rest of the year. Thus were personified the annual restoration and decline of Nature, as these wonderful phenomena presented themselves to primitive perceptions in each recurring spring and autumn.

Closely united with the cult of those two divinities—mother and daughter—at Eleusis, was the worship of Dionysos, or Iachkos, who was also glorified as the instructor of mankind in the arts of social life. “On the sixth day of the Eleusinian mysteries,” says the late Bishop Wordsworth, “the figure of Bacchus—not the Theban deity, but the youthful son of Ceres and the giver of the vine to man—crowned with a chaplet of myrtle, and holding a torch in his hand, was carried in procession; he was followed over hill and plain by thousands of worshippers, clad in festal attire, wearing garlands of leaves of the ivy, and chanting his praises in strains of harmonious adoration.”

It will thus be seen that the myth of Demeter filled a most important place in the religious conceptions of Attica; and it may be asserted, without the least tinge of irreverence, that she and her divine daughter (they were inseparably united in popular thought and speech) formed the familiar centre for a tide of sentiment, similar to that which flowed towards the Virgin and Saviour in Roman Catholic times and countries. Demeter supplied the perennial need felt by mankind for a Mater Dolorosa.

Our carriage having started not from the Dipylon, but from the railway-station, the first point at which we struck the Sacred Way, was close by the Botanic Garden, remarkable for the rich belt of tall leafy poplars which surround it, and in the midst of the olive-groves that cover the Cephissian plain. We next crossed the Cephissus itself by an ancient stone bridge, which, like so many other objects along the route, recalls the name and worship of Demeter. In the Homeric hymn just referred to it is mentioned that the sorrowing mother while resting under the roof of Keleos, is temporarily diverted from the gloomy thoughts that oppress her by the jests and playfulness of a serving-woman named Iambe. And in the procession along the Sacred Way, this incident was perpetuated by a curious custom. A man, with suitable gifts of tongue, chosen for the occasion, and dressed in female attire, was posted at

this bridge, where he excited the laughter of the crowd by pelting the dignitaries of Athens, and other public personages who passed, with well-directed "chaff" more unrestrained, if less witty, than the literary satire of Aristophanes.

The morning was lovely, the sun bright and warm, and not a cloud intercepted the deep blue of the Attic sky over our heads. The natural beauty of the scene, mingled with the memories of the past, operated on our spirits like an elixir, and conversation, quotation, allusion, discussion, were stimulated by each fresh incident of the route. At one place Dr. Marx pointed out Phylæ, the scene of Thrasybulus's memorable exploit; at another the probable site of the lost deme of Acharnæ, whose inhabitants furnished the title for one of Aristophanes's well-known comedies.

In fact, it would be impossible to find another spot of earth so crowded with great associations as this corner of Attica, in which we are now shut in between her beautiful mountains and the sea. Kings, Princes, Satraps, Pharaohs, Consuls, Prætors, Augustus Cæsars, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, as well as crowds of other learned and illustrious men have bent their steps towards the same goal to which we are now tending. Let us only fancy some English or Scotch parish of the same extent, which could boast among its sons three such names as those of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus! Yet in our brief

morning's drive we passed within sight of Colonus, the birthplace of the first; saw Salamis, where the second was born, close upon our left; and halted at Eleusis, the native city of the third. Surely it was not in vain that the gods of Olympus received such splendid homage, since they so richly dowered this favoured land with the choicest gifts of the divine spirit.

Our road next entered a defile which splits Mount Ægaleos in twain, and leads by a somewhat steep ascent to the Pass of Daphne, a rocky and romantic gorge. While our driver and horses were partaking of the customary refreshment at a large café which stands near the summit, we had an opportunity of examining the surviving remains. The most conspicuous of these is the Convent of Daphne, a massive stone building of the Middle Age, erected out of the ruins of the temple of Apollo, which had formerly occupied the same spot. It is a legend of the guide-books that a few nuns still dwell here, and that one of them opens the church-door to strangers who seek admission. But at the time of our visit they were either temporarily or permanently absent, and we were shown over the place by a solitary old man, tall and venerable, whose "voice was thin as voices from the grave." He specially directed our attention to what must once have been some fine Byzantine mosaics in gold, particularly those of the Christos Pantokrátor in the dome. As we passed through the courtyard, we



noticed some elegant Ionic columns built into the convent wall; and on ascending a high stone staircase open to the air, we reached a terrace which ran in front of a suite of cells, probably occupied by the sisters during the hot season. If their æsthetic appetites were not entirely subdued by discipline, there was much to gratify them in the enchanting view to be obtained from this terrace over a part of the Bay of Eleusis.

Carved in the rocks on the opposite side of the Pass, we saw numerous niches for the reception of votive tablets; and some of the inscriptions still remaining show them to have been connected with an adjoining temple to Aphrodite. Indeed, there is abundant evidence to show that either side of the Sacred Way, from Athens to Eleusis, was studded with religious monuments,—temples, shrines, and tombs of the illustrious dead.

The carriage-road now begins to descend towards the Thriasian Plain, and soon passes on the right some curious salt-springs called Rheitoi, while on the left it winds round the beautiful Bay of Eleusis, which sparkled like a broad, splendid gem set in the surrounding mountains. On the south the circle is all but completed by the lofty island of Salamis, so that this arm of the sea has all the appearance of an inland lake. For a distance of about four miles our road lay close by the shore, on which the silver points of foam rose and fell with a soft, musical

cadence such as they may have chanted in the ears of the processionists of old.

We often had occasion to think during our tour that fully to appreciate Byron one must visit the more characteristic parts of Greece ; and it is one of his indubitable merits as a poet that he has added even to the charms of that incomparable land. It is he who has forged the vocabulary in which alone can be adequately expressed its great natural features of sea and sun, sky and mountain ; and as we behold one or other of them his immortal verse usurps the field of thought. There was much in the contrast between this unsullied sea, radiant with perpetual youth, and the faded track by its side, still furrowed with the chariot-wheels of antiquity, to give fresh force to his well-known lines :—

“ Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow,  
Such as creation’s dawn beheld, thou rollest now.”

As we approached Eleusis our driver was seized with an impulse common to his class all over the world, and began noisily to crack his whip and urge his horses to a rapid trot. Notwithstanding his furious pace our arrival in front of the principal khan, where groups of peasants were drinking and merry-making, attracted little attention, and, like the famous earthquake at the battle of Lake Regillus, we might “ have rolled unheededly away ” just as we had come. Instead of doing so, however, we descended from the carriage, and seizing our portly

luncheon-basket, turned our backs upon the khan and retreated to a shaded spot amongst the fallen and dismantled columns of the Propylæum of the great temple.

The modern Eleusis, now called Levsina, is a poor fever-stricken village containing some 1200 inhabitants, almost entirely Albanians.

The latter circumstance, which also implies ignorance of Greek, raised an unfavourable presumption with regard to them, which actual experience had the effect of dissipating. We were hardly seated at luncheon when a contingent of the younger inhabitants, of ages ranging from three to seven, timidly approached us, evidently attracted more by curiosity and an interest in their visitors than by any hope of plunder. Indeed, we had a difficulty in inducing a few of the more daring to partake of some of our good things; but at last their shyness was overcome, and several of the dear little creatures attached themselves to us in the most confiding spirit. One fine boy, with handsome dark eyes and a fair skin, insinuated his little hand surreptitiously and coaxingly into mine; while another volunteered to carry a package belonging to S. H. for the rest of the afternoon. We were agreeably surprised to find, too, that the children, unlike the parents, understood Greek from having been taught in the village school; and there is no doubt that at present public education is one of the most trusted and

far-reaching agencies for the regeneration of the Hellenic kingdom.

After luncheon we proceeded to visit the temple which is now being systematically excavated by the Archæological Society of Athens, under the direction of Professor Philios, to whom Dr. Marx introduced us. The site of the temple has been hitherto in part occupied by the houses of the inhabitants, which, mean as they were, still formed an effectual obstacle to exploration. But Greek enterprise and determination have cleared them away, and so much of the building has now been exposed as to enable Professor Philios to draw a complete plan of the design. In going through the portions so far uncovered, we were surprised at the massive structure of the walls; and for the first time saw the *interior* of the cella divided by four parallel rows of Ionic columns.

It was the largest, and in some respects the finest temple in Greece, having been built by Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon; and he so designed it that the Propylæum looked towards its sister on the Acropolis, a second monument of the age of Pericles.

Professor Philios had formed a temporary collection, which he guarded with jealous care, of small objects discovered in the ruins, but among them we saw nothing of conspicuous interest or merit; nothing at all worthy to compare with the Eleusinian Relief now placed in the Central Museum at Athens.

This was found in the Propylæum, and is a votive offering, representing Demeter, with flowing locks, and a sceptre in her left hand, extending to a youth—Triptolemus, or Iachkos, or perhaps the victor in a contest—some ears of corn, while Kora places a chaplet on his head.

Our interest in penetrating to all quarters of the temple was heightened, of course, by the remembrance that here had been the seat and centre of those famous Mysteries, initiation in which was deemed the highest honour that antiquity could bestow. The secrets they professed to reveal had undoubted reference to the immortality of the soul, a doctrine probably illustrated by the ear of corn concealed in the dark earth, reappearing in the green blade, and finally renewed in the golden harvest; a subject eminently congenial to the cult of Demeter and Persephone. At any rate, the doctrines imparted were deemed so sacred that any unauthorized betrayal of them involved the guilt of sacrilege; and Æschylus was accused to the court of the Areopagus because it was supposed they were too plainly hinted at in a passage of one of his plays.

The remainder of our time at Eleusis was passed on the low rocks of the ancient mole, which runs for a considerable distance out into the sea, where we sat almost among the babbling waves, unwilling to resign "the tender grace of a day" that was likely to be unique in our experience.

Our road back to the khan led through a part of the Albanian village, in which we saw dark-haired, handsome women, dressed in a becoming costume of white and red, spinning in front of their cottage doors. The slanting rays of the sun which fell upon them rendered them highly picturesque; and with this pleasant impression upon our minds we returned to Athens, our excursion thence having occupied altogether about nine hours.





## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE CERAMEICUS.

“Morte ti chiama ; al cominciar del giorno  
 L’ultimo istante. Al nido onde ti parti  
 Non tornerai. L’aspetto  
 De’ tuoi dolci parenti  
 Lasci per sempre. Il loco  
 A cui movi, è sotterra :  
 Ivi fia d’ ogni tempo il tuo soggiorno.  
 Forse beata sei ; ma pur chi mira,  
 Seco pensando, al tuo destin, sospira.”<sup>1</sup>

*Leopardi.*

*Lines written on an ancient sepulchral bas-relief, representing the death of a young girl and her relatives taking leave of her.*



HE Cerameicus lies so close to the Dipylon,  
 which ought properly to have been our  
 starting-point for Eleusis, that it will be  
 no infraction of natural order to include  
 some notice of it in the present chapter.

<sup>1</sup> Translation :—

“In flower of youth and beauty’s bloom,  
 Death calls thee to the silent tomb.



The Dipylon, standing on the west side of the town, was the chief entrance to ancient Athens, and got its name from the fact that, unlike all the other gateways at Athens and the Peiræus, it was traversed by *two* roads separated by a wide intervening space. Externally it was flanked by strong towers, and defended internally by an elaborate system of fortification, so that it must have formed a conspicuous and imposing feature of the city walls. On a stone of an outer tower still standing we saw inscribed ὄρος Κεραμεικοῦ, which signifies "boundary of the Cerameicus," and thus the Dipylon separated the quarter of that name from the suburb with which it was naturally connected.

Almost immediately outside the Dipylon was the famous "Cemetery in the Cerameicus," in its day something more than the Westminster Abbey of Attica, and now the only ancient burial-ground preserved to us in Greece. In the calamities that followed the fall of the

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From that loved home which holds thy heart,  
For ever thou art doomed to part.  
The faces of thy kindred dear,  
Sweet with the sympathetic tear,  
Thou'lt see not, nor their voices hear.  
But deep within the earth's cold breast  
Must be thy place of lasting rest.  
Perchance, who knows? thou may'st be blest.  
Yet none can pass thy last memorial by,  
And think upon thy fate without a sigh."

Roman Empire, and through the growth of soil which seems to take place by a natural process wherever human habitations are congregated, the Cerameicus itself was entombed;<sup>2</sup> and it is only within the last score of years that excavation has again brought into view the site of the Dipylon and the adjoining cemetery.

It was not the custom of the Greeks, as of modern nations, to hide away the dead out of sight; but on the contrary, they loved to range the monuments and memorials of their departed friends and of illustrious citizens by the sides of the public highways, and in conspicuous positions. The Tomb, through the tender religious service and constant care of which it was the object, came to be not so much a mere memorial as a sacred bond of union between the living and the dead. The latter, indeed, had stepped over the border into the land of shadows, but it was still in the power of surviving friends and relatives by pious ministrations to comfort and succour them in their dark abode.

The Cerameicus lying, as I have said, so near to the Dipylon and the commencement of the Sacred Way to Eleusis, admirably fulfilled this idea of publicity and also of a certain participation in the great religious ceremonies and processions which took place along that route. It thus became a distinguished place of interment, not only

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<sup>2</sup> Perhaps beneath the Agger raised by Sylla when he besieged and took Athens in B.C. 86.

for eminent men, but also for ladies; and among subsisting monuments at least two-thirds are representatives of the fair sex.

It may not be out of place here to observe that with the Greeks burial was not a merely conventional ceremony, but a highly important religious rite, and was paid vicariously even to the remains of those who had fallen at a distance in battle, or had been lost at sea. Great practical consequence was attributed to it as determining the fate of the dead hereafter, and every reader of the *Odyssey* will remember the touching and cogent appeal made by the ghost of Elpenor to have his funeral rites duly performed. The motive of the beautiful tragedy of *Antigone* is derived from the overmastering sense with which the heroine is possessed of the duty incumbent on her of rendering sepulture to the corpse of her brother. It is prohibited to do so under pain of death, but she is resolved to carry out the pious deed. As she says,—

ἐπεὶ πλείων χρόνος  
δὲν δει μὲν ἀρέσκειν τοῖς κάτω, τῶν ἐνθάδε.

“But for a day, our life on earth is made,  
While endless service claims his kindred shade;”

or, “There comes a long hereafter in which I must dwell with the shades of my kindred and account to them, rather than to the living, for the duties I owe them.”

The Cerameicus itself was the scene of the most me-

morable funeral obsequies of antiquity when the remains of those who fell in the expedition against Samos were brought back to Athens and interred with great pomp, and a noble panegyric pronounced by Pericles. For three days before the ceremony, the bones of the deceased warriors were exposed in tents, in order that the relatives of each might have the opportunity of bringing offerings. They were then placed in coffins of cypress and carried forth on carts to the burial-place of the Cerameicus; one coffin for each of the ten tribes, and one empty couch (*κλίνη*), formally laid out, to represent those warriors whose bones had not been discovered or collected.

Those purists who exclaim against the use of wreaths at modern funerals and deem the practice an innovation, may be interested to know that garlands of beautiful flowers were universally employed by the Greeks for a similar purpose. They were brought by relatives and friends, especially on the demise of young persons, just as at present; and a Hetaira (Alciphron, Epist. i. 36) complains that her lover does not come himself, but sends her garlands and roses, as he would to *an early grave*.

I think it no exaggeration to say that the portion of the Cerameicus so far uncovered by the Archaeological Society is one of the most interesting spots in Athens, and it is much to be regretted that the labours of this Society cannot be extended to their full scope, in conse-

quence of the exorbitant "compensation" claimed by the actual occupiers of the *terrain*.

On the top of a high mound outside the entrance—really the level of the ground before excavation—is perched a modern humpty-dumpty chapel, grotesquely painted in broad strips of red and yellow, and dignified with the name of Hagia Trias, or Holy Trinity. Thence a steep incline leads down to the enclosure, which contains no other emblems of mortality than a few upright sepulchral slabs standing *in situ*, on which are portrayed, in low relief, domestic scenes of inexpressible tenderness and beauty.

And here it must be admitted that the practice, to a great extent followed by the Greek Government, of retaining the national antiquities in the places where they have been found, instead of centralizing them in distant museums, is one much to be commended. In the Cerameicus, at least, the advantages of the rule are manifest, as the monuments gain immensely in interest and pathos from local associations. The place lies, too, so far below the level of the adjoining streets that no noise reaches it, and it seems almost as much withdrawn from the outer world as are those meads of asphodel to which the dead have been conducted by their Siren guides.

Though these simple monuments enchain the attention by their evident artistic beauty, their association with





DEXILEOS



the wondrous past that gave them birth, and the sacredness that belongs to them as emblems of the dead, yet, standing in their presence, certain questions will inevitably arise in the mind of the observer. To what age do they belong? from what school of art, if from any, have they emanated? and are they all of the same, or of different periods?

The three examples which I have selected for illustration will answer these questions in varying degrees. They are the tombs of Dexileos, of Hegeso Proxeno, and of Demetria Pamphile—the first of which presents an extensive field for observation, and forms in itself a most instructive chapter of archæological study. I may say, in the first place, that its date is fixed from internal evidence (into which I shall enter presently more in detail) at 394 B.C., i.e. six years after the close of the fifth century.

If we observe the *form* of the monument, it will be seen to be somewhat wider at the base than at the summit, and that, as it rises, its width insensibly diminishes. This is an indication that it belongs to the period of pure Greek art which always sought to liberate itself from the rigid monotony of right angles, as we have already seen in the delicately-inclined lines of the Parthenon and in the wonderful door of the Erechtheion. Another proof of its Hellenic origin is the entire absence of extraneous ornament of any kind, either on the sides, pediment, or

base. Its naked simplicity thus serves to enhance the beauty of the principal theme, and to allow the spectator's attention to concentrate itself on the subject of the relief alone.

The relief presents a group consisting of two personages, one on horseback, the other on the ground; and the subject represented is a combat. This would be still more evident if time had not effaced some of the original accessories of the work. There can be no doubt that the mounted figure held a lance pointed in the direction of his prostrate antagonist. Holes for fixing it are still to be seen in the marble of the rider's thigh. From the presence of similar perforations in the side of the head, and that the hair had evidently been adapted to some such arrangement, it may be inferred that he wore a metal *petasos* similar in shape to those worn by some of the horsemen on the frieze of the Parthenon. The side of the horse's head also shows unmistakable marks of bit and bridle, which, together with the sword and spear, were almost certainly of bronze gilt.

Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the two combatants. The short cloak of the knight, worn above his *chlamys*, and blown backwards by the wind, imparts to his advance an aspect of dash and impetuosity which is heightened by the attitude of the horse suddenly reined upon its haunches, as well as by the defiant expression of the animal's head. The figure of the fallen

warrior is not less perfect, and has drawn forth high praise from M. F. Lenormant, who says, "the expression in his face of reticent grief and manly resignation is quite admirable." His body is supported entirely on the left knee, which seems as it were to project out of the marble, and forms a strongly salient point in the foreground of the relief. This feature gives to the whole composition a look of startling reality. The right arm, which most probably held a sword, is lifted, as if in a desperate effort to reach his assailant, while the left arm is supported, perhaps a little awkwardly, by the shield. The anterior surface of the base forms an arc of a circle, and on this receding face the inscription is carved in bold, handsome characters of more than an inch in height:—

ΔΕΞΙΛΕΩΣ ΛΥΣΑΝΙΟ ΘΟΡΙΚΙΟΣ  
ΕΓΕΝΕΤΟ ΕΠΙ ΤΕΙΣΑΝΔΡΟ ΑΡΧΟΝΤΟΣ  
ΑΠΕΘΑΝΕ ΕΠ' ΕΥΒΟΛΙΔΟ  
ΕΓ ΚΟΡΙΝΘΩ ΤΩΝ ΠΕΝΤΕ ΙΠΠΕΩΝ.

"Dexileos, son of Lysanias, of Thoricos, was born under the archon Teisandros, died under Eubulidos, at Korinth, of the five knights."

The foregoing *data* of the two archons render it certain that the monument was erected in 394 B.C., and that the youth whom it commemorates was twenty years of age, when he fell in the service of his country. The allusion to the five knights can only be guessed at by us, but it

doubtless indicated some national event as familiar to the Athenian public as would be the names of Isandula or Rorke's Drift to modern English readers. The special circumstances in which Dexileos lost his life have not been consecrated by the Muse of History, but taking the date of his death together with the epitaph, we may almost certainly infer that the occasion was the battle of Corinth, fought July, 394 B.C. It will be found well described in Grote (vol. ix. p. 427, second edition). The Athenian forces in the engagement had become divided, and while the soldiers of four of the tribes were pursuing the Tegeatans at a distance, those of the remaining six were surrounded by the Lacedæmonians and mercilessly cut to pieces. No doubt, in the struggle some memorable feat of gallantry and devotion, the particulars of which have not come down to us, was accomplished by the five knights with whom Dexileos is numbered.

His name has a well-marked Athenian flavour, and is often met with under the form Δεξιλάος in inscriptions from Delphi; while his native place, Thoricos, was a most important deme of Attica. Its position on the east coast is still marked by considerable ruins—a portico, a theatre, and some remains of fortifications.

The monument presents a feature of minor interest in the somewhat curious orthography of the above epitaph. To a novice, Greek inscriptions are not at all easy reading, in great part because many of them are written in an

archaic form of alphabet ignored in ordinary grammars. In the subject of epigraphy the name of Euclid constitutes a familiar landmark. He was archon in the year 403 B.C.; and previous to his time the letters "omega" and "eta" had no place in the written characters of Attica. O did duty for the former, and ε for the latter. But the monument to Dexileos was erected just nine years subsequent to the archonship of Euclid, and we accordingly find Ω occurs in it, while the forms of some letters, Ξ Γ and the case endings, conform to the earlier usage. These case endings exhibit the archaic use of O for the diphthong OΥ, which is still frequent in the age of transition extending from the century of Pericles to the Macedonian period. We find here four instances of it in three lines—

*Λυσανιο* for *Λυσανιου*;

*Τεισανδρο* for *Τεισανδρου*;

*Ευβολιδο* for *Ευβολιδου*.

The second monument I have named is undoubtedly the most beautiful of all, and is chiefly interesting from the point of view of art. It once stood over the tomb of Hegeso, daughter of Proxenos; and the very low relief, together with other features common to it and the figures of the Parthenon frieze, have caused critics to refer it to that supreme period of Attic genius. This resemblance is seen not only in the grace and delicacy, which approach

that of the head of Demeter in the frieze, but in the character of the *coiffure*, in the lines of the profile, and in the arrangement of the drapery. The cap which covers the knot of hair at the back of the head (*opisthosphendone*) appears to have been a fashionable head-dress, not only at the time when the frieze of the Parthenon was executed, but at the dates of later and even earlier Greek statues.

The composition, as a whole, is of the utmost simplicity. A pediment—always a sacred symbol, which never appears on the dwellings of mortals—is supported by two pilasters, and within the temple-like portico thus formed the female figures are portrayed. The mistress, wearing a long, sleeveless *chiton*—it is the extremity of the *peplos*, slung over the shoulder, which partly covers the left arm—is seated on a handsome carved chair, while her feet rest on an artistic foot-stool, a mark of rank in ancient Athens. It may as truly be said of a lady as of a poet, “*Nascitur, non fit*,” and the beautiful subject of this relief is evidently to the manner born. Her station may be seen in the graceful pose of the head, in the delicate play of her fingers among the objects she is engaged in selecting from her casket, and in the quiet dignity which rests upon her attitude and features. The standing figure of the attendant is dressed in the *chiton* with sleeves, in shoes instead of sandals, and a close-fitting domestic cap, in contrast to the *opisthosphendone* and the diadem which



HEGESO PROXENO.





supports her mistress's hair in front. Yet she has not been introduced by the artist to serve the vulgar purpose of a mere foil; on the contrary, she is youthful and prepossessing, and in appearance might very well pass for a sister of the lady whose casket she holds.

The scene, taken altogether, has an indescribable charm, partly derived from the two figures and their surroundings, and partly from the glimpse it affords of the inner mind of the Greeks, which regarded Man as the "crown of things," and preferred to depict, even on the tomb, the happy events of life rather than the gloomy associations of death.

Theirs is the same spirit which found expression so long afterwards in the words of Mme. Dupin, when speaking of the eighteenth century: "On jouissait de la vie; et quand l'heure de la perdre était venue, on ne cherchait pas à dégoûter les autres de vivre."

In the Demetria-Pamphile we have again two female figures—one seated, the other standing—within the porch of an *ædicula*, or sacred building; but in all other respects the contrast between this and the previous monument is complete. Instead of the very low relief and quiet simplicity of the Hegeso Proxeno, the figures are executed in high relief, and have assumed the life-like proportions and richness of *contour* which mark full statues. This increase of size and exuberance of detail probably show that it is later in date; but it yet exhibits abundant proof

of having been designed and completed under the influence of Pheidias traditions.

It must be observed that the two figures themselves differ considerably in style, and almost seem as if both had not proceeded from the same hands. In that which is seated, the type of head is ideal and refined, while in the other the features are coarse and fleshy ; and the arrangement of the hair of the latter in small, shell-like spirals, is unlike anything of the kind which we see elsewhere.

But at whatever period the work was produced, the persistence of Pheidias forms and their sway over the mind of the actual artist can readily be traced in the figure of Demetria. The head is not very different from what that of Athene in the Parthenon frieze would be, if viewed *en face* ; and the remainder of the figure presents a striking resemblance to the Hera. One need only compare them to see how closely they correspond—in the *tournure* of the cloak which covers the head, the inclination of the figure from right to left, which causes the left leg to bend inwards, and the fall of the drapery as it covers the legs and hangs down from the chair. Finally, the chair, or rather throne, on which Demetria is seated is very similar to that of Zeus in the Parthenon frieze.<sup>2</sup>

What, it may be asked, is the explanation of these resemblances, which it is impossible to regard as mere

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<sup>2</sup> See Waldstein ; Art of Pheidias, page 316.



DEMETRIA PAMPHILE



coincidences, between the Attic sepulchral reliefs and the frieze of the Parthenon? In the first place, it must be borne in mind that there is a complete, or nearly complete, absence of this form of art from the period of the fifth century (that is, contemporary with the building of the Parthenon), if we except the beautiful *stele* of Aristion, which is quite unique of its kind. Then, again, we know that in the decoration of the Parthenon and other temples great numbers of workmen and artists who had streamed from all parts of Greece to Athens were trained under the hands of Pheidias, in carrying his immense designs into execution. As so often happens in human affairs, this brief era of culture, expansion, and almost super-human productiveness was extinguished in disaster. Pheidias is driven into exile; soon after, the Peloponnesian war begins; the pestilence rages in Attica; Pericles himself dies, leaving the public treasury exhausted! As a natural consequence the workmen were disbanded, and it cannot be doubted that the sculptors among them were glad to take commissions for the execution of those sepulchral slabs. The frieze of the Parthenon, on which they had been for years diligently engaged, whose forms had incessantly occupied their minds and were still before their eyes, gave the cue for these new designs; and thus was established a fashion, eagerly taken up and followed by the wealthier Athenians.

The total number known of these Attic sepulchral slabs

is altogether very considerable, and of such reliefs Professor Conze, in his great work for the Academy of Sciences of Vienna, has collected between two and three thousand instances. Besides the three which I have selected for description from the Cerameicus, I ought to mention a noble group of four persons, inscribed Damastirate and Polycleidus; another representing a mother, child, and servant; the lovely slab of Amenocleia, daughter of Andromenos, in which she is having the sandal of her left foot adjusted by a kneeling slave, on whose head she lightly rests the fingers of the right hand, in order to maintain her balance; and an exquisite group of two female figures on a tombstone found in the Peiræus. Visitors to Paris can see an example of this kind of relief in the Myrtia Kephisia slab, in the Louvre (No. 228, Salle de la Sculpture Grecque Primitive).

We should do well to remember that in early Greek art there is a close connection between painting and sculpture, and that in sepulchral reliefs the slabs are sometimes decorated with relief, sometimes with painting, and often with both. In ancient Greece, these two arts were never so absolutely severed as they have become in modern times.

One further interest of a general kind attaches to those modest Attic reliefs. They are the stepping-stone, the medium of transition, from idealism towards realism, from the school of Phidias to that of Praxiteles and Lysippos,



from the art which occupied itself with the portraiture of the immortal gods, to that which represented the sanctified forms of the dead. As Winckelmann tells us, “ Art which had attained under Phidias the sublime and grand passed in its next stage to the lovely and pleasing, stepped down from the life of Olympus to the life of man on earth.”





## CHAPTER XVII.

### TIRYNS AND MYCENÆ.

“Nos abiisse rati et vento petiisse Mycenæ.”—*Virgil, Eneid*, ii. 25.

“We thought we had taken our departure and were speeding before the breeze to Mycenæ.”—*Free translation.*



TUESDAY, the 2nd of December, we passed, under the guidance of Dr. Marx, in exploring the Dipylon and Cerameicus, and in paying a final visit to the beautiful collection of archaic terra-cotta vases and other objects which form a much-admired department of the Polytechnic Museum. After dinner on board the *Linda* our host announced his intention of sailing the following day for Nauplia, so that we might see Tiryns and Mycenæ; and as I was anxious to return to England with as little delay as possible, he very considerately offered to bring me back to the Peiræus. But the latter part of his proposal I resolutely declined, and determined to make my way overland from Nauplia to New Corinth, and thence take a Greek steamer to Corfu and Brindisi.

From want of acquaintance with this unusual route, of

which there was no clear account to be found in the guide-books, I was induced to accept the proffered services of a courier—a respectable man, ordinarily attached to one of the hotels in Athens, who had been hanging about the yacht, and was favourably known to the captain and steward. Times were bad, and he proposed to accompany me to New Corinth at a reduced tariff of eight francs per day! Thence he would return by rail across the Isthmus of Corinth and by steamer to the Peiræus at his own expense.

Wednesday, however, was wholly occupied with preliminary arrangements in Athens, in which our courteous Consul Merlin took the part of Providence—*disponens omnia suaviter*—and it was not till Thursday morning, the 4th of December, that we finally got under way. To my surprise, I found it was the fourth time I had sailed out of the harbour of the Peiræus. Firstly, on going into quarantine at Salamis; secondly, when leaving for Constantinople; thirdly, when I joined the yacht; and fourthly, now, *en route* to Nauplia.

Our course for two-thirds of the way can be described only by those tropes and figures which are poetically employed to express a perfect calm. The well-worn Coleridgean similes—

“ We stuck, nor breath, nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean,”

and—

“There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady’s cheek”—  
(If the lady had been there),

were realized in the most unpleasant manner. At first it seemed as if the rock of the Acropolis were exercising a magnetic influence upon our ship, and when we came on deck the second morning and found that we were still in full view of it, I grieve to say it began to appear a little wearisome. But scarcely had we escaped the magic influence of the coasts of Attica, when we were again bewitched by the island of Ægina, and for twenty-four hours we seemed to revolve in a circle round its venerable summit. Patience began to be exhausted, and the blue waters of the Saronic Gulf to produce a revulsion of feeling only comparable to the effects of water in general on the unfortunate subject of hydrophobia.

I had rashly engaged the courier Sousamakis without any written agreement in which a proviso might have been made against certain unavoidable contingencies; and here was a debt of eight francs a day silently and irresistibly accumulating on his account, while he did nothing but loll in the forecastle and add to his unwieldy bulk by devastating my host’s larder.

Would the wind never come? There really seemed no reason why it should, or why we might not remain

in our present exhilarating position till Christmas ! All possible expedients were resorted to *pour passer le tems*, the weather being really delicious and most enjoyable, if it were not for the demon of *inertia* that paralyzed the yacht. Firing at porpoises, or, when they failed, at empty bottles flung upon the water was a favourite pastime. Things, indeed, had come to so desperate a pass, that it seemed as if now at last B. would catch a fish, but apparently the finny tribe “rolled onwards and disdained to bite.” Not a single diversion in our sad situation occurred. One morning a Russian torpedo-boat steaming twenty miles an hour, her thin prow wreathed in spray, passed quite close to us, but we were only maddened by the ironical expression which we thought we detected on the face of her commander.

Saturday, the 6th of December, about mid-day, we were off the island of Hydra, and it was proposed, *faute de mieux*, to go ashore at the little port which lay most invitingly in front of us. But no one had the energy to give effect to the project. Luncheon intervened, and when we came on deck again, the town and island had disappeared from sight ; but they had really only moved from the port to the starboard side, or, in other words, the yacht had swung round. This was quite too too. Under such trying circumstances, no one could be more cheerful than Sousamakis. He had already earned twenty-four francs without stirring a finger—a form of

quiet industry which was exactly to his taste. In return he pointed out to us at some distance off a desert island of considerable size, called in modern Greek by the generic term *ἐρημόνησος*, which at once inspired S. H. and B. (the latter an ardent lover of the mysterious) with a desire to go and examine it more closely. With this object, they got on board the dinghy and shot so rapidly ahead that the sound of their oars soon died away in the distance,—

“Waxed fainter—ceased—we felt alone,  
As if some faithless friend had spurned our groan.”

But lo, the placid surface in our wake and all around begins to grow faintly corrugated, as with a gentle breeze! We could hardly believe our eyes; it must be the ripple caused by two opposing currents; but in a moment the captain gave orders to run out the spinaker; the inspiring “yo, heave, ho” of old Jack was heard merrily ringing on the still air, and the well-known sound of the keel cleaving the water told us we were moving. In a short time we had attained such speed that we rapidly came up with the dinghy, and as we could not stop, or slacken our pace, it was a matter of some difficulty to throw out a rope to our friends, and by its means haul them on board.

During the remainder of the afternoon, the breeze that had so unexpectedly come to our deliverance continued constant to us, and we stood in the bow till long

after dark, eagerly scanning the narrow channel through which we were to sail between the island of Spezzia and the mainland. The moon had not yet risen, and as far as our eyes could penetrate the dense blackness around, nothing was discernible until 7.15 p.m., when we had Spezzia light abeam. The channel, which previously seemed lost, now opened out widely and distinctly as we approached the coast, and we passed through it without any difficulty. The yacht was then in the Gulf of Nauplia, which from this point, and Cape Sabbatiki on the opposite coast, trends in a N.N.W. direction twenty-seven miles to the low shores of the Plain of Argos.

About four o'clock on Sunday morning, the 7th of December, one of us went on deck to find our captain beating up the gulf against a strong head-wind and in a wild sea; but before 8 a.m. we came to anchor in quiet waters between the rock of Acro-Nauplia and the Plain of Argos. The distance hence to the Peiræus is only eighty miles, but owing to the constant calms by which we were beset throughout two-thirds of our course, it had taken us just seventy-two hours to accomplish it! The weather, which had proved so unfriendly to us at sea, was, on land, all that could be desired—brilliant sunshine, clear blue sky, and a light though crisp north wind. The thermometer on board stood at 62° Fahr.

While Skinner was preparing breakfast and accumulating delicacies for our luncheon-basket, Sousamakis



was despatched in the dinghy to engage a carriage at Nauplia. I regret to say it was a shabby turn-out that hardly rose to the dignity of the occasion on which it was to be employed, and even aroused serious misgivings as to its competency to carry our party of four, together with the portly Sousamakis alongside the driver on the box. But horses and vehicle sustained most admirably the ordeal to which they were exposed, particularly as we had to cross some very bad road between the highway and Charvati.

On the morning when we breakfasted with Dr. Schliemann at Athens, he broke forth in expressions of genuine regret that he was unable to accompany us to Argos; and the enthusiasm with which he expatiated on the beauty of its famous plain seized us like a contagion. In the work he was then preparing for publication, which has since appeared,<sup>1</sup> he gives to the view from the citadel of Tiryns the palm for natural beauty over all competing prospects from 'China to Peru.' We had not, like him, enjoyed the advantage of ascending the peaks of the Himalayas, or climbing over the great Chinese wall, or exploring the glorious valleys of Japan, or looking down from the summits of the Cordilleras; but we could well believe that it would be difficult to find a fairer scene than that which met our eyes, as it spread

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<sup>1</sup> Tiryns. By Dr. Henry Schliemann. Murray, 1885.

from the resplendent waters of the Gulf of Nauplia to the crescent of lofty snow-capped mountains which embraces the Plain of Argos on the north and west.

Apart, however, from its claims to extraordinary natural beauty, as to which of course there may be room for differences of taste, the Argolid possesses unquestionable interest of another kind. Encompassed by mountains at all points, save on the south, where it touches the sea, it affords a perfect example of those territories whose natural conformation contributed so powerfully to mould the early civilization of Greece. Their mountain barriers rendered her small states sufficiently isolated to remain independent, but did not hinder them exchanging their native products; while on the side of the sea they continued open to intercourse with Oriental peoples. Thus hither, from Egypt, came Danäus and his daughters in the earliest times; and Herodotus points to Argos as the original mart at which Phœnicians and Hellenes began to exchange commodities and to undergo the beneficent influences of commerce.

As to the town of Nauplia itself, the names interwoven with its mythical history—Nauplios (sailor), a son of Poseidon, and his two sons, Nausimedon (shipowner) and Oeax (steersman), render it evident that it was founded by a seafaring people. The same fact is also reflected in the old myth or saga of the strife between Poseidon, so highly venerated in Nauplia, and the great Argive

goddess Hera—the former deity no doubt typifying the alien settlers, and the latter the native population of the plain and country inland. Palamedes, again, to whom were ascribed such manifold inventions as lighthouses, the ship's mast, weights and measures, and the discovery of the sixteen primitive letters of the alphabet, must necessarily represent a foreign element arriving by way of the sea.

As we stepped out of the yacht's gig upon the landing-place, Nauplia presented the striking aspect of strength and impregnability, which had rendered it an eligible site in the days of its first warlike occupants. In front of us stood the great natural fortress of Acro-Nauplia, the ancient acropolis, its steep sides covered with a dense growth of cactus. This huge rock platform, which stands about 300 feet high, projects on the south and west *into* the sea, and is crowned on its summit by powerful Venetian fortifications, raised on massive polygonal blocks—the remains of walls erected by the early Cyclopean builders. This peninsula of rock, as it may be called, the Venetians attempted ineffectually to convert into an island by severing the narrow neck which unites it to the sister fortress of Palamidi—a ridge 700 feet high, which towers above it on the east.

The houses of the modern town stand in great part between the northern face of the Acro-Nauplia and the sea, or are crowded into the narrow angle where the latter adjoins Palamidi. But it contains one good street dating

from the time of Capo d' Istria, and two decent squares, the larger of which is mostly occupied with barracks and coffee-houses. Along this street and through the two squares we drove to the land-gate, where our progress was temporarily impeded by crowds of men and animals thronging to market, notwithstanding the day was Sunday. Our road now lay between the sea on the left and the pretty suburb of Prónia to our right; and at a distance of about two or two and a half miles from Nauplia we stopped in front of one of the chief objects of our quest—the ancient fortress of Tiryns. As we descended from the carriage to cross the few hundred feet of ground that lay between the high-road and the palace, we could not help being reminded of our first visit to the Acropolis at Athens, which we were obliged in a similar way to approach on foot. And although the distance which separated us from it now was comparatively so short, what an enormous change everything had undergone in passing from Attica to Argos! “*Cælum mutant*,” indeed, “*qui trans mare currunt*,” in that case, and it would be an interesting speculation to consider why the small State of Attica, in geographical and physical conditions so like the Argolid, should have attained the highest degree of civilization and culture, while the sister kingdom never developed beyond the prehistoric stage.

It is hardly necessary to recall, except for the purpose

of pointing the contrast, the various emblems of philosophy, of art, of religion, of poetry, of the drama, of statesmanship which surrounded us in Athens. There, in the gardens of Academus, we were incessantly reminded of Plato; on the acropolis, of Phidias; in the noble theatre, of Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Aristophanes; everywhere of Pericles. Throughout the Argolid the only subsisting monuments are the fortresses of Palamedes, Tiryns, and Mycenæ. Every trace of the Heræon, which once stood at some distance from Argos, is obliterated; and what we see around is the Greece sung by the old bards, the Greece of Homer and Agamemnon, in which the lofty summit was not yet dedicated to the temples of the gods, but was occupied by the stronghold of an earthly ruler.

At a distance, as I have said, of about two miles from Nauplia there rises from the plain a low oblong rock, varying in height from thirty to nearly seventy feet, and running in a direction parallel with the road, i.e. north and south. Its summit forms a more or less level plateau, resembling in shape the impression made by a human foot—of which the heel, or narrower portion, looks northward, while the more expanded part, corresponding to the sole of the foot, points to the south. Its entire length is about 900 feet, and its breadth varies from 200 to 250 feet.

Tiryns, which originally occupied this site, consisted of

a Palace with its various apartments and adjuncts closely surrounded, for purposes of defence, by lofty massive walls. The core, or habitable portion, perished ages ago by fire or by the hands of an enemy; while the indestructible shell has remained almost intact till the present day. These walls are, beyond any question, the oldest building *in Europe*, having attained a certain antiquity and celebrity even in the days of Homer, and having been a venerable and admired ruin at a time when the Emperor Hadrian was laying the first stone of the castle of St. Angelo.

We had the immense advantage of reaching Tiryns while the clearances and excavations effected by Dr. Schliemann were still plainly visible. Professor Mahaffy, writing only a few years previously, describes the whole place, except of course the lofty walls, as covered and concealed by a dense impenetrable tangle of prickly shrub. Not only this unpleasant obstacle, but the subjacent earth had now been completely removed, and, thanks to the industry of Dr. Dörpfeld, the ground-plan of the palace lay open before us like a map. The party-walls, the passages, the chief apartments, the smaller chambers, the sacrificial altar in an open court, the bath-room, and the channels by which the water was carried off, could be plainly distinguished and traced. The bath-room we examined with the greatest interest, partly from the association of the bath with many Homeric heroes,

and also because of the enormous single block of stone or monolith, computed to weigh nearly twenty tons, which formed its floor.

“There were giants in the earth in those days” is the reflection that naturally occurs to one on contemplating the scene around. Indeed, a glance at those Cyclopean walls impresses us, as it impressed Pausanias, with a sense that they are more wonderful than the Egyptian Pyramids. They make a complete circuit of the outer verge of the rock, except in a few places on the western side where a slight breach has occurred. Their exact height cannot be readily ascertained, as in no part have the walls preserved their original elevation; but from the masses of stone that have fallen down and still lie on the ground, it has been reckoned that they may have stood from sixty to sixty-five feet high. They were built of blocks of limestone of colossal size, arranged in horizontal layers, many of the larger stones weighing, according to measurement, from twelve to thirteen tons, and the lesser from three and a half to four tons. Pausanias has been freely twitted for his statement that a yoke of mules could not stir the smallest stone in Tiryns; and though this may not be *literally* true, yet it serves as a vivid and truthful illustration of the general fact. In his day, too, it must be remembered that the joints of the building were presumably less open than at present, and therefore the smaller stones were more completely



concealed. Nor is it likely that at that time any of the upper courses had become dislodged and shattered, as at present, but on the contrary that the whole structure presented an appearance of impenetrable massiveness and solidity.

In thickness the walls vary greatly, as at certain parts they contain within them systematically-connected clusters of rooms, stairs, magazines, cisterns, casemates, and galleries. These galleries are exceedingly curious and surprising. We entered one in the eastern wall (i.e. on the side of the fortress which faces inland), and found it to be about twenty-five yards in length. It runs nearly in the centre of the wall, dividing it, so to speak, into two portions, of which the outer is four feet thick, and the inner 5 ft. 8 in. thick, while the gallery itself has a width of 5 ft. 8 in. The floor of the latter was of beaten clay, and from it the perpendicular wall on either side rose to a height of 5 ft. 9 in. before they inclined towards each other to form the roof. We remarked amongst ourselves how the faces and angles of the stones at about the height of a man's shoulders were polished as if from the friction of persons constantly reclining against them. Nor could we help thinking what a rough set of fellows the retainers must have been who once kept watch and ward on the spot where we were standing—much coarser and fiercer, in all probability than the gentlemen in the guard-room of the *château* of Pau, who

threw a live donkey with his panier-load of wood upon the fire to make themselves amusement.

The roof of the gallery is finished in the form of a narrow, pointed arch, though it is needless to say the vault is not constructed on the principle of a true arch. The outer wall of this gallery, which looks, as I have already said, landwards, is perforated by a series of openings, with the dimensions and in the forms of doors, occurring at regular intervals and terminating above in pointed arches similar to that of the gallery. The uses both of the galleries and doors have been a subject of much ingenious speculation and controversy, and the construction was generally assumed to be for the purpose of defensive warfare. Prof. E. Curtius supposes that they may have served as stalls for cattle; while another German *savant* has had the hardihood to suggest that they were the apartments of the daughters of King Proitos, the original founder of Tiryns—an unwarrantable imputation, as we shall presently see, on the dignity of those prehistoric royal ladies.

Since the period of our visit, the world has been enriched by the publication of Dr. Schliemann's splendid volume, devoted exclusively to the results of his explorations on this famous site. Assuredly no archæologist of past or present times could have approached his task with more genuine enthusiasm, or brought to it a larger practical experience than the renowned discoverer of Troy

and of the graves at Mycenæ. He was aided, moreover, in his undertaking by the personal and sympathetic help of two learned architects, Drs. Dörpfeld and Adler, of Berlin, the former of whom has contributed the technical portions of the work on Tiryns. It may, therefore, be worth while briefly to recapitulate the positive additions made to our knowledge by those three distinguished authorities, and to see what conclusions they have come to, as a result of their investigations, on the whole question.

1. The low, tabular rock on which Tiryns is built does not form a level surface, but slopes gradually upwards from north to south, so that the southern portion is not only broader but higher than the rest. To it, therefore, has been given the name of the *upper* citadel. The *lower* citadel (which has not been explored) occupies the northern and narrower extremity of the rock, and there is a *middle* citadel, situated between the two, which does not offer any special subject of remark.

The upper citadel is so far, therefore, the chief centre of archæological interest. Here stood the palace of the ruler, and to this area Drs. Schliemann's and Dörpfeld's explorations have been chiefly confined. As compared with the lower citadel, it presents one remarkable peculiarity. The circuit wall in the upper citadel is double, and in very close and complete connection with the palace, while in the lower fortress it is a simple single wall. The double wall of the upper citadel—in parts measuring fifty-

five feet in thickness—affords the key to the galleries and doors of which I have just been speaking. In it is enclosed a series of strongly-vaulted chambers (only discovered by Dr. Dörpfeld in 1885), to which the doors in the galleries admitted. This arrangement, occurring in the eastern and also in the southern wall, is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable facts which the recent excavations have established. Moreover, from the similarity in situation and construction of these rooms to others which have been found in the citadel of Carthage, Dr. Dörpfeld has derived a powerful argument in favour of the Phœnician origin of Tiryns. In both cases alike the rooms seem to have served for the storage of provisions and warlike materials.

2. Dr. Schliemann and his coadjutors have exploded the idea so long entertained that mortar or cement were not employed in the construction of the walls, and that they were held together solely by the weight of the stones of which they were built. On the contrary, it is now known that those great polygonal masses were held together by a strong cement of lime, which rain has removed from the face of the wall, but which is still to be seen in the interior. Their weight, however, has contributed to their preservation in a different way, having been the only effectual obstacle, during long ages, to their gradual removal by the peasantry.

3. It is also established that the present palace is not

the first, but the second structure, with similar boundaries, occupying the same site.

4. The wall of the lower fortress presents a series of remarkable vertical joints, which seem to show that towers were first built, and the wall completed in sections between them.

5. It is held by Dr. Dörpfeld, from the numerous instances of mutual adaptation between the two, that the Palace and the circuit wall were built at the same time—formed part of the same general plan.

6. The orientation of the apartments is, as in all Greek houses, to the south; and the Megaron, or great hall of the men, occupies the highest point of the palace. In the centre of the Megaron, flanked by four wooden pillars, stood the primitive HEARTH, the actual and symbolical centre of the Greek home and the focus of so many sacred associations. Thither, it may be remembered, Nausicaa counselled the fugitive Odysseus to repair, in order to make supplication to her mother. “But when thou art within the shadow of the halls and the court, pass quickly through the great chamber, till thou comest to my mother, who sits at the hearth in the light of the fire, weaving yarn of sea-purple stain, a wonder to behold. Her chair is leaned against a pillar, and her maidens sit behind her. And there my father’s throne leans close to hers, wherein he sits and drinks his wine, like an immortal.” (*Odyssey*, vi. 303.)

7. The chief entrance through the outer wall stood at the north-east corner. The way then turned abruptly to the left, led between the outer wall of the palace proper and the wall of the citadel, and passed through an immense gate, the socket of which is still in its place. This gate may not improbably have resembled the Lion-gate at Mycenæ; and, after an unbroken course of some sixty-five feet further, the passage ended in a noble propylæum facing due east and west, which constituted the main entry to the palace.

8. The “finds” of pottery, terra-cottas, and implements resemble in the lower strata those of Hissarlik, in the upper those of Mycenæ. The most distinctive objects brought to light are the *Kyanos* frieze and certain wall-paintings, which point to Egyptian influence. The beautiful *Kyanos* frieze is made of alabaster, carved in patterns of Egyptian character, with pieces of blue glass inserted at intervals to give it colour and variety. It will be best seen, together with other mural ornaments, in Dr. Schliemann’s plates. No inscription or other trace of writing has been found.

9. Of great interest is a fragment of pottery believed to be a portion of the ἀσάμυνθος or *tub* which once stood in the bath-room of the palace already referred to. It was the custom in Homeric, as in historical, Greece for the bather to have the water ladled over him, and after drying to be subsequently anointed with oil. Strange

to say, this duty to the guest is in several instances performed by a lady of the host's family. Polycasta, the youngest daughter of Nestor, bathes and dresses the young Telemachus when he comes to visit her father at Pylos (*Odyssey*, iii. 464); and Odysseus, when he entered Troy disguised as a spy, was cared for in a similar way by Helen herself (*Od.* iv. 140).

It is needless to say that the inferences drawn by Dr. Schliemann and Dr. Dörpfeld as to the age and character of their discoveries at Tiryns have not escaped criticism. While I write, the *Times* correspondent at Athens, fortifying his position by the authority of Mr. Penrose, denies altogether that the remains are archaic, and assigns to them, I believe, a Byzantine origin. That there is a certain *animus* in this gentleman's letters, and that they indicate a wish to *dénigrer* Dr. Schliemann, will, I think, be manifest from the character of the following sentence (*Times*, June 23rd, 1886): "The excavations which the Archæological Society of Athens will soon begin at Mycenæ, and which will entirely clear the site of *débris*, and which will be conducted in a scientific manner, and not by Dr. Schliemann, may help us to more definite conclusions." Amen, say I, and also to a more generous appreciation of the disinterested and unrivalled services rendered by Dr. Schliemann to the cause of prehistoric archæology.

Professor Jebb, who, from his profound classical



knowledge, is well entitled to an opinion on the subject, takes exception to Dr. Schliemann's views on other grounds. He contends that the palace revealed by the excavations at Tiryns is not in conformity with the ideal Homeric house constructed by critics from verbal descriptions in the *Odyssey*. And this departure he finds to be most marked in one particular—the relative position of the men's and women's apartments. In the careful plans of Dr. Dörpfeld, the latter are not accessible from the former except through several doors and by long, circuitous passages; while in the Homeric descriptions of the palace at Ithaca, they seem to be not only contiguous but communicating. In extenuation of this discrepancy, however, it must be remembered that at Tiryns we no longer see the party-walls of the building in their integrity, but partly demolished and generally reduced to a height of from one and a half to three feet. If they still subsisted, as in the original palace, it is quite possible we should find a door at a higher level leading from the Megaron of the men to some part of the women's apartments which it immediately adjoins.

At any rate none will be found bold enough to impugn the antiquity of the Cyclopean walls, to which Homer himself has borne testimony; and within them we may still find a refuge from the hollow voice of scepticism which would assign *Ilios* and "the ten years' war of Troy" to the region of poetic fancy. If *Troy*, as is

probable, were such a fortress as Tiryns, no one can wonder at its power to withstand a siege of even longer duration.

Regretfully we descended by the eastern gate and stood in front of the northern citadel to take a last look at those mighty walls so worthy of their ancient reputation as the cradle of Hercules. But Mycenæ, quite two hours distant, was still to be visited, and we knew that its great extent and the variety of the objects it contained would demand every instant of time we had to spare.

We were now once more *lancés* on the excellent level carriage-road which connects Nauplia with Argos, our thoughts lifted high above the plain by the marvellous scene we had just quitted, as well as by the splendid mountains which bounded the horizon to our left. Nearest to the sea stood Parnon and Artemeision which, as we knew, separated us from Arcadia; while to the north-west, the beautiful snow-capped summit of Cyllene glittered like a diadem, as befitted her ascendancy in the district. Beyond the hamlet of Dalamanara we crossed the Inachos, now "shrunk to such a little measure;" and in about three-quarters of an hour entered the famous city of Argos. Its actual fame is best betokened by its spacious theatre, which once had seats for 20,000 spectators, and on whose deserted benches, as Horace tells us, an ancient Argive nobleman used to wile away

his hours in listening to and applauding imaginary dramatic performances on the empty stage! Half the above number of persons now constitutes its whole population, but its low, red-roofed houses give it an air of comfort and prosperity.

Sousamakis, of course, found many friends and acquaintances among the Sunday crowd that thronged the streets. One burly fellow, named Christos, stood to him in a relation of particular intimacy, as Sousamakis had lately come express from the Peiræus to undertake the office of godfather to Christos's child. This seems to be in the Greek Church a function of high importance, as the godfather is not a mere passive instrument in the ceremony, but to some extent administers the rite of baptism. Such a claim on the part of the laity would be quite in conformity with ancient usage and tradition, as Greece, even in Pagan times, never suffered the domination of a sacerdotal class, and indeed had no dogmatic theology on which such a class could morally subsist.

The peasants of Argos are very becomingly clad, their principal outer garment being a coat of beautifully-dressed sheepskin, called a *Kondhoraso*. It is worn with the short, soft, crisp white wool outside, and thus forms a pleasing contrast to the blue leggings beneath and the red Phrygian cap which surmounts the figure. We greatly admired some of those which we saw on the persons of their owners in the market-place, and learned

that the price of a good one was upwards of forty francs.

Immediately outside the town on the west, rising sheer from the plain to the height of 1000 feet, stands, like a tower of defence, the isolated and stately acropolis called "Larissa." The name is said to be Pelasgic and to signify a height, just as "Argos," in the same primitive tongue, meant a level surface. Originally the settlement of Phoroneus, Larissa is picturesquely crowned by a mediæval castle, in which Byzantines, French, Venetians, and Turks have successively been masters. This unique fortress was ultimately held in 1822 by the valiant Demetrius Ypsilantis, who defeated the Turkish hosts sent against him and thus contributed decisively to the success of the Greek cause throughout the Peloponnesus.

As we emerged again, after a short delay, into the somewhat arid plain, we were reminded of Homer's expressive epithets, *πολυδίψιον*, and *κοῖλον*, "thirsty," "mountain-pent," applied to Argos; nor could we refrain from further reflecting on the strange light which that "second sun of Hellas" has shed upon the country through which we were just then passing. It is this which constitutes one of the most notable peculiarities of Greek history. In Homer we have a brilliantly illuminated picture of early civilization painted with such a background as that which now stands before us; then the curtain falls, the darkness of centuries succeeds, and

when light again appears, it is to show us the period of the Persian wars, the rise of Athens, and the age of Pericles. Here, at any rate, was the centre of the heroic age when already verging towards its decline; here was the sacred spot, afterwards marked by the Heræon, where Agamemnon took the oath as leader of the Grecian host before setting out to the siege of Troy; and his victorious return over the route we are now travelling was announced to Clytemnestra by a herald stationed on the lofty watch-tower of Mycenæ.

It is, therefore, a matter of more than ordinary interest to know what are the dimensions and relations of this Argolic plain which, together with the "Islands," formed the domain of the King of Men. From the sea on the south to the foot of the mountains which bound it on the north is about ten miles, and from east to west it measures just half that distance. The beautiful range of Parnon and Artemiseion forms its western limit, while a spur from the latter advancing towards Larissa bears the name of Mount Lykone. Arachnaon is the corresponding range on the eastern side; and on the north rises Mount Phyka (3000 feet), the ancient Apesas, on which Perseus is said first to have offered sacrifice to Zeus Apesantius.

We had already advanced close to the latter mountains, which bar the way from the Argolic plain to the Gulf of Corinth, when the driver turned his horses' heads sharply

to the right, and quickly apprised us of a change of road by a succession of bumps, which caused us to ejaculate in a quartette of voices, “στάσου!” “στάσου!” the familiar formula for “stop.” A few dry water-courses and ravines just in front caused no hesitation on the part of the driver as to risking our comfort, or the safety of his carriage and horses; but we insisted on getting out and walked across the fields to Charvati,—the station, as it would be called in railway-guide parlance, for Mycenæ.

Charvati is a Turkish word which appropriately spells “ruins,” and describes a wretched collection of hovels, in one of which live the Phylax, or custodian, and family, and in another is sheltered the local museum of antiquities. The carriage and horses remained here, while we, Sousamakis and the Phylax, attended by one or two ‘gossoons’ from the village, set out on the mountain-track of about two miles to Mycenæ. But the universal schoolmaster had reached even Charvati, and his two pupils spoke Greek very intelligently. I had left behind in the carriage a book and other things which I missed only after we had gone some distance, and I had no difficulty in imparting to one of the lads what I wanted and where they were to be found. He ran back nimbly enough, and returned with his commission before we had sat down to lunch in the Treasury of Atreus.

The Treasury of Atreus (so called) is certainly one of the most striking and impressive buildings that can any-

where meet the eye. Surprise is no doubt one element, though a subordinate one, in the effect it produces; another is its immense antiquity; and a third its admirable state of preservation. Owing to its position, in the side of a hill, it is not visible at any distance, nor till one comes upon it, with startling suddenness, at the bottom of a steep descent. Since its exploration in 1876 by Dr. Schliemann, its component parts are all open to view, and it is now possible to take in its noble proportions in a rapid *coup d'œil*. It consists of the *dromos*, or approach; the stately portal and façade; and the interior of the domed building itself.

But I must here explain that this so-called treasury is a tomb, generically of the same kind as other tombs found at Spata, Menidi, and Orchomenos, as well as several distributed around Mycenæ itself.

The architecture, like the age to which it belongs, was the climax of a long period of evolution. Nowhere are its elementary types to be found, but the form of the tomb, and the position which it occupies, point indistinctly to Phrygia as its original source.

It will be necessary also to warn the reader that the bee-hive tombs at Mycenæ just alluded to—by a curious coincidence six in number—are on no account to be confounded with the six *pit graves* brought to light by Dr. Schliemann in 1876. The latter lay close together in a narrow space at the foot of the acropolis of Mycenæ,



and yielded the invaluable treasure of precious objects of art which I have already described in the Polytechnic Museum at Athens. The former are solitary, are scattered at wide intervals within the walls, and had all been rifled of their contents in days gone by.

The flower of those Mycenæan bee-hive tombs, in point of material preservation and of artistic and technical interest, is also the largest, and has been called, by a misnomer, the treasure-house of Atreus. It was in reality the mausoleum of Agamemnon, and there are good reasons for believing that all the six bee-hive tombs belonged to members of that dynasty—the Atridæ. On the other hand, it has been conjectured by Professor Adler that the six *pit graves* at the foot of the acropolis were those of the Persidæ, the original founders of Mycenæ.

The *dromos*, or approach, is not unlike that which leads to the entrance of a railway-tunnel, consisting of a deep cutting, open above, and supported on either side by lofty walls of splendid workmanship. The passage thus formed is about thirty-three feet in length and twenty wide, the floor sanded and smooth, and the outer end closed by a handsome iron gate of modern construction. At the other extremity stands the lofty and massive portal, which forms the entrance to the tomb; and we may conclude from this, as well as from the spacious *dromos*,

that it was intended to be always open and accessible. The portal is just upon twenty feet high, and is nearly eight feet wide at the top and nine at the bottom. But its most remarkable feature is the enormous clean-cut block of stone, twenty-nine and a half feet in length, ten feet in depth, and over three feet thick, which forms the lintel above the door. This mass has been calculated to weigh 120 tons; and the most indifferent spectator must regard with astonishment the extraordinary expenditure of time and labour, as well as of mechanical skill, required to prepare it in the quarry, remove it, and place it at this height, where it has since rested securely for three thousand years!

The façade was once coated with slabs of red, green, and white marble, which have been dragged off to adorn neighbouring churches, and some precious fragments of which are to be found in various European museums. Immediately above the enormous lintel there comes a triangular niche-like recess, intended to take off from the weight of the superincumbent solid wall. This surface formerly exhibited two slender embedded pillars of dark grey alabaster, whose richly-ornamented shafts tapered downwards. It was therefore in close agreement with the heraldic relief on the celebrated Lions' Gate; whence we may conclude that that gate and the adjoining south wall (to which we shall come presently) belong to the same epoch as the bee-hive graves. So it would appear

that the Atridæ had, in their time, extended and adorned the citadel of which the Persidæ were the founders.

On entering the chamber, or *tholos* (literally, dome), as it is technically called, we were amazed by its fine proportions and its beautiful and regular construction. About fifty feet in height, and nearly the same in diameter, it gives one the impression of a great natural vault. In contradistinction, however, to ordinary vaulted structures of wedge-shaped stones, with joints radiating towards the centre of the building, the side walls here consist of thirty-four horizontal courses (including the key-stone), gradually narrowing up to the apex. They are necessarily very differently divided in square blocks, but the blocks are perfectly joined, and care has been taken to obtain neat upright joints throughout. The result is a perfect smoothness of the walls, which produces a most agreeable effect, and constitutes now the only ornament of the interior. Formerly there were two frieze-strips of bronze sheets (probably gilt), set on the fifth and ninth courses, but, contrary to what is generally laid down in the guide-books, further than these the decoration with bronze did not extend.

Such is the *tholos*, with the exception of the tomb proper, which I have not yet mentioned. This is a rock-cut, spacious chamber, opening out of the *tholos* and excentric to it, and so plain that it is supposed to have been intended to contrast with the rich details of the

*tholos*, or that through the death of the architect it may have been left unfinished. Its small double door was also covered with a bronze plate.

At the further end of the *dromos* we sat down with excellent appetites to a lunch spread on this prehistoric soil, our backs sheltered by the high walls from a somewhat keen north wind, and our faces basking in the sunshine. Little time, however, was spent over our repast, and we were again quickly *en route* for that much-coveted object the Lions' Gate, about ten minutes distant from the spot where we were sitting.

A strange and weird peculiarity of Mycenæ is its singular situation in the ravine between two gaunt and savage mountains, one of which, Hagios Elias, to the north, rises 2500 feet, and the other to the south, Zara, has a height of 2000 feet. Thus, to a visitor approaching from Charvati, the ancient city reveals itself quite unexpectedly, and clings so close to the mountain-sides that it borrows their cold grey hue, and seems almost to form a part of them. There is, moreover, in the aspect of the fortress something awfully stern and sinister, almost too gloomy for the pencil of Salvator Rosa, and the contemplation of it when first seen communicates an uneasy "creepy" feeling, as if the whole Pelopidæ family might, on a sudden, start out of the ruins. As we advanced in the direction of the Lions' Gate, however, the place began gradually to detach itself from the shadow of its sombre

background, and to grow more distinct and familiar. When we reached the front of the gate itself, we found the modern Hercules had been before us, and with his spade had cleared away the accumulated earth of ages. It was curious to compare the well-known woodcut of the same scene in Wordsworth's "Greece" with its present condition as brought about by the labours of Dr. Schliemann. In the illustration referred to, the top of the gateway is so low, or in other words, the ground beneath it is so high, that the entire structure is dwarfed and disfigured; while now, not only the gate, but its beautiful flanking walls stand forth in their full height and majestic proportions. This is a result for which all must feel thankful, as those mute, though not inglorious stones carry much of the history of Mycenæ written upon them.

Let us see what is the nature of the evidence they supply. The original walls of Mycenæ are of the same Cyclopean construction as those of Tiryns, but they were not built of such ponderous stones and did not attain the same thickness. At Tiryns, again, all that remains is the fortress and its colossal walls—there are no traces of a town, if such had ever existed. But we have at Mycenæ, together with the fortress, or acropolis, extensive *débris* of a large walled city, as well as of a wide open suburb. The fortress was the original settlement of the founder, in which he sought chiefly a position of security and strength for himself and his immediate following, and thence, in

time, the population overflowed to the lower town and the adjacent space beyond.

The architecture of Mycenæ is further distinguished from that of Tiryns by a striking characteristic. At places where slips or breaches occurred in the primitive Cyclopean walls they have been repaired by long stretches of perfectly horizontal ashlar masonry and polygonal bonding. The finest example of this kind of work is in the two splendid walls which flank the Lions' Gate, one on the north, the other on the south. The core or nucleus of the northern wall is built of oblong masses of limestone similar to those of Tiryns, while it is faced by a comparatively thin layer of rectangular blocks of breccia arranged throughout with studied variation in the vertical joints. The effect is both pleasing and impressive, and time seems hardly to have diminished the original rich colour and sparkling lustre of the stones. In the southern wall, the outward appearance is similar to that of its fellow, but in the interior there is a more intimate union, by means of polygonal bonding between the facing of breccia and the original Cyclopean wall.

Now these facts declare as plainly as any written record that at some time subsequent to the first foundation of the fortress, it was enlarged and extended in a southerly direction, and a new gate—the Lions' Gate—was added. This display of increased power and splendour on the

part of the ruler probably took place, as I have said above, under the dynasty of the Atridæ.

Of course we made profound obeisance (*προσκύνησις*) before this most ancient monument of western art, and indeed felt genuinely impressed by the solemnity of the scene and the pathos of those two lionesses which had silently guarded for so many ages the proud fastness of Agamemnon. At this spot, too, according to credible tradition, the king of men descended from his chariot to enter the Palace—there, after “all his conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,” to fall a helpless victim to the treachery of Clytæmnestra.

On passing through the famous gate, surmounted by an enormous lintel only second to that of the tomb of Agamemnon, we stand within the citadel itself. On our left rises the acropolis, a lofty, triangular plateau, about 1000 feet, or ten times as high as Tiryns, above the sea. It must suffice to observe here, that the acropolis of Mycenæ still awaits exploration, and that it is therefore impossible at present to determine what prehistoric remains may, or may not, be discovered upon it.

But it is on our right hand, after entering by the Lions' Gate, that the most remarkable object presents itself to the view. This is a circular space, less than 100 feet in diameter, occupied by a number of thin flagstones standing upright on their ends and ranged in the form of



a semicircle. Across each pair of those upright flagstones another stone is laid horizontally so as to form a high seat. To the whole space which includes these stone seats Dr. Schliemann has given the name of an *agora*; and the seats themselves he supposes to have served for the council of elders, which we know from Homer assembled round the Prince in that central position.

Sir Henry Maine tells us that in our own island the most venerable of our institutions is the Village Pound, which he believes to be older than the King's Bench, perhaps older than the Kingdom; and in a Greek city the Agora took a more indispensable, and certainly a more dignified place. Herodotus relates an anecdote which very well illustrates its importance as well as its antiquity. Some Lacedæmonian envoys visited Cyrus in order to expostulate with him on his treatment of certain cities of Asia Minor. The great Persian monarch inquired who those Lacedæmonians were that they gave themselves such airs, and of what force they were possessed in their own country. He was informed, amongst other particulars, that the Greeks had large open squares set apart for the convenience of trade. Thereupon he replied to the Spartan ambassador that men who kept a large void space in their city, where they assembled *for the purpose of defrauding one another*, could never be objects of terror to him.

It was on the western side of this *agora*,<sup>2</sup> under an accumulation of some twenty-five feet of earth, that the six graves were discovered, henceforth indissolubly associated with the name of Dr. Schliemann. It is unnecessary here to describe them more particularly, or to advert to the somewhat envenomed controversy that has since arisen on the subject. It will be more pertinent to call attention to an argument adduced by Professor Adler of Berlin, which goes to prove that the graves were nearly contemporary with the foundation of the citadel.

He finds that even at the critical time when the fortress had to be extended, as we have seen, to the south, the exigencies of architecture and defence were obliged to yield to the sanctity of the spot in which the graves were enclosed. This is shown by the fact that the southern circuit wall here swerves from its natural course, so as to afford space for a way to be carried round the grave-terrace. And, again, at the period of the erection of

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<sup>2</sup> Our countrymen not unfrequently pronounce this word as if the accent were on the second syllable. Its correct metre will be found in the following lines from "Kubla Khan :"—

"A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw :  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora."

the Lions' Gate, or later, this grave-terrace was further raised and surrounded by the boundary of broad stone slabs which have just been described.

According to the latter view, the enclosure which Dr. Schliemann has dubbed an *agora* must be regarded as a *temenos*, like the precincts of a temple, sacred to those who were buried, with such costly adjuncts, beneath. Hence Professor Adler, assigning those graves to a date contemporaneous with the foundation of the citadel by Perseus, has denominated them the graves of the Persidæ.

In the theories of both Dr. Schliemann and Professor Adler on this subject, there appears to me to be a considerable difficulty which I do not remember to have seen discussed. Could a human body, only partially burned after death and not embalmed, as in the case of Egyptian mummies, maintain any degree of consistence and continuity after such an immense lapse of time? It seems almost incredible that any of the tissues could subsist throughout so lengthened a period as 2500 years; and I regret that I know of no *data* which would assist us to a conclusion on that point. Yet the so-called corpse of Agamemnon, when first discovered by Dr. Schliemann, was tolerably well preserved; and even now the outline of the features can be traced, and the two splendid rows of teeth are conspicuous through the glass cover of his coffin in the little museum at Charvati.

Having mused for awhile amidst the seats of the *agora* and descended into the empty graves, we next mounted the acropolis. From its summit we enjoyed a noble view over the plain as far as Larissa, which recalled in their full meaning the opening verses of the *Electra* of Sophocles, and enabled us readily to fill in the scenes and personages of that grand *chef d'œuvre* of the Attic drama. Indeed, so exact are the descriptions, that one can hardly doubt that Sophocles himself must have visited Mycenæ and studied the locality from the spot where we were then standing.

Hither his preserver and guardian has led from exile the young Orestes, now grown to manhood, and hastening, like another Hamlet, to avenge on his guilty mother and her paramour the death of his father, Agamemnon. They have reached Mycenæ under shelter of night, and just at early dawn, as the birds begin their carol and the sun is rising behind Arachnaon, his guide points out to Orestes the principal features of the scene.

“You behold from here,” he says, “the ancient Argos; yonder is the grove, sacred to the distracted daughter of Inachus; further still the spot consecrated to the Lycian Apollo, slayer of wolves; on the left rises the famous temple of Hera. The place to which we are come is Mycenæ, abounding in gold, and that Palace (whence I took you one day from your sister’s hands and saved you from the destruction that befell thy father, and reared

thee to be his avenger), that is the trebly polluted home of the sons of Pelops.”

As we gaze, the chorus of young Mycenian girls crowds the *agora*, where Electra, most noble and brave of women, meets her brother Orestes, sent by the gods, in answer to her sufferings and supplications, to punish the murderers of her father. At first the brother and sister so long separated do not recognize each other, for Orestes, the better to lull suspicion, brings with him the report of his own death. At length recognition takes place, and together they concert the means of vengeance. Clytemnestra is the first to die, and struck down in her own palace, her expiring cries reach the ears of the young girls in the *agora*. But vengeance is incomplete while Ægistheus lives—Ægistheus, the evil counsellor, the lover, and then the husband of the queen. He had passed the day outside the acropolis, and is returning from the suburb. He enters by the Lions' Gate; on the *agora* he meets Electra and her young companions; and taking his way onward towards the palace, he there encounters the vengeful sword of the son of Agamemnon.

On this spot our expedition had fittingly culminated; and we felt well content with the additions which this memorable day had made to our knowledge of prehistoric Greece. Tiryns and Mycenæ are marvellous relics of a Past partly revealed to us in the pages of Homer, but into the real nature and spirit of which it is difficult for us to

penetrate. The civilization of Egypt is, as her priests told Solon, immeasurably older than that of Greece, and her extant monuments more numerous and better preserved. But, to our western ideas, Egypt is an alien land, whose past does not touch us as does that of Hellas. The latter country belongs to our own race, was the golden cradle of our polity, of our art, of science, and of all that is most truly spiritual in our life.

On the following day, Monday, December 8th, we had fully intended to visit Epidauros, the site of a renowned temple of Esculapius, and within a day's excursion of Nauplia. But Sousamakís seemed somehow indisposed for so much travelling, and threw sundry difficulties in our way, so that in the short time now at our disposal the project had to be reluctantly abandoned.

As an alternative, two of our party, A. R. and W. B., went to shoot on the western shores of the gulf; and S. H. and I set off after breakfast to inspect the fortress of Palamidi. Preliminary to doing so it was *de rigueur* to call upon the commandant and obtain an order, or *ἄδεια*, to admit us to the interior, which comprises a large convict prison as well as barracks and fortifications.

On presenting ourselves at the *φρουραρχεῖον*<sup>3</sup> we were shown into a large apartment, plainly furnished, where we were presently joined by the commandant and served with

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<sup>3</sup> Head-quarters of a garrison.

sweetmeats, cigarettes, and coffee. There was certainly no stranger with whom we were brought into contact in Greece who created so pleasing an impression on our minds as this estimable man, Colonel Vasilios Liakopoulos. The colonel was between fifty-five and sixty, and his white hair cut short in military fashion accorded perfectly with his clear blue eyes and florid complexion, so that he more nearly resembled an Englishman than the native of a southern climate. S. H. said *sotto voce*, "Ask him to dinner," but in answer to the proffered invitation we learned unfortunately that he was already engaged to the Archbishop. Thereupon it was agreed that he would return our visit on board the *Linda* about five o'clock; and of course our arrangements were framed so as to meet him.

A guard of soldiers was told off to attend us over the fortress, but *en route* thither it was necessary to pass through the town, and we directed our steps in the first instance to the post-office. Here we caught sight of Skinner discoursing his native language in a high key, accompanied with sundry humorous gesticulations, to the amused officials; and S. H. seized the opportunity to tell him that the commandant was coming on board about five o'clock, and to have tea, coffee, biscuits, and a bottle of champagne ready. We then proceeded with our military escort to the Palamidi.

This formidable rock, just 700 feet in height, is very



steep, and the ascent is by means of a stone staircase constructed by the Venetians, consisting of 857 steps. In the noonday sun, even of December, it was by no means an easy climb, and for a time the necessary exertion deprived Sousamakis of his wind and volubility. At the top we were splendidly rewarded by the view over the Argolic gulf, the plain, and various points on the coast, such as Myli, in the neighbourhood of the Lernæan marsh. Handsome bronze cannon and many an inscription surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark, testified to the rule of Venice, which terminated here for the second time in 1715.

By reason of its strength and seclusion, Palamidi has been made the national receptacle for the worst malefactors of the Greek kingdom ; and we had the melancholy satisfaction of surveying, from an open gallery overhead, a large number of those unfortunates taking exercise in a courtyard of the prison. They seemed a sorry and not very formidable lot, clad in their own habiliments, and wearing their hair as long as the Achæans of old. Many were under sentence of death, but *en attendant* they seemed to be subjected to no vexatious discipline, and were permitted to take the air and share the blessed, inalienable sunshine of their land without control from the prison officials.

S. H. made purchases of sundry small articles of wood-carving and of some very pretty whips, and we distributed among them all our cigarettes. Lastly, we went down

to an open wicket in the front wall of the court, and ended by not only raising our hats in a friendly *adieu*, but in shaking hands with the most blood-stained and deliberate murderer of the whole crew. But the mark upon him was not exactly that of Cain. He was quite young, of slender, agile figure and dark complexion, and had a decidedly prepossessing appearance. Only a year previously we might have seen him in a very different character as hall-porter at one of the hotels in Athens. Thence he travelled in quest of more profitable employment into Wallachia, and, while working there, news reached him that his brother had been killed in a public-house brawl, somewhere near Tripolitza. His southern blood was fired, the terrible demon of Vendetta seized upon him, and quitting his employment he hurried to the scene of his brother's untimely death, and slew two of the men who were supposed to be concerned in it.

The gloomy impressions produced by the spectacle of crime and suffering we had just witnessed were destined to be speedily effaced. Having made the circuit of the fortress, we descended on the opposite side to that at which we had entered, and emerged in the pretty suburb of Prónia. It was then past four o'clock, and we began to walk rapidly in the direction of the landing-place, so as to be on board in order to receive our guest in proper form. As we came within sight of the yacht, *S. H.*, with the discriminating glance of a sailor, noticed that

a shore-boat was lying alongside, and that there was some unusual stir on deck ; so we regretfully concluded that the colonel had anticipated us, and had embarked before the appointed time. We were quickly seen by the watch on the *Linda*, and the dinghy, with two men, was despatched to bring us off. "Who's on board, Peter?" was S. H.'s eager question. "Two Greek officers, sir, and a lady." A lady! we looked from one to the other in a manner to signify we were not prepared for this. "It may be his sister," I suggested. "Or his cousin, or his aunt," maliciously added S. H., as we sprang into the boat.

In a few minutes we had gained the yacht and learned that the colonel and his friends were at tea in the saloon. In hot haste we rushed below to tender our apologies ; and our surprise may be imagined when we found seated at table not the gallant colonel, but three persons whom we had never set eyes on before ! They had come off on their own account to see the yacht, and Skinner, taking them for the commandant and his party, had been carrying out S. H.'s orders by treating them with lavish hospitality. Having hastily committed the strangers to my care, and fearful of again missing the colonel, S. H. started for shore, while I set myself to do the honours to our unknown visitors. The young lady, a bride elect, as it proved, was very blushing and shy, scarcely vouchsafing a reply to my well-meant efforts to entertain her. A corresponding diffidence now seized

upon me, and I could only think of myself in the light of a well-known German stanza :—

“ Ach, weh ! dass mir der Bart grau worden ist :  
Die Jungfrau spricht, gar alt du bist ;  
Ach, weh, dass mir der Bart grau worden ist ! ”

Her two male companions might best be described as *gauches*, making no attempt to introduce themselves or to explain their presence ; but perhaps they in turn were not a little bewildered by the unlooked-for reception accorded to them. Before their departure, however, I learned that one of the gentlemen, a major, was the young lady's father, and the other, a very juvenile lieutenant of cavalry, her *fiancé*. I have no doubt the youthful pair will often recall that singular episode of their courtship, if indeed it has not already become a well-worn anecdote of the mess at Nauplia.

Just as their boat was putting off from the yacht, that of the colonel and his aide-de-camp drew alongside, recalling to my mind an amusing scene in the operabouffe of “*Les Brigands*.” We had now, at last, got “*les vrais Espagnols*,” as the chorus has it, and as soon as they had fully inspected the *Linda*, and Skinner had made good the damage done to the festive board in the late assault upon it, we were glad to sit down to some refreshment after our long perambulations of the morning.

Much pleasant talk ensued. The colonel, sensible of

his want of knowledge of foreign tongues, had evidently brought his aide-de-camp (who spoke French tolerably well) *pour faire la conversation*. By that gentleman's happy mediation the flow of ideas and champagne was effectively promoted, and the only subject that threatened to disturb our harmony was that which procured Tom Jones his first cut head at the hands of Ensign Northerton—the toasts. The colonel would insist on drinking to England first, while we maintained that in such a matter precedence was due to Greece. “*Πρῶτον, τὴν Ἑλλάδα; ἔπειτα, τὴν Ἀγγλίαν,*”—Greece first, England afterwards—we contended, but in vain. At length we joined on the common ground of the Prime Minister's health, and “*ὁ Γλάδστον!*” by the double prerogative of scholar and statesman, rang out over the land of Agamemnon.

However much the professional politicians of other countries may rail against England, the most cherished wish of the intelligent foreigner is to visit London; and the Colonel deplored the *res angusta domi* and other circumstances which had hitherto prevented his doing so.

In the evening we received each an envelope, containing some ancient Tirynthian coins, together with the colonel's card inscribed

*Πρὸς Ἐνθύμισιν*

(In remembrance).





## ADDENDA.

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Τὸ ἄλογον (TAU ALOGON) = THE HORSE. IN ANCIENT GREEK ἵππος (IPPOS), (p. 186).

THOUGH it is the fashion in modern Greece to supersede, as much as possible, the ordinary vernacular terms by words of classic usage, the above name for the horse still holds its place. It means literally "the brute," the creature without λόγος, or reason, and points to the want of intelligence so distinctive of horses in general. In that matter, indeed, one might have thought that the donkey had a priority of claim; but he is being rapidly reinstated in his ancient privileges, and is now almost universally addressed as ὄνος (aunos), though not so long ago, even in Athens, his best-known appellation was γαῖδοῦρι (gah-ec-dhōōri).

### PROPYLÆUM (p. 215).

The Greek Propylæum is formed essentially of two porches standing back to back, and one of the two looks outwards towards the approach, while the other faces inwards towards the temple or enclosure. The two backs unite in a common wall, very massive and furnished with great bronze gates. The construction, like most Greek buildings, thus combines remarkable beauty with great convenience and usefulness, as the porch on either side afforded an agreeable shelter and resting-place, before the gates were opened, to those who might be going out or coming in.

Probably the most decisive and fateful moment in the history of the Propylæum on the Acropolis was when St. Paul visited Athens in A.D. 53. The stage of political decadence of the city had already set in—its spirit of independence and that perennial love of liberty which distinguished it were suppressed by the heavy hand of the Roman Emperors. But the Acropolis had not



been despoiled of a single one of its artistic or religious treasures—temples, altars, statues, monuments, commemorative tablets, all that made it a great national museum, as well as a Sanctuary, stood there undisturbed and unimpaired. During the few days that Paul remained at Athens, unattended for the first time by any of his companions, we can imagine him, as M. Renan points out, visiting the Acropolis furtively, perhaps towards evening, and peering through the great gates of the Propylæa at the scene within! What an overwhelming impression it must have produced upon the mind of the iconoclastic Jew, who looked upon the statues as idols, and felt that his imperative mission was to make a clean sweep of the Temenos of the goddess! And such, indeed, was the destined rôle of his followers in the coming time, who with ignorant and indiscriminate zeal, hurled to destruction innumerable works, which embodied the highest triumphs of human genius.

NAUPLIA TO NEW CORINTH (p. 268).

The guide-books take little or no notice of a splendid road which has been constructed quite recently over the mountains between the Plain of Argos and the Gulf of Corinth. It is a charming route throughout, but as it approaches the sea it affords quite a *coup de théâtre* in rapidly succeeding views of Parnassus, Helicon, and Ceta, completely covered with snow. The journey from Nauplia to New Corinth occupied just eight hours, including a change of carriage and horses at Argos, and a delay of an hour midway for rest and refreshment. The entire cost was somewhat high, about 3*l.* sterling. On the 9th of December the sun's rays were so strong as to make the shelter of a white cotton umbrella very acceptable; and a week afterwards I passed Darmstadt in a heavy fall of snow.

I may here add that my kind host referred to in the text under the initials S. H. is Sidney Harrison, Esq., brother of the owner of the yacht.

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